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# ROME

# AND ITS STORY

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# ROME AND ITS STORY

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# ROME

## AND ITS STORY

S. CLAIR THOMSON

ILLUSTRATED
BY AUBREY
WATERFIELD

1964

NEW YORK: THE MACMILLAN CO.

# ROME

## AND ITS STORY

BY

ST. CLAIR BADDELEY
AND
LINA DUFF GORDON

ILLUSTRATED
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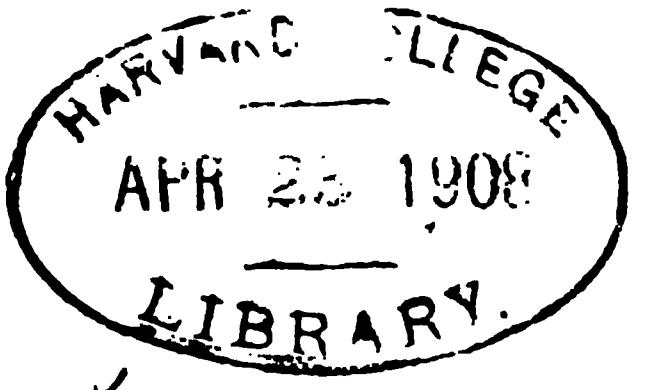


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# PREFACE

To present, within the compass of a single volume, anything like a serviceable sketch of the history and monuments of the city of Rome is a task of extreme difficulty, and one which it might take the labour of years to perform with any approach to completeness. Nevertheless, I hope that the modern pilgrim may find in the following pages some help in the bewildering effort to recover, from amid the encumbrances of the modern city, some coherent image, or series of images, of old Rome in the successive stages of its development.

Part I., dealing with the traditions and monuments of classical Rome down to the establishment of Christianity, has been contributed by Mr St. Clair Baddeley, who is well known as one of the most learned of students and authoritative of guides in this branch of the subject. Part II., dealing with Christian Rome from the days of the Apostles down to the Sack of the city under Pope Clement VII., is my own work. The amount of space given to the early Christian and Middle Ages may seem excessive with that allowed to the period of the Renaissance. My reason for treating the earlier ages with perhaps a disproportionate measure of fulness was the comparative obscurity of the subject. The authorities, dealing with early Christian and mediæval Rome, are for the most part neither so popular nor so accessible to the unleisured traveller as those which tell of the more obvious and familiar splendours of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The books I have consulted on the various divisions of the subject are far too numerous for any list of them to be attempted here: some of the most important ones are indicated in the text and footnotes. My story, owing to

necessary conditions of space, breaks off at the Sack of Rome, and leaves almost unrecorded the efforts by which, during the period of the Catholic reaction and the Jesuit ascendancy, the existing monuments of Rome were extended and transformed, and new monuments added, on a scale of greater pomp than ever, but with a loss of the old freshness of inspiration and vitality of artistic impulse. The consequence is that much is left out which is part of the familiar atmosphere and attraction of Rome. In another volume one might follow out the story of the later buildings of the Vatican, of the magnificent palaces full of beautiful pictures of Prince Doria and Prince Colonna, of the terraced gardens of the city, the wooded glades of the Villa Pamphili Doria, and the art treasures of the Villa Borghese, to mention only a few, with all their associations and traditions. For the help of travellers I am shortly bringing out a red letter guide, being a list of beautiful things to be seen in Rome, some of which the traveller misses, owing to his zeal in trying to see everything mentioned in the many excellent guide-books.

LINA DUFF GORDON.

SANDWICH, KENT.

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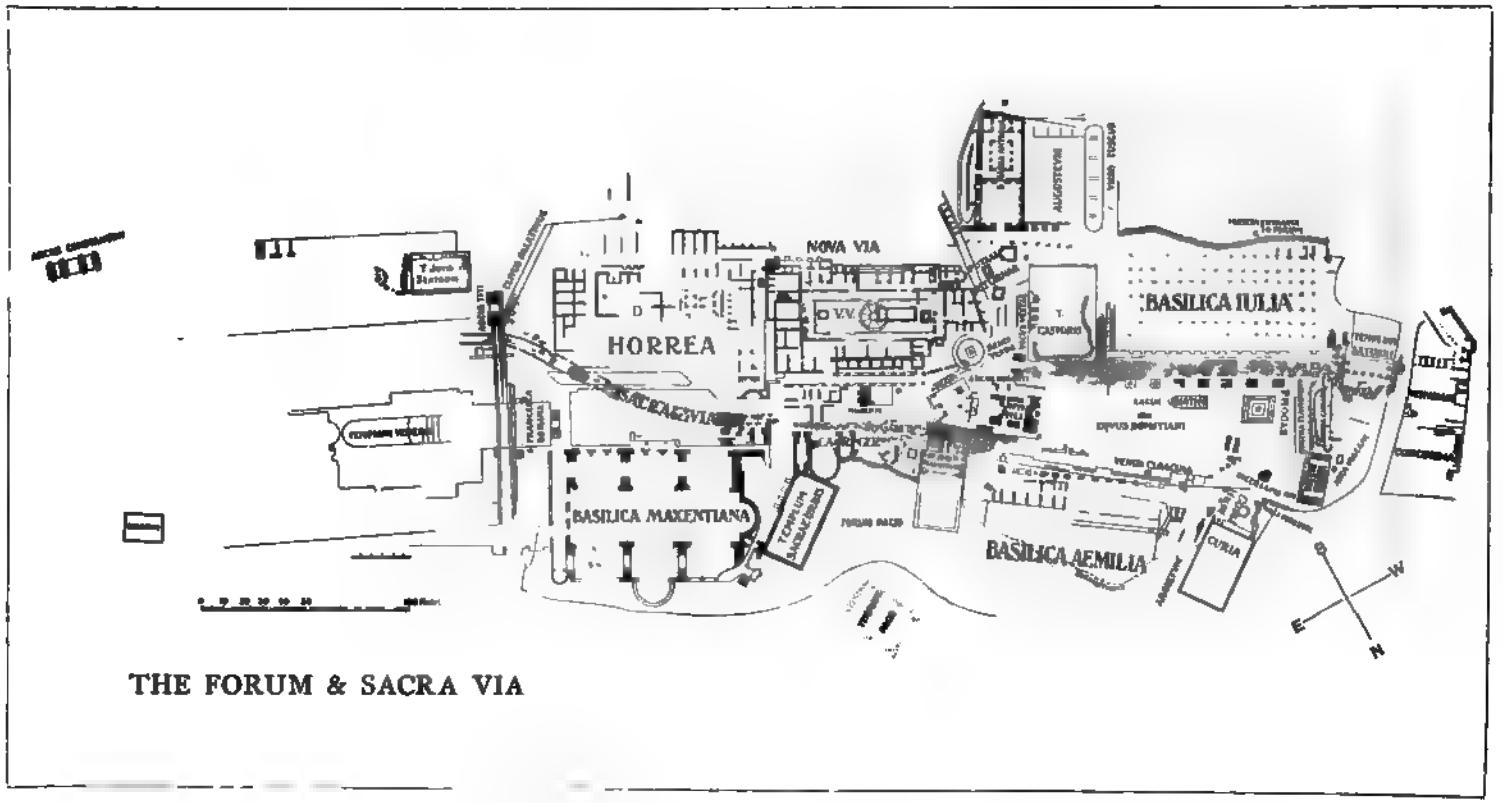


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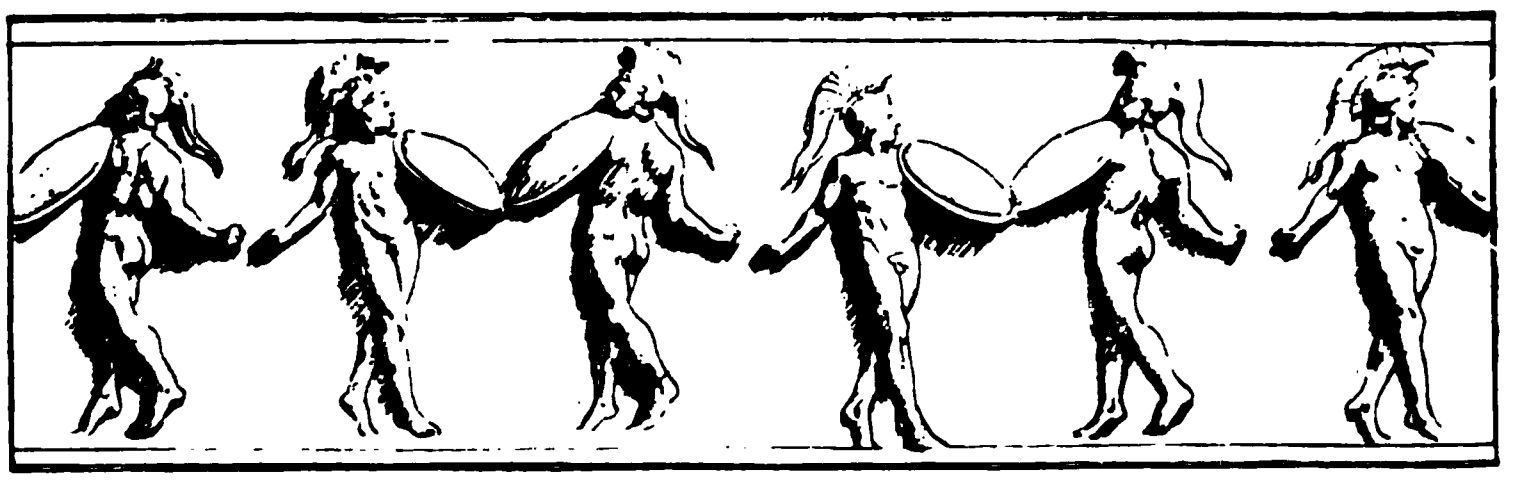
# PART I



THE SALII DANCING

# ROME AND ITS STORY

## CHAPTER I

*The Religious Centre—Aedes Vestæ—Its significance—The Nature of the Worship—The Fountain of Juturna—Domus Publica—Nemus Vestæ, and Sacred Groves—Duties and Responsibilities of the Vestal—Mysterious Treasures—The Rex Sacrorum and Pontifex Maximus—Candidates: costume: retinue: organisation: penalties—Efficacy of Vestal Prayers—Cæsar and the Vestals—New Year's Day—Festivals and Sacrifices—Street Cries—Fate of the Sacred Fountain—Temple of Castor—Review of the Knights*

"I would have each one sharpen his understanding so as to consider what manner of lives and customs were those of the Roman people; by what character of men and by what means, both in peace and in war, their power was acquired and developed. Then, as discipline decayed, let him observe their declining morals, at first merely yielding a little, anon sinking more and more, then falling headlong until our own Age, when both our vices and their remedies are alike intolerable."

—*Livy. Lib.* I.

Looking back over the vast field of the early history of the city of Rome; one is struck by two facts of prime significance in its development. The first is that it outgrew its original site, the Palatine; and the next, that the Empire finally outgrew it, and tried to discover for itself a more ac-

commodating centre. Under Diocletian it ceased even in name to be the head of the Empire, or the seat of Imperial authority. But in spite of all these material and political discenterings, indeed, uninfluenced by them, the ancient Religious centre of Rome, the Focus Publicus, held fast to its original site, and did not seek any other until the close of the fourth century after Christ brought with it the state-suppression of the ancestral cults and the state-adoption of Christianity.

On this account there is probably no more befitting point at which to commence our limited survey of certain of the chief monuments of ancient Rome than at the remains of the Sacrarium of Vesta, even that little brown mound, hard by the Temples of Castor and Julius Cæsar, over the top of which we view the graceful tower of Sta. Francesca Romana, above the eastern ridge beyond the Forum. Certainly the significance is out of all proportion to its present appearance. The remains consist of a circular platform made of concrete, from which have been stripped most of the finely-fitted blocks of red tufo, and, of course, all their once white marble covering excepting one solitary fragment on the east side. This fragment, however, is the sole surviving representative of six steps which have felt the feet of at least as many generations of Vestal Virgins. For the entire platform here rose up (renewed once more after the fire of A.D. 191) as a disc of spotless marble, to a level somewhat higher than the uppermost portion now existing, from the surface of which sprang two concentric circles of fluted white columns with Corinthian capitals. These supported a flattened dome finished with marble tiles overlapping one another like the feathers of a dove, and ending probably in some conventionalised flower.

S. Jerome, writing of Rome, describes the deserted temples as overwhelmed with soot and spiders' webs, and derives especial satisfaction from their desolation. It is not greatly to be wondered, therefore, that fifteen hundred years

more having passed over them, they should have become reduced to the condition in which, unfortunately, we find some of them to-day. Nevertheless, a certain fixed and impressive respect for the ancient monuments acted powerfully all along with the Roman people, if not with their clergy, until the Renaissance Pontiffs began to show their flippant contempt by using them as convenient quarries for the material of their over-ornate churches and palaces. Thus doing, they sometimes made more havoc in five years than had theretofore been done during ten centuries. As recently as A.D. 1431, Poggio Bracciolini saw standing almost perfect the great portico of the Temple of Concord wherein Sejanus had been condemned to death. Within his own time the whole of this was demolished and the platform left bare, as we now see it. From the number of recently-recovered strayed blocks of the Shrine of Vesta, and a close examination of the sacrificial stratum around it, together with comparison of various Imperial coins representing it, it has been possible at last to gain a reconstructive notion of its former beautiful appearance. The entire building was of Luna (Carrara) marble, and the inner of the two girdles of columns was closed up by a thin marble screen, through which the 'cella,' containing the altar and sacred fire, was reached by a door (probably of cypress wood) facing the steps. The latter opened down (east) into a small sacred enclosure, or temenos, shutting it from the world. The marble screen within the temple was pierced in at least two places in order to let in light and to let out the fragrant smoke of sacrifice. Beneath the altar a trapezoidal pit, orientated, and having its eastern face corresponding to the flight of steps, acted as the repository for the sacred ashes which were destined to be used on feast-days for ritual food, 'ad tellurem alendam.' Until Imperial times the goddess Vesta was represented, not by a statue, but by her symbol—Fire; during those days, however, she was honoured with a marble statue, which was placed in a

graceful ædicula (restored 1898), considerable remains of which, with its inscription, are seen adjoining the temple. This was, perhaps, the last architectural touch to the development of her cultus.

It now becomes interesting to ask the questions—What, then, was the especial super-importance of Vesta? Why was her shrine placed here? The writer used to ask this latter question of every professional archeologist in Rome, but he never gained a satisfactory answer until the spade gave it.

ÆDICULA VESTÆ

The Palatine Hill having been the accepted first settlement of the Alban migrants, how came it that their most important and ancestral shrine with its ritual, was not established up on the Palatine, but even in the Forum valley, below it? The entire history of Rome, legendary and historical, is most profoundly interwoven with this cult of Vesta. For not only was it imported with the first comers from Albalonga (Castel Gandolfo) but Rhea Sylvia, the royal mother of Romulus and Remus, had been a Vestal, and she suffered the terrible penalty of her lapse—unless, perchance, the god Mars came to the rescue of the mother of his sons.

Briefly, there were two reasons for the position thus deliberately selected. Vesta presided over the prime necessities of life—water and fire. The fount of Juturna was therefore placed under the guardianship of the Vestals. This, the most abundant, and once the most pure spring within the entire area of the city, wells forth at the foot of this particular angle of the Palatine, and from it holy water was taken to wash every altar in ever-widening Rome. That accounts for the propinquity of the Fire-shrine to the Fountain, but not for its having been placed as it was,

TEMPLE OF VESTA

above it, on rising ground. That was in order that even the highest probable flood of the Tiber should not be able to extinguish the sempiternal Fire.

This, then, gives us the clue to the position of quite a group of highly important monuments. Immediately eastward, in earliest historic times, rose the Regia, or Royal dwelling erected by King Numa. Adjoining this was the Atrium Vestæ, now represented by the ruins of a sumptuous palace wherein dwelt the Six Vestals[1] of all later times, including in its area at least one hundred rooms: while, slightly further east, but still adjacent, stood the later Domus Publica, or mansion of the Pontifex Maximus, with its shrine of the Bona Dea. On the south-west, perforce close above the spring of Juturna, flourished the sacred Grove, or Nemus, of Vesta. This latter was doubtless obliterated (A.D. 37) when Caligula extended the great house of Tiberius so as to overbrow the entire Forum; although a single extremely ancient tree called Lotus Capillata (probably a descendant of an earlier sacred tree) was kept alive in the Atrium during the first century A.D., which was dedicated to the hanging up of votive tresses cut from newly-received child-vestals.

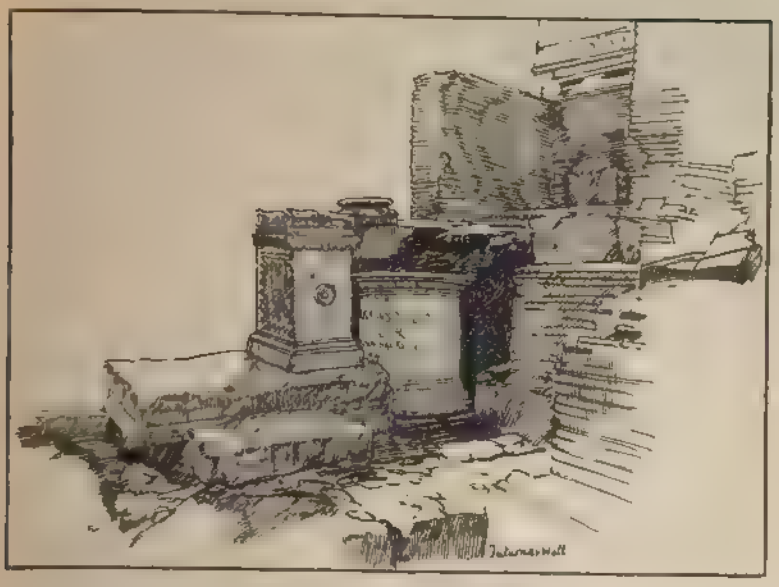
Most of the gods in early days possessed sacred groves near their temples. Some were of oak; some of beech; others of cornel. These groves were doubly sacred; for they belonged to the local Divinity: and also to Sylvanus, the Tree-spirit, who had to be propitiated if the trees were pruned or cut down. And this recalls to us that the legendary Sylvii, kings of Alba, the ancestors of Rhea Sylvia and Romulus, were so-called, because they were held to have been descended from the Wood-god. Nevertheless, the chief of the many varieties of sacred tree in Latium was undoubtedly the oak (Quercus Robur pedunculata) and this tree is represented as sacred to Vesta in a bas-relief at Florence, which displays one of her temples.

[1] Numa had appointed but four.

Vesta symbolised the principle of Heat, the primal necessity of life: the fire that warms and also purifies. Her perpetual fire, therefore, betokened the vitality of the State. To her—this Earth-and-Air-(not under-world-) Goddess —only white and spotless victims could be offered; her maidens must be without defect of any kind, immaculate; and their raiment snow-white to match, while their feet were shod with the sacred skin of a sacrificial victim. Water, that other principle of life, belonged to earth, as in springs, and to air, as from the clouds: it was also a purifier, was sacred to Vesta (whoever Juturna, the indigenous nymph of the spot, may have been) and this likewise was represented by stainless white. Hence, Numa charged the Vestals to guard the Fire and the Water, and to hold daily prayers for the health and safety of the Roman people. For this reason we find that Vesta defended her priestesses by these elements. Tuccia, being accused, was held innocent because she miraculously carried water in a sieve (cribrum): while Emilia, another accused Vestal, caused some extinguished ashes to rekindle by the mere touch of her garment.

The sieve here meant was the bronze ritual sieve used by the Vestals when carrying the new March-fire to the Shrine of the Goddess from the 'Locus Intimus' hard by and within the convent, where it had been re-lit, in the presence of the sisterhood, by the Pontifex Maximus. This was performed in early days by the 'svastika' process, or the rubbing two sticks of holy wood (igniaria), one of a hard wood, one of a soft (male and female, as it were) together. These had to be 'lucky' woods, or arbores felices; and one of these was always the bay laurel, sacred to Mars, with the leaves of which both the Shrine and the neighbouring Regia were dressed out during the 'Vestalia,' or June-festival of the Goddess.

These two sacred necessities of human life then, Fire and Water, were presided over in Rome not by a God, but by a Goddess of Light. To excommunicate or outlaw a man



SHRINE AND WELL OF JUTURNA

in Rome, the most solemn penalty for crime was to forbid him fire and water (Aquæ et ignis interdictio). These two elements together constituted also a formula of 'marriage' (Aqua et igni accipere). An intending husband offered the maiden of his choice to share his fire and water, *i.e.*, his food and hearth. Hence, during the festival of Vesta (June 7-15) we find that, with the hair unbound and with bared feet, matrons might enter the convent and go to the Penus Vestæ, or sacred store of Vesta, to demand her blessing upon their households; that is to say, abundant supplies and married happiness.

It is thus seen how close, how intimate and familiar, was the relationship between Vesta and the cult of the Penates in every household throughout Rome. And this brings us to remember and understand why the so-called Penates of the city

itself, those strange objects upon which the safety and welfare of all Rome were held to depend (sacra fatalia) were kept in the Penus Vestæ, which we can now infer is the small apsidal chamber with mosaic pavement of white tesseræ situated at the south-west angle of the convent, immediately beyond the wall of which stands the Shrine of Juturna. These mysterious objects (which must have been small), it has been conjectured, consisted of an olive-wood figurine of Pallas or Palladium; the sceptre of Priam; a terra-cotta representing the Chariot of Jupiter; the ashes of Orestes; the veil of Ilion; the shield of Mars; and the Penates of Troy. Hidden in dolia, or jars, in the Comitium at the time of the Gaulish invasion, most of them probably perished during the fires under Nero and Commodus, saving the Palladium which we hear of again under the profligate Heliogabalus who appropriated it. The connection of many of these with Æneas himself, reputed one of the mythical Sylvii, is obvious but suspicious. The belief of the early Romans, however, that they possessed these, and the traditions attached to them and thus affectionately venerated, is of unmistakable value. It is not needful, however, to enter into that matter. It is more pertinent to ask who were represented by these Vestal Virgins and who by the Pontifex Maximus and the Rex Sacrorum? And, first of all, what were the offices of these latter great officials and their peculiar relationship to the Vestals?

The Rex Sacrorum was the Expounder of Sacred Law and the High Priest of Rome; in whose title alone that of the king was preserved. The Pontifex on the other hand was the supreme ecclesiastical magistrate, its administrator, head of the sacred College, whose chapter-house was in the Regia. His residence in later days was the Domus Publica. To these were attached the three other great priests called 'Flamines,' or kindlers, whose rank placed them above that even of the Pontifex Maximus, although he was virtually head of the state-religion, and as such seems

to have acted as spiritual father to the Vestal Virgins. He was therefore the prime medium between the state political and religion, the chief representative of the religious community.

The most favoured hypothesis as to this interesting and complicated group is to the effect that individually they represented certain of the kingly functions, the former sovereigns of Rome having been married priest-kings, whose manifold duties as head of the State-household, were transferable. At some remote period, possibly long antedating the expulsion of the Tarquins, the religious side of the sovereign had, so to speak, undergone segmentation, and had evolved certain quasi-independent developments. Numa himself is related to have instituted the Flamines and the Pontifex; and, as we have seen, he appointed the main duties of the Vestals. It is held, therefore, that the latter represented his maiden daughters, and the Flamines, his sons: he himself, the king, having acted as Pontifex Maximus and Rex Sacrorum in one.

The candidates for this state-sisterhood were, at least in early times, selected with extreme care from the first families in Rome. In order to be eligible they must be no younger than six years, and no older than ten. Most things ritual in Rome, as in Etruria, were arranged in relation to the numbers three, ten or twelve. They must be free from every physical defect and both parents of the candidate must be living. A mole, a lisp, or deafness sufficed to exclude. The sacred College of Pontifices at the Regia controlled the voting; and the Pontifex Maximus gave the casting vote. Once elected, the latter took the Vestal from her parents' house, and calling her 'Amata,'[1] conducted her personally to the House of Vesta, and handed her over, dressed in innocent white raiment, to the Superior, or Vestalis Maxima, who probably bathed her in a holy labrum with water brought from Juturna. She then cut off her tresses with ritual copper

[1] "Ita te Amata, capio."

scissors, and caused one of the other maidens to hang them up on the green boughs of the tree (Diaspyros Lotus), whereon already hung many similar votive tresses, some blonde, some black, a curious sight to behold.[1] Her instructions now began, together with her tuition as the youngest of the sacred Six—a service which was to last, if she lived, for at least thirty years, unless at the close of that period, she should prefer to remain devoted. Otherwise, she might marry. But we have no record of such voluntary marriages; and they would have been regarded as ill-omened. On the other hand, we have an instance of one Vestal remaining there for fifty-seven years. The novice was now free from all ordinary jurisdiction, and was responsible only as a priestess of Vesta to the sisterhood, and to the Pontifical College. She was no longer under the authority of her parents; and she possessed the power of making a will. As to her costume, she was clothed with a snow-white 'pallium' over a long 'stola,' and girdled; while upon her head, in addition to woollen vittæ, or circular twists, attached by an 'infula' or band, she wore the 'suffibulum,' a white oblong veil, with which, at the moment of sacrifice in the shrine, she would cover herself. Her feet were shod as already mentioned with leather made from the skin of a sacrificial animal.

But it must not be supposed that these six ladies lived alone in this palatial mansion. They were assisted by a considerable staff of female slaves, probably a portress, cooks, bathing-maids, water-carriers (for no metal-pipes were permitted), dressers, etc.; while, outside the dwelling, they must have employed both male and female slaves, such as victimarii, who slaughtered the animals for them, and ministri (helpers), lecticarii, or sedan-chair men, scribes, etc., besides stewards who managed their properties and farms; and their lictors, who went before them when in the city, bent upon the business of their Sacred Institution, or when

[1] In sacrificing animals a tuft of the creature's hair was first of all thrown into the sacred flame.

THE YOUNG AUGUSTUS.

VATICAN.

attending at feasts, or other public pastimes. Only too many eyes were upon them. There was nothing otherwise conventual in their life.

We may take it that the ordering of their day ran somewhat in the following manner. They rose early, as all good Romans were used to do, and bathed. The Vestalis Maxima received the salutations of her juniors, and they proceeded to the Penus Vestæ, or chapel, in which they offered prayers for the health and safety of the people (pro omnibus efficacia vota suscipere!) and we must not forget that a supernatural potency was attributed to Vestal prayers. These were reckoned, indeed, effectual enough to arrest fugitive slaves (Dio. Cass. 48. 19). If it was a time of national crisis, they added especial entreaties; if of pestilence, these were addressed not only to Vesta, but to Apollo Pæan and the Dioscuri; while, if it was an Imperial anniversary, they celebrated the occasion as a feast-day. All such appointments, as well as the household affairs, were duly provided for by the Vestalis Maxima in consultation with her juniors and the officials; while with regard to the great public festivals in which the Sisterhood bore part, she could take counsel with the Pontifex, his wife, and the wives of the Flamines. Outside the Atrium she was free to pay both official and private visits and to hold audiences with the architect, painter and sculptor, or with the lawyers and amanuenses in her employ. One of the Vestals being too young to undertake the duty of guarding the sacred fire, and the Vestalis Maxima being probably exempted from this, the four and twenty hours will have been divided into four watches of six hours, perhaps subdivided into two watches of three hours apiece for the remaining four Vestals. So that, unless this particularly responsible duty could be delegated to a female slave, the Vestals could never all together appear in public, nor be together in private, though all could join together in the temple at a sacrifice, as they appear on certain coins

to have done. The extinction of the fire struck more terror in men's minds, says Livy, than all the prodigies reported from abroad or seen at home. The penalty visited upon a Vestal for letting the sacred fire die out, was a flogging in the dark at the hands of the Pontifex. In cases of unchastity, the sacred College was consulted. These were held highly ominous to the State; and if the erring priestess was found guilty, she became formally declared dedicated to the Gods of the Lower World, as being no longer worthy of that Goddess of Light and Purity. Pronounced excommunicate, she was then despoiled of her snow-white robes and instead dressed in black, bound, perhaps gagged, and finally placed in a closed black wagon (plaustrum) which, accompanied by professional mourners, the pontifices, and lictors, with the singing of ritual phrases, proceeded from the Forum amid the parting throngs of the entire populace gathered along the Quirinal Hill. Thence, following straight along the Alta Semita (Via XX. Settembre), past many a house and shrine the delinquent had known, the cortege made for the Colline Gate. Immediately outside this the executioner and his attendants stood awaiting the victim, having already laid open the trench and its underground cell in the dreaded spot called Campus Sceleratus. Why this far-off particular spot was thus chosen is not known. But the gate had evil fame as having been that whereby the sacrilegious Gauls who destroyed the Vestal temple had entered the city. Plutarch says, "such is the sadness which the city puts on, that there is no spectacle of grief which appears of more common and general concernment than this. When they come to the place of execution the officers loose the cords, and then the Pontifex, lifting his hands to heaven, murmurs certain prayers to himself. Then the prisoner, still covered, is brought forth and led down by the steps into her House of Darkness, which being done, the Pontifex retires, and the stairs being drawn up, the earth is pressed and crowded in until the vault is filled." . . . There they had prepared a

bed, lit a lamp, and provided "a small quantity of victuals, such as bread, water in a bottle, milk, and oil; that so that body which had been consecrated and devoted to the most divine and mysterious service, might not be said to perish by a death so detestable as that of famine." (Plut: Numa.) The lover of the Vestal was previously flogged to death on the 'comitium,' by a Pontifex, in the presence of the Prætor Urbanus.

The sanctity of the Vestals has already been referred to as well as the efficacy of their prayers. It is not then to be marvelled that to their keeping State-documents, wills of Emperors and of other important people, as well as public treaties were entrusted; so that their mansion must perforce have contained a state 'Tablinum' or 'Archivio,' in which such deeds were deposited. Further, upon critical occasions the Vestalis Maxima may be considered almost in the light of a states-woman, not merely on account of her celebrating special prayers, as already mentioned, to Apollo Pæan and Diana Lucifera, but because, during a civil war, she had the right to prefer a request to the opposing generals, for the suspension of hostilities, and, if possible, this request had to be respected. When in extreme peril on account of his belonging to the party of Marius, and moreover as being that leader's nephew by marriage, the Vestalis Maxima interceded with Sulla for the life of Julius Cæsar, and Sulla gave way, with the words—"So be it; yet I believe there are many like Marius in this loose-girt lad!" When, in A.D. 69, Vitellius began to fear for himself, he advised the Senate to send deputies to Vespasian accompanied by the Vestals.

It is now necessary to glance at the important ritual ceremonies in which, at stated seasons throughout the Roman year, the Vestals took a leading part; and this will bring us into contact with quite a number of famous buildings and feast-days, while their numerous statues still standing in the Atrium Vestæ will help us to form an idea of their personal appearance. But we must not permit ourselves

to be led away, owing to the fascination of the Vesta-cult, to consider the Vestals apart from the Pontifical, or sacred College; for in many respects the Pontifex Maximus was not merely their ritual father, but he was himself the Chancellor of Vesta, as well as that of the great paternal Mars, whose sacrarium was situated in the Regia itself; of that of Ops Consiva; and that of Janus, equally there, whose particular priest was the Rex Sacrorum, all special and peculiar divinities of the primitive Roman community, and indeed, in common with Vesta, its safe-guarders. Thus the Vestal shrine was simply the chief sacrarium of the Regia.

On New Year's Day (March 1), the month sacred to Mars, the radiant Vestals redecorated their beautiful shrine with fresh laurels, especially sacred to Mars, and they provided the fire-sticks (one of which was also of laurel) for the rekindling of the Fire of Vesta. This being done, the Pontifex (Publicus Sacerdos) was admitted alone to the convent, and in the 'Locus Intimus,' or Chapel of the Vestals, this supreme administrator of the state-ritual symbolically extinguished, in their presence, some of the sacred fire which was contained in a certain vessel, and he instantly relit it in the usual manner with fresh materials. This done, it was carried by the Vestalis Maxima in a copper or bronze sieve to the Shrine of Vesta. It is thus probable that the holy fire was kept alight in the Penus Vestæ, or chapel, as well as in the shrine, or Ædes.

This was the fresh beginning, the clear life-start of the New Year (Dies Natalis). The whole city became *en fête;* for this date was also the Feast-day of Juno Lucina, who presided over child-birth, in her temple on the Esquiline. And now the twelve Salii, or dancing priests of Mars, clad in 'tunica picta,' with helmet, breast-plate, and sword, as cavalry warriors, awaited at the Regia (also dressed with new laurels) not twenty paces away, in order, at a given moment in the accomplished ritual, to

The Capitol from the Palatine

take up the twelve shields of Mars (Ancilia) and commence their ancient procession-dance, striking the shields with clubs, and taking their step or rhythm, from their 'præsul,' or conductor, breaking forth into the loud music of their obscure hymn, and bending their set course round the Palatine. Their songs seem to have related to Mars as the God of Vegetation, and their leaping was perhaps taken as a token for the height to which the god would let the corn crop attain in the Campus Martius. It is probable that in addition to the Vestals and Pontifex the representatives of all the primitive cults took part in this significant ceremony, in which, of course, the Flamen Martialis, preceded by his lictors, was the leading figure.

It would be difficult to picture a more interesting scene than that presented by the Forum on such an occasion; when all business was given over, and the Roman world was bent upon spending its New Year's Day happily, in honour of Mars and Vesta; when a delicious Libeccio, or north-westerly breeze, from across the Campagna came under the blue sky like a veritable genius of joy among the white-toga'd, dark-eyed folk, surrounded by their marble colonnades, arches, and porticoes, all wreathed with laurel, and hung with festoons of iris, rose and violet, overlooked, tier above tier, by the crowded mansion of Cæsar on the Palatine and the serener paternal temples of the ancient Capitol, spotless and bathed in the unclouded Roman light, appropriate to the feast of the new fire.

But now these light fantastic Salii, having left the Regia, have passed round the angle of the Temple of Castor (thronged with people), directly into the Vicus Tuscus. They will banquet and sleep to-night in the Palatine. At present, they are bent on leaping wildly at the Lupercal, so specially sacred to the twin sons of Mars and Rhea Sylvia, and they will be dancing at a fresh site and sleeping in another chapter-lodge (Domus saliorum) on some other hill every day and night for twelve consecutive nights. But

we may leave them for the present, and turn back to the Vestals, and glance at another of their important ceremonials. For these ladies were anything but idle, in spite of their great riches and the splendour which habitually surrounded them.

The exploration of the ground immediately around the base of the Shrine of Vesta has revealed, over and above the beautiful sacrificial vessels used by them in their libations, etc., the bones of the special animals sacrificed by them, the pig, sheep, calf and dog, most of which have belonged to animals not older than the milk stage: but some indeed seem to pertain to sacrifices carried out by the sacred College in conjunction with the Vestals (Suovetaurilia). On the 15th of April the Vestals took a chief share in the Fordicidia, or sacrifices of pregnant cows to Tellus; one on the Capitol, and the others in the rest of the thirty Curiæ (or chapter-houses) in the city. The ashes of the unborn calves were carefully collected and carried to the Vestal Convent to be used at the Parilia, or Feast of Purification of the Flocks, a week later (April 21). The sacred intention here must be allowed to palliate the unredeemed gruesomeness of the facts. For in the House of Vesta these ashes and those of the sacred wood were deliberately mingled into a cake with the collected blood of the October-horse sacrificed to Mars, and on the day stated, the Vestals, having come forth in procession to the Palatine (or below it, as before), threw portions of this ritual bread on to heaps of burning bean-straw, over the flame and smoke of which men and women leaped (as Ovid says he himself had done), for the purpose of purification, and perhaps (as Mannhardt conjectured), for symbolising the safe development of the crops through the coming heats of summer. The day itself was, of course, the birthday of the city of Rome, and sacred to Pales, Goddess of Shepherds, when all the capanne and sheep-folds in Latium were decked out like the Shrine itself with green boughs, and their gates wreathed with flowers and leaves. On the 28th

April, the Vestals kept their prime feast of the foundation of their Temple; and on this day they probably did not leave their sacred area: for, besides their own duties and ceremonies then taking place therein, this happened to be the most disorderly of public festivals, that of Flora, which reached its most unbridled licence under the Empire, a great day consequently for the lower orders assembled in the Circus Maximus, where beans, lupines, etc., were thrown among them to be scrambled for. This lasted for five days, during which profligacy was rampant, and the noise of the public revels must have made sleep impossible even to the tired-out Vestal. For the streets of Rome have never been famed for quietness, either by day or by night. What with cries, squealing victims, hawkers, brawlers, politicians, and belated singers, and the narrowness, as we should think, of the roads and open places, the stroller needed to be very watchful and the lover of tranquillity very philosophic. A contractor with a train of building materials, mules, and porters hurries along; a dismal funeral blocks the way with its cars; a mad dog dashes by; a begrimed sow lies down on the warm 'selce';—such are the common inconveniences emphasised by Horace. A century later, Martial declares the noises to be intolerable. He is distracted with the hammering of the coppersmiths by day and the cries of the bakers by night. Like Coleridge and the old-clothes-man, he rises in his wrath; for he cannot write under malign influences, though he was perhaps mistaken in that. Three hundred years onward still, when the streets were wider, and perhaps better policed, Ausonius tells his friend Paullus his reasons for leaving town:—

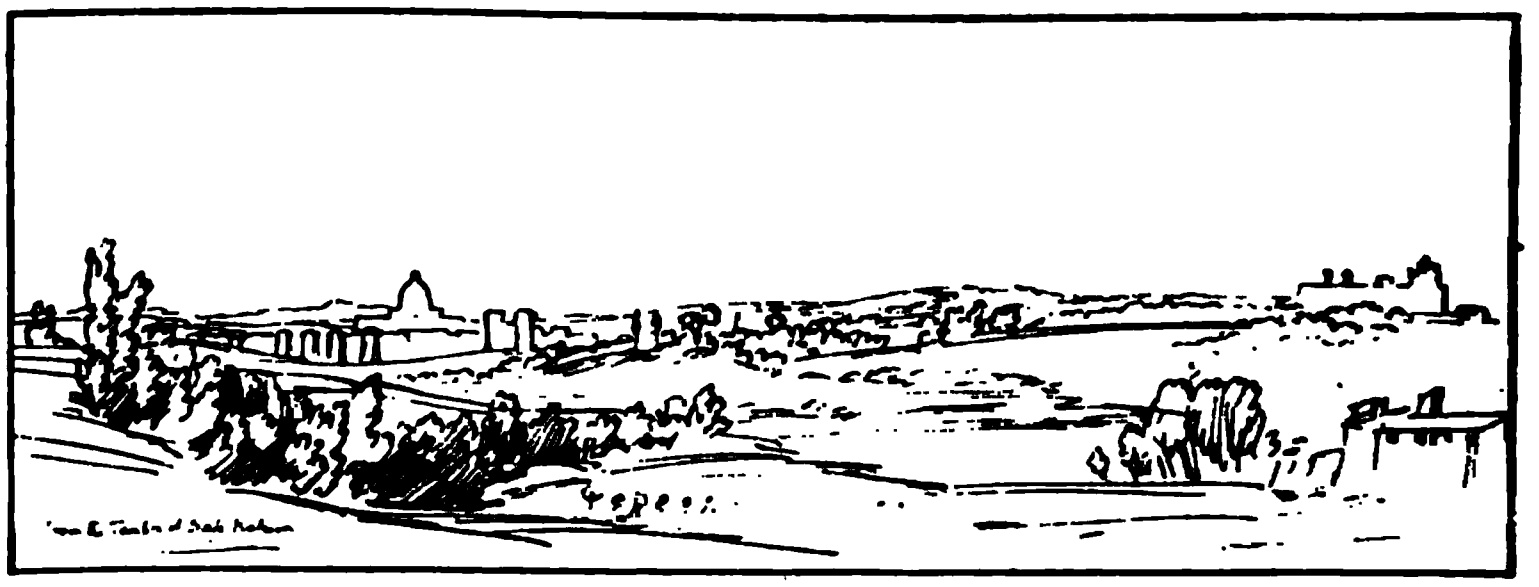
> Turbida congestis referitur vocibus Echo,
> Tene, feri, duc, da, cave;
> Sus lutulenta fugit, rabidus canis impete sævo,
> Et impares plaustro boves.

But we must now turn from the Vestals by their flowing

fount of Juturna, with all the beautiful statues of the gods and goddesses of the healing art which adorned it, to that great temple beside it, and to which it gave rise, that dedicated to the twin sons of Leda. For if, as we have seen, the location of Vesta's buildings was not independent of the presence of the fairest and purest spring in the city, the Temple of Castor was built hard by that for the reason recounted to us in the well-known legends of the Battle of Lake Regillus and other conflicts. A spot once inaugurated and consecrated to divinities, remained so perpetually: and these noble remains of the rebuilding of the Temple of Castor by Tiberius, represent probably the fourth edition of it, rising from its exceptionally lofty platform, with as much of both platform and temple as the floods, decay, and Christian church-builders have left us. For, at the rear of it, and beside the Lacus Juturnæ, the ground is positively sown with bodies interred there between the sixth and tenth centuries after Christ, while the marble tank of the sacred waters was used by these virtuous people as their 'latrina.' Into it they had hurled contemptuously the statues of the pagan Gods of Health, including those of Castor and Pollux, in the porticoes of whose Temple patients had been used to be laid to sleep and dream; bent upon a sort of faith-healing, assisted by priestly chicanery. Remains of all these were found lying there in 1901, in a stratum of indescribable filth.

FORUM FROM TEMPLE OF SATURN

On the anniversary of the dedication (according to Plutarch and Livy) on the 15th of July, it was the custom of the Roman knights to assemble on horseback at the Temple of Mars outside the Porta Capena, whence the Via Appia then started (in the rear of the Church of San Gregorio, on the Cælian), arrayed in the full insignia of their Order, the scarlet-striped trabea with purple hem, and garlanded with olive leaves—and thence to march in solemn procession, two abreast, by the Via Triumphalis to the Velia, or ridge at the eastern end of the Forum. Thence they descended under the early morning sun, to the open Forum, between the temples and basilicas, in order to parade. There the Emperor with his staff was wont to review them—five thousand of them, at times—and give them his congratulations. This body included the officers of the Legions and the candidates for senatorial service—the flower of Roman manhood. On these occasions the Forum was cleared of every dispensable adjunct, and guarded by police (vigiles). Probably the two great basilicas, the Æmilia on the north side and the Julia on the south, were used as grand-stands: the lawyers and their friends being strong on the latter, and the financial world on the former. This worship of horse-taming Castor suggests to us that a dexterous cavalry-manœuvre probably gained the day at Regillus.



FROM THE CAMPO DEL DIO REDICOLO

# CHAPTER II

*Military Life—The Triumph : its conditions : religious significance : ordering : ceremonial : public spectacle and course : memorials : arches : baths : Agrippa : Caracalla : Megalomania : conditions of life in the city : the character of the residences—The God of Fire : lightning : disasters : playful divinities*

A NOBLER opportunity, however, than this for glancing at the military side of Roman life is that afforded by the return of a victorious commander, one who has brought home with him captives, treasure and glory from a foreign foe, and has been accorded a major Triumph, not that on the Alban Mount (Ovatio), but in the very heart of the Empire. This was among the Romans the most splendid recompense that any warrior could earn. Plutarch attributes its origin to Romulus, but possibly it had an earlier origin in Etruria. The elaboration of the spectacle perhaps reached its utmost development on the occasion of the Triumph of Æmilius Paullus Macedonicus after the conquest and capture of Perseus, King of Macedon: although the enrichment of the buildings under the Empire with foreign marbles and sumptuous Græco-Roman architecture, together with wider streets, must have given later examples of it a far finer setting.

Overlooking S. Francesca Romana and the Forum

After a success of the first order, the General was wont to despatch to Rome his consular fasces entwined with laurels, by means of an aide-de-camp, who presented it to the Senate and Roman people as the announcement of the victory. When later, the General himself arrived with his troops, he was not permitted to enter the city, but was received by the Senate in the Temple of Bellona in the Campus Martius, where he gave that body a full account of himself, and of the battle, and ended by requesting the honour of a Triumph. If this proved satisfactory, the Senate, ratifying the attribution to the General by the soldiers of the title 'Imperator,' appointed a day or days for the celebration, when all the temples should be decorated with laurels, and solemn thanks were to be offered to the gods. For in every point of the General's attitude his action must be religious as well as military. Even before setting out he had to take the 'auspices' at the Capitol, and on his return his 'progress' must end in a sacrifice to Jupiter Capitolinus again there. But beyond this, during the actual Triumph he became a sort of substitute in the popular gaze for the divinity himself. He was clad in the 'paludamentum' of purple, gold-embroidered and fastened at his shoulder with a golden brooch; he wore a crown of golden laurel leaves, and in his hand he carried a sceptre bearing an eagle. All these were borrowed from the statue of Jupiter. Moreover, the four white horses which were presently attached to his chariot, betokened the steeds of Jove. Placing an iron ring on the forefinger of his left hand, he proceeded to some given spot in the Campus Martius, there distributed the merited rewards and emoluments to his soldiers, and then arranged who were to take part in his Triumph, likewise the order of the procession.

The route chosen naturally included the most important monuments of the city, and in its course the most spacious streets. Against the day, which was declared a public holiday, the people, clothed in cleanest white, were accommodated on

the various buildings and stands erected for the purpose, decorated with martial trophies. As a rule the 'Pompa' was organised in the Vatican, whence the head of it started across the Tiber by a special bridge called Pons Triumphalis, to the Campus Martius. The latter region was now traversed at no distance from the river-bank, probably through the open space until recently occupied by the Ghetto, until the Porta Carmentalis in the Servian Wall was reached. The entire Campus became a sea of triumphal sound, like one immense circus. Here (where the Piazza Montanara to-day is) the Senate, clad in purple, formally received the train into the city, and taking its place at the head of it, followed by lictors with a band and choir sounding warrior-hymns, the march to the Capitol began, bending its course direct to the Forum Boarium (where S. Giorgio in Velabro stands) and onward into the Circus Maximus, and thence around the eastern flank of the Palatine, where the road, now called San Gregorio, bore the significant title, Via Triumphalis. After these there passed into the city proper, cars filled with spoils, arms, statues, vases, or coins and jewels; followed by effigies of the conquered towns with their names attached; after these came the decorated soldiers and another band, followed by a hundred white bulls with gilded horns, attended by the 'victimarii' or slaughterers. Sometimes, at this point, were placed animals, such as elephants, crocodiles, or other rare foreign beasts, the objects of keen remark for the sarcastic crowd looking on. Then went men burning incense and perfumes, accompanied by the chariot of the captured monarch and containing his crown and sceptre, preceding his miserable self and his family, all manacled and on foot; a spectacle of awe, and perhaps to some few, of pity. Behind these trooped a number of envoys bearing golden crowns sent by the Provinces to the Triumphator, and lastly, standing in a turret-like chariot, gilded and sculptured, drawn by four white horses and surrounded by singers and flower-strewers, came the Victor, or Cæsar himself; the rear being brought

up by his relatives on horseback, with the Provincial Legates and Tribunes.

When these latter were only near the Circus Maximus, the head of the procession was perhaps already being applauded on the Clivus Sacra Via, or even near reaching the foot of the Clivus Capitolinus by the Temple of Concord. Close to the latter the captives were turned-off to the right and taken to the Carcer Tullianum, where, at the moment when the Victor began in turn his final ascent, they were, with rare exceptions, strangled or beheaded.

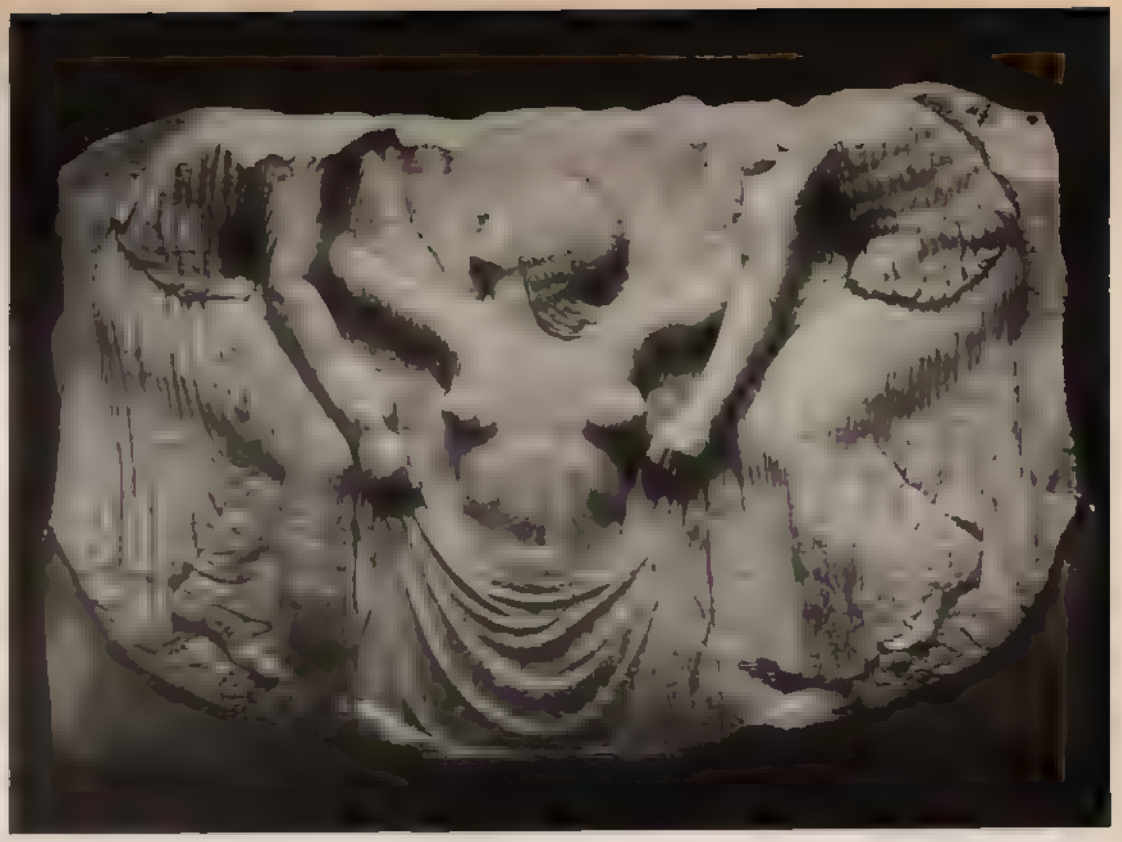
Cleopatra being dead when Octavian triumphed, she was represented by only an image. Zenobia, in the Triumph of Aurelian, was not merely spared, and Tetricus with her, but "they were allowed to spend their lives in affluence and honourable repose." The latter was even permitted to build a palace for himself on the Cœlian, where he entertained his conqueror; while the lovely Queen of Palmyra was given a villa at Tibur. "The Syrian Queen," writes Gibbon, "insensibly sank into a Roman matron, and her race was not yet extinct in the fifth century."

It is interesting to reflect that the upper portion (exposed since 1900) of the Sacra Via (say from the 'Heroon Romuli' or church of SS. Cosma and Damiano to the Arch of Titus) dates back to the time of Vespasian, and perhaps to that of Nero, and therefore has witnessed the grandest of Imperial Triumphs, that of Titus after the destruction of Jerusalem, which, curious to note, was met by the Senate at the Porticus of Octavia, just beyond the Teatro Marcello, later to become the actual centre of the Ghetto. A small sacrifice was then made beside the Porta Triumphalis, as indeed was customary, and then began the mighty cavalcade, enriched with the treasures of the Temple, the Golden Table of the Shewbread, the trumpets, and the seven-branched Candelabra, the brave Simon Giora and his wretched relatives and comrades taking their ignominious death-walk to the Mamertine prison. This pavement has likewise known the magnificent Triumphs of

Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, of Alexander Severus, and the still more sumptuous shows of Carinus and Probus. But it is certain that the Sacra Via became closed up at the summit of its eastern clivus quite early in the fourth century; and it is probable the Triumphs of Constantine and later Emperors passed through not the old Forum, but through the more splendid Forum of Peace, widening out the old circuit in a more becoming and Imperial manner.

On his arrival at the Capitol the Imperator was banqueted by the Septemviri Epulones at the expense of the Senate, and the hundred white bulls were slaughtered and offered to Jupiter Capitolinus. The banquet, however, was really in honour of the Capitoline Trinity, and each of the persons of the Trine, Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, were represented at the feast, the All-father extended on a couch, and the two goddesses seated on beautiful thrones. After the festivities were concluded, the Emperor, or Triumphator, was carried to his palace, or mansion on the Palatine, or perhaps to the much-favoured villa of Sallust near the modern Porta Salaria, which became and remained for centuries the favourite Imperial city-residence.

But the day, hard as it had proved for those who survived their parts, was only the preliminary to other and more permanent modes of celebrating the victories obtained. These took, commonly speaking, two distinct forms; the one consisting in the erection of some noble building, a temple such as that of Mars Ultor, in the Forum of Augustus, a column, such as that of Trajan, in the latest and most magnificent of the Fora Romana—or a triumphal arch, such as that of Titus, of Septimus Severus, or of Constantine, or their predecessors once adorning the Forum—of Fabius, Augustus, and Tiberius; or else, lastly, those which until the seventeenth century spanned the Via Flaminia (now the Corso), in honour of Claudius, Domitian, and Marcus Aurelius. These were all erected by decree of the Senate and Roman people, and though made in Republican days of



Birth of Venus. Museo Nazionale

the first time the Amphitheatre on this occasion saw naked female gladiators, as Spartianus relates.

Among the great works which Emperors for their own glory did for the people in their day on such occasions may be also numbered the Thermæ, or Baths, such, for instance, as those of Caracalla, those of Titus and of Trajan. In early days baths were almost as much a rarity as they were in England under George III.; and they are not too common in Rome to-day. Scipio (B.C. 190) is said to have bathed; but the bath in his villa at Liternum, was not of the most attractive kind. It was enjoyed in muddy water, unless Seneca is repeating a calumny in order to heighten the elaboration of the baths in Nero's reign. The Roman youths were wont to bathe in the Tiber in warm weather; and this they continued to do long after the establishment of those luxurious public baths with suspended floors, beneath which hot air circulated so as to form a sudarium—an invention attributed to Sergius Orata, (*c.*) B.C. 100. In Cicero's time, however, there were established public *thermæ*, which were leased out to speculators, whose charges and regulations were controlled by public officials. These probably were made for supplying the increased demand for cleanliness which had supervened owing to the wholesale introduction of Oriental and Hellenic civilization, albeit in the first instance only the lower orders used them. The price of a bath was a 'quadrans' for adults, while children and distinguished foreigners were admitted free. The water continued to be brought from the Tiber until Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, was appointed to the important dignity of 'Curator Aquarum' having a staff of officials under him (A.D. 33) and proceeded to construct the aqueduct which still supplies the Trevi Fountain, namely, that of Aqua Virgo, in order to serve the magnificent baths, whose remains (restored by Hadrian) can be seen in the Via Palombella, behind the Pantheon. This served also some hundreds of fountains which he decorated further with statues of bronze and marble. As

every provincial town imitated the initiative of Rome, this example practically marks a great advance in the comfort of public life.

Nevertheless, although the principle and organisation of the baths of Agrippa continued to be representative for all the later thermæ, his own baths must have been simple when compared to the complex establishments of Imperial times. The general phases of the bath were four, consisting of the 'sudarium,' the 'tepidarium,' the 'caldarium,' and the 'frigidarium'; needing as adjuncts, rooms for undressing, with lockers for the clothes, rooms for anointing, for massage, etc., with a large staff of slaves trained to the various professional functions required. The baths were opened early and, as a rule, were closed at sunset, until the latter days of the Empire, with the announcement made by the 'Æs thermarum,' or bell possibly a link in the history of our church bells. To these became added, gymnasia, with palestra, and exhedræ (or loggie) for spectators, restaurants, colonnades, 'salons de conversation,' libraries, theatres and gardens; all richly adorned with sculpture, paintings and mosaic pavements; together forming a sort of people's palaces and plebeian clubs on a stupendous scale, which were only closed on days of public misfortune, to which, it must be admitted, they were in no small measure contributing.

CLAUDIAN AQUEDUCT AND PONTICELLO

These bath establishments were sometimes erected as a sop to the people whom Imperial tyranny had further enslaved,

as well as with the intention of Imperial self-glorification. Those of Severus and his son Caracalla were built in the confiscated park of the villa of Asinius Pollio, fronting the Via Appia. Probably none of the baths surpassed these in luxury, although those of Diocletian opened eighty years later on the Viminal Hill, covered a still greater area, accommodating 3200 bathers, or just double the number provided for by its rival at the opposite end of the city. The masonry of both is magnificent, but the decorative high arts had so far declined that the pavements and marble mouldings of these will not admit of advantageous comparison with the remains of those of Titus, on the Esquiline.

The baths of Caracalla were supplied by a branch of the Marcian aqueduct which entered a vast reservoir distributed in sixty-four vaulted cells, beneath the lower tier of which ran an elaborate system of furnaces, so that the water became heated before it travelled for five hundred feet under the ground to the main body of the baths. The historians of Severus and his sons, taking into consideration their African origin (the former having been born at Leptis), have more than suggested that this structure and the colossal palace erected at the nearest, or southernmost angle of the Palatine, taken together, were so designedly situated in order to impress by their mass and magnificence their African subjects when arriving at the capital from Ostia at the mouth of the Tiber.

There was, however, at the root of the matter, something more than this—a distinct megalomania, prompted by the conceit of surpassing all previous Cæsars; moreover, Caracalla had other and less pleasant ways of impressing his African subjects, as when we read of his directing a massacre of the Alexandrians from a temple of his favourite Serapis. Again, Severus, who had served, like many other able generals, under Marcus Aurelius, upon reducing Byzantium, is said to have spared nothing, but slaughtering its magistrates, garrison, and populace he levelled its walls

Arch of Titus from the Via Sacra

with the earth, and made it over to the Perintheans. Caracalla killed Fadilla, the daughter of Aurelius, and yet had the audacity to place upon his medals the name in full of that unique Emperor, which his father also had been used to do, while they decreed the monster Commodus a divinity, and hurled his deserving assassins to the lions. As if that was not sufficient, he proclaimed his admiration for Alexander the Great, and assumed also his name. His other acts were on a similar scale. He murdered his brother Geta in their mother's arms, in their mother's house, and at once hung up the smoking sword with which he had slain him in the Roman temple of the same Egyptian divinity; and then grimly directed massacres of all the adherents of his brother. As many as twenty thousand are said to have been his victims in this affair. Among other enormous crimes he buried alive three of the Vestals, one of whom he had dishonoured; while a fourth, Crescentina, escaped this fate by hurling herself from the roof of the present convent, then new. In all these things, and by his taxations and death-duties which crushed the citizens, he strongly reminds us of the megalomaniac Caligula; and both of these Emperors perished by the daggers of insulted officers.

The opportunities for encouraging architectural megalomania on the part of this or that Emperor, as in the cases of Nero, Hadrian, Severus and Maxentius, were but too often provided by the gigantic conflagrations which occurred. For the Romans used abundance of pine, poplar, and other woods, such as cypress wood and cedar, in their buildings, especially in their spacious roofs, and also in furniture, such as chests, tables, cupboards, benches and presses. Rooms, likewise, were sometimes panelled with it, for greater dryness and warmth. The city did not form exactly a commonwealth of beggars and millionaires, but something resembling it. All capital flowed thither, and it became a matured slave state; while the corn largesses must have accentuated ever more and more the poverty and idleness of the masses. Never-

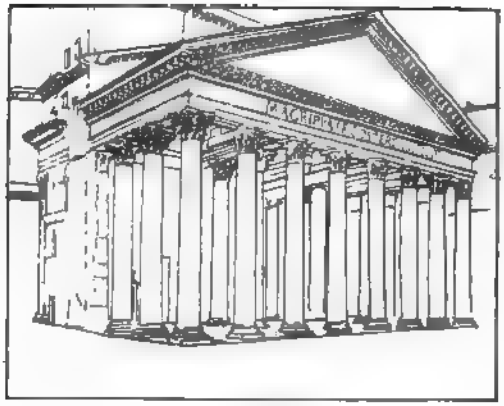
theless, it is certain that the tufo, or later, the brick and marble mansions of the wealthy must frequently have resembled beautiful oases in deserts of squalor and misery. The dwelling-places of the minor shopkeepers were constructed of combustible materials, except where they became, as in modern Rome, tenants of the ground floors of the rich man's dwelling, or rented expensive 'tabernæ' in the external wings or the Basilicæ. The excavations of to-day show plainly that the Sacra Via in its upward course was lined on both sides with small but important shops, the upper storeys of which we know were, in republican days, of timber. Besides these there were multitudes of wooden booths; whole streets here and there, like bazaars, were devoted to one trade or another; vicus materiarius, for the timber merchants; vicus vitrarius, for the glass-workers; and vicus unguentarius (much drawn upon, no doubt) for the sellers of perfumes and ointments. An outbreak of fire, if it occurred during a wind such as a three-day tramontana, or a strong summer libeccio (N.W.) might lead to extensive destruction, unable to be checked or controlled by any forthcoming means. The primitive Latin tribes on the Palatine and Esquiline had of course lived in wooden huts thatched with reeds, and had worshipped tree-spirits, especially that of the oak (quercus robur), which afforded them food, fuel, and building material; and the evolution from wooden dwellings to those of brick and stone with an inartistic people like the Romans, must perforce have been tardy. It is to be believed without difficulty that the lower classes for the most part lived in crowded tenements, often in immediate contact with dwellings not nearly so lofty, but built of costly materials, and clinging along the slopes of the various hills: for the Campus Martius (now the most populous portion of the city) was, until Imperial days, the least inhabited region. Even in the fourth century A.D. the construction of projecting storeys was forbidden to landlords, owing to the narrowness of the streets beneath. Juvenal speaks of the poorer classes occupying the fourth storeys of

wood (contignationes), often crazy and patched, and liable both to fire and collapse: while Aulus Gellius (xv. 1) records the appropriate timidity of investors in house-property.

It is, therefore, not a matter of surprise that a god of destructive and constructive fire—Vulcan—is found to have been venerated from Romulean times, and that there was a Flamen Volcanalis, who superintended sacrifices to Maia Volcani on the first of May, and to Vulcan on August 23, at the Volcanal, a sacred area having an altar situated in the heart of the Forum. This was identified, in June 1899, in the presence of the writer, by Commendatore Boni. It lies, but once stood up, at the south-west angle of the Arch of Severus. Another altar to this divinity stood formerly in the Circus Flaminius, where games in his honour were celebrated. Dionysius, speaking of Romulus and Tatius transacting their affairs at the Area Volcani, describes it as projecting a little above the level of the Forum, and adjacent to the Comitium. It was used frequently as a rostrum, and from it Appius the Decemvir harangued the people concerning the death of the daughter of Virginius. The nature of the offerings paid by folk to the God on his festival is interesting. They threw into the flames small fish from the Tiber, that is to say, they offered things representative of water that puts out fire. That the propitiation of Vulcan, as a sometimes destructive deity, was intended, is shown by two incidents. After the fire in Nero's reign the altar was restored by Domitian and an inscription (C.I.L. vi. 826) tells us that a red heifer and a boar were sacrificed. It is remarkable that in the face of appalling periodic disasters from the devouring element, Macrinus in A.D. 217 should have dared to suppress the Volcanalia. By ominous coincidence, on the very day consecrate to this god, namely, his August festival, the Coliseum was struck by lightning in several places, and seriously damaged, an event which caused Alexander Severus, his successor, to lose no time in re-establishing the games. For Macrinus did not long survive

his impiety. The same fishes were offered by people to the hearth fires, so often the origin of these great conflagrations. In the ritual of Vulcan, we find the nymph Juturna, 'Decus fluviorum,' was also supplicated; and it is significant that Augustus who instituted the 'Cohortes Vigilum,' or Fire-watchmen, and decreed that all kitchens and furnaces should be subject to their inspection, should have specially restored, and adorned with a statue, this same Area Vulcani.

But in spite of the methodical means employed by the sagest of Emperors so as to cope with a common danger, such as were the widening and straightening of streets, an increased water supply, bands of trained inspectors and firemen, and the liberal supply of miscalled fire-proof building materials — Rome was destined to suffer more desolating destructions by fire in her days of marble than even in her days of timber and brick, of course excepting the deliberate burning of the city by the Gauls. At first this seems hard to understand; but we must recollect that provided combustible materials, such as dry hangings, wooden furniture, and pine and cypress beams, and light but strong, timbered floors and roofs were (as we know they were) part and parcel of even the stone and marble edifices, an accidental outburst of fire fanned by a breeze, might easily effect their destruction. The colonnaded porticoes and galleries would become in reality the bars of colossal furnaces, the floors and roofs would fall in flaming masses into the basements; and calcine all the softer varieties of marble. The burning



THE PANTHEON

The Door of the Temple of Romulus—Forum.

of the Basilica of S. Paolo fuori le mura in the midsummer of 1823 affords the especial example of this; and the now exposed ruins of the more magnificent Exchange, or Basilica Æmilia, yet another. In the uppermost gallery of the Coliseum there was not only abundance of timber, scorched by August and September suns, but a great circle of pine-masts fitted with vast segments of inflammable awning, which were unrolled slantwise down to other and taller masts springing from around the circumference of the arena; which likewise itself was of wood. In this case, as mentioned above, lightning started the fire; and lightning was apparently a frequent cause of conflagration in Rome, especially by striking the roofs. We read of city walls and their towers being burned by it: of its falling in the Comitium: in the Lacus Curtius; of its firing the Pantheon and causing Hadrian to rebuild it, as we now see it: of its striking the Augusteum in the year A.D. 69 and hurling the sceptre from the hand of the statue of the first Emperor, whose dynasty had just been extinguished in Nero; and of its even striking Jove's own Capitoline Temple. So that, between the carelessness of men and the playfulness of the divinities, even the most stupendous edifices ministered to the destroying hands of Vulcan; and few works would be of profounder interest to Roman archæology than a complete history (could it be written) of the many great fires which devastated this city, their precise extent, and the monuments injured by them. Of those still standing in any considerable portion, none perhaps so vividly recalls famous fires as the building we are still accustomed to call the Church of St Adriano, facing the Forum, opposite the Niger Lapis, on the north side. It is to the acumen of the lamented Detlefsen we are indebted for its identification as the Curia, or Senate House, *i.e.*, as rebuilt on the ancient site by Diocletian after the great fire of A.D. 282, and this brings us to consider that building from a more important point of view.

# CHAPTER III

*The Political Centre—The Comitium and the Curia: Rostra and Græcostasis—Orientation—Statues—Excavation—The Wolf-pedestal—Maxentius: his passion for Roman Antiquity—Senatorial Costume—Date of the Curia and Comitium—Wells—The Goddess of Victory—The Triumph of Ambrose—Column of Trajan*

THE Senate-House, whence issued the results of the deliberations which governed the Empire, and the 'Comitium,' in front of it, where the Senators and patres conscripti anciently met, must together have formed the Legislative Centre; and thus, in a secular sense, it was the most important edifice in the Roman world. For, as the Ædes Vestæ and Regia formed the religious centre; so the Curia and Comitium formed the centre political. In the early or monarchical epoch the Comitium was an open area surrounded by a screen, adjoining the Forum at its western extremity upon the north side. It was inaugurated as a Templum, and therefore was, so far, 'Religious,' and the Salii of Mars fulfilled there the ceremony of lustrating the arms of the war-host, thus revealing themselves as the binding nexus between the state-military and the state-religious. As the intended tomb of Romulus, we are told by Varro, Festus and others, adorned by two lions, with an altar behind them, lay therein; and (as we now know), other monuments of a particularly sacred character stood by it, namely, a truncated cone (perhaps symbolising a present deity,) and a stela, or stone pillar, inscribed with holy ordinances—it is not difficult to understand why these priests of Mars—the reputed father of the first King of Rome,

performed their important functions here; why stood and flourished here a second sacred fig tree; why the Rex Sacrorum, or Chief Priest sacrificed here; nor why the supreme city magistrates here exercised their jurisdiction, and at this spot took occasionally the lives of the paramours of Vestal virgins; or, finally, why the Comitia here assembled before entering the Curia, or Senate-House. From this centre, indeed, Rome threw out and informed her various feelers, further and further radiating in all directions, as she swelled out into greatness, drawing her sustenance first from her sacred hills and groves, then from the very marbles and granites of the mountains of Asia and Africa, from the lead and iron of Britain; from the life of all sorts of peoples, principalities and powers. No marvel that the Emperor Constantius, as Ammianus tells us, beholding the Forum from the Rostra (*i.e.* those of Domitian), the majestic centre of the ancient sovereignty, stood, wonder-struck; for wherever he turned his eyes, he was amazed at the density of significantly venerable monuments. He addressed the nobles from the Curia, the populace from their Tribunal, and thence, amid their acclamations, he ascended to the Imperial mansion on the Palatine.

Originally, the chiefs or kings themselves had sat here and administered justice. Later, the præfect of the city performed these functions seated in his curule chair placed upon a platform called 'Tribunal,' around which were disposed 'subsellia' for the accommodation of the advocates and parties to the suit. The early Republican rostra, Varro tells us, stood in front of the Curia; and to the rear (*i.e.*, toward the Forum) of the tomb of Romulus, adds the Commentator of Horace. And if we bear in mind that all these early Roman buildings were strictly orientated (even as the pedestals under the black pavement are seen to be), we have to use but little the eye of imagination, and picture to ourselves a smaller edition of the present front of the *Curia* (S. Adriano) turned round upon the same site, so as to accu-

rately face these pedestals. If we then imagine the rest of the buildings in the Forum, turned likewise so as to correspond, we shall form an idea at least of the disposition of all these monuments as they presented themselves in ancient days.

To this we are helped in some measure by the fact that until the date of the first Punic War, time was announced at mid-day, even as it lately was, from S. Angelo, by the 'Accensus,' or herald of the Consuls, crying out "Meridius est," at the moment when he perceived from the Curia, the sun standing between the Rostra and the Græcostasis—the latter being a platform rising vis-à-vis, erected for the use of foreign ambassadors during public assemblies. This was in fact the hour of the general siesta in ancient Rome, after the chief meal, or 'prandium.' The orator, therefore, standing upon the Rostra could address either the people gathered in the Forum, below him, and prevented perhaps on occasions, from getting too intimately at him by the defensive beaks of the ships (which made a chevaux-de-frise on the wall-face of it),—or the patricians in the Comitium. The last hour of the day, when the sun had descended from the Mœnian column to the Mamertine prison or Tullianum, was similarly announced.

Upon the Rostra were affixed besides, the XII. tables (B.C. 449) representing the first codification of Civil Law, or source of public and private right. Cicero says that when yet a youth he learned the text by heart from these. Cyprian in the third century of our era states that they remained exposed to the public gaze here in his time.

Before we take yet a little further notice of the Curia a few more words concerning this all-important 'comitium' will not be deemed superfluous. For, in the course of Republican times, with the growth of democracy, the Comitium lost its functional importance, and gradually became a sort of small open-air museum, and instead of containing a few important wooden and terra-cotta statues, such as those of Attus Navius the Augur, and Horatius Cocles, and in B.C. 296 the Bronze Wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, it became crowded with

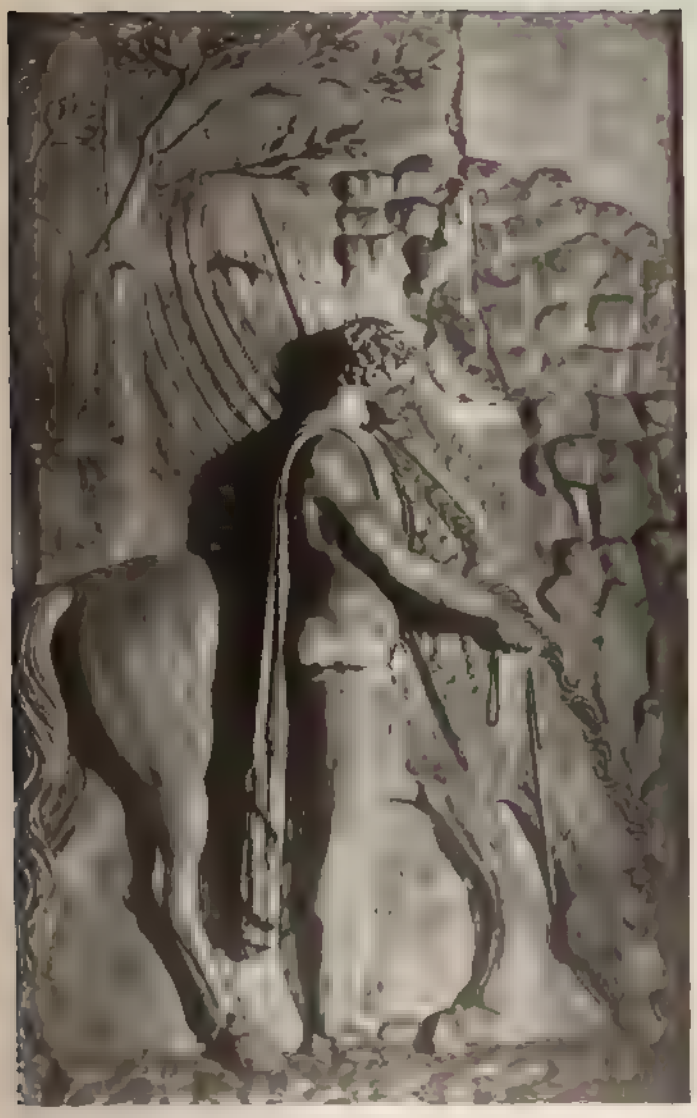
genuine works of art. This character the Comitium would seem to have retained until the fall of the Empire, although during the various devastations and systems of improvement which followed one another, its statues were thinned out or renewed, and fountains were added.

Eighteen feet of soil full of human remains covered this site until excavated by Giacomo Boni in 1900, when he decided to remove the mediæval cemetery of S. Adriano and lay bare the Imperial entrance to the Curia. On reaching the fourth century (A.D.) level he found, among far less interesting relics, a quadrangular marble pedestal bearing four different inscriptions on its respective sides, and three clamp-holes on the upper surface suggestive of the fastening there of the plinth of some piece of sculpture. On the south face, and on the east face, the meaning of the pedestal seems to be made clear, although the sculpture is wanting. On the latter face the words denote that the former marble (or bronze) statue upon it, was dedicated on the birthday of Rome (Natalis urbis) by Furius Octavianus, A.D. 307 (?); while those on the former face, revealing the imperfectly erased name of the Emperor Maxentius, show that whatever the sculptured object represented may have been, it was solemnly dedicated to Mars, and to his sons, the founders of the city. Only one object, indeed, could be pointed to by such concurrent conjunctions of words, *i.e.*, the Wolf of Mars. There is less than usual difficulty in accepting this attribution; inasmuch as it exactly belonged to the part known to have been played by Maxentius, namely, to have completely re-established the ancient Comitium and its pagan monuments after the fire under Carinus, which had swept it and scorched the sculptures upon the neighbouring arch. He was an out and out devotee of Roman antiquity. He rebuilt the temples of Venus and Roma, and he named his only child, Romulus; and to the manes of the latter he presently built the Heroon, now the circular museum on the Clivus Sacra Via, once part of SS. Cosma and Damiano. It is just possible that the much-

mended archaic bronze wolf of the Capitoline Museum, which formerly stood in a niche of a mediæval tower at the Lateran (whither so many remarkable bronze objects were removed in the ninth and tenth centuries), is the one which early in the fourth century Maxentius placed here upon this pedestal, the inscriptions on the two other faces of which show that it had previously belonged to a Collegium of Carpenters in the second century. That it was intended to remove likewise the pedestal is seen by looking at it and observing the soil that lies between it and the pavement.

But what of the appearance, the costume of the Senatorial folk who for ages moved, and thronged, on occasion, in and about the Comitium? The Senator's toga, familiar to us in the statues, was made of dazzling white woollen material, so artfully cut in an elliptical form that it fell in full, but noble and graceful folds, revealing here and there, threading among them, a broad and much-envied purple stripe. On his feet in shadow beneath, he wore shoes of bright red leather, of a shape used by no other Order of the State. These were in sharp contrast to those worn by ladies and by the Vestals, the former of which, though more usually white, were sometimes stained violet or green; the latter, as already mentioned, were of sacrificial skin. If he were a short person and desired inches, he used thick soles. These shoes were seen to be attached up the ankles by four black neat straps; while, on the outer sides of the ankle was worn a 'lunula,' or crescent-shaped amulet. Martial refers to certain upstarts flaunting abroad their newly-received Curule, or patrician shoes, decorated in this manner.

But by way of accidental contrast, here and there moved among them a young Senator, clean-shaven and bright-eyed, in a mantle of a dark hue. He had lost one near and dear to him. There, talking to him, would perhaps be seen a grave old magistrate clad in a purple toga; though merely thus attired because he was celebrating a family anniversary with gladiatorial games. Behind them, standing alone, wait-



BELLEROPHON AND PEGASUS

PALAZZO SPADA

ing for a colleague, was a member of the College of Augurs, in a scarlet-striped trabea; while, just entering the marble wicket of the Comitium, the 'cynosure of neighbouring eyes,' walked one of the Consuls, brilliant in the gold-embroidered purple tunic of his supreme office.

As all these, and many more varieties of rank and costume, moved about in this scene among the marble statues and polished columns, or stood near one of the fenced-in sacred trees waving all its green leaves above them, many, to us fascinating pictures must have been continually forming and reforming there.

But it is necessary to look up at the great bare façade, robbed of its marble, facing the Comitium, even at that which, in line at least, the latest Senate House once presented to the Roman Imperial world, occupying the same site as its more famous, and certainly more significant predecessors. For the excavations here in 1899-1900 have returned to it its majestic height, and have revealed to the archeologist whole chapters illustrative of its destiny since the fall of the Empire, and these are mostly very sad ones. For the various oblong holes pitting it at different levels are the graves (loculi) of early mediæval Christian patrons of the parish church into which the Curia became converted after they had deliberately stripped its exterior of white marble panelling, and of the stucco-bedding (Intonaco) upon which that was fastened. The excavation has shown how small a portion even of the latter was spared. Only one fragment of panelling with a piece of dado-cornice remains *in situ*. To what ugly uses noble things may descend was remarked in reference to the Fountain of Health and Sanctity, that of Juturna. Precisely similar desecration by the religious has taken place here; and this was punished, curiously enough, in precisely the same terrible manner, as will be shown.

For in A.D. 630 Pope Honorius I. was given permission to appropriate the building, and he dedicated it as a church to S. Adriano, whose bones at a later date were placed within,

under the high altar. From this date, therefore, the great walls became riddled with deep holes in order to receive the bodies of those priests and parishioners who were able to pay for the requisite niches and command a conspicuous grave. When the ground was first opened and earth was cleared from the wall the skeletons were lying in these 'loculi,' just as they were found at Sta Maria Antiqua: merely being found shut in with large tiles of terra-cotta. Remains of poorer folk lay scattered all over the august Comitium—sixteen feet of them. For, gradually, and not unnaturally, the level of this Christian cemetery rose up, and with this rising fresh portions of the grand façade came within reach, and when reached were sold in patches to new patrons, who likewise became interred in them. Meantime, the successive congregations of the parish found their west door becoming encumbered; and from time to time, during the subsequent twelve hundred years, these doors have been for like reason forcibly lifted up and up, travelling (as the step and the jambs clearly betray), even to the level of the modern streets around and to that of the tramway, which until 1899 passed in front of the church from the great Via Cavour.

The digging, however, which laid open all this, discovered to us other facts. From time to time, during those holy, but dark periods, the authorities of this church had caused or allowed to be sunk, wells for drinking-water, down even through this horrible necropolis, to the levels of the neighbouring Cloaca (formerly called Maxima), with what sanitary results, and rapid heightening of the grave-ground, may be grimly imagined. Later on, the noble bronze doors, which Diocletian himself had taken, we think, from some earlier building (perhaps its predecessor) being found difficult to deal with in all these movings, were carried off by Alexander VII. (Chigi) 1660, to adorn the Lateran. At the right (E.) angle of the building are remains of the base of a mediæval tower; and in a line with these, and projecting parallel with the front of the building, runs the concrete core of the once

white flight of marble stairs, upon which walked the last generations of the Senators, the later Emperors of Rome, Symmachus and Agorius Pretextatus, and the representatives of the ancient Æmilii, Valerii, and Licinii. And through a roughly-arched aperture made by the workmen at Commendatore Boni's order, on Feb. 1, 1900, the writer, in his company, was the first person (except the workmen) to stand upon the marble pavement of the Imperial Senate House. This at once revealed the restorations, probably of Theodoric, (who visited it in A.D. 500) together with an earlier patchwork of inscribed stones abounding with the boastful superlatives of the disintegrating Empire.

In front of the site of these stairs to the Curia lie abundant evidences showing that the Comitium was fenced from it by a marble screen having small rectangular pilasters, through which a gateway allowed passage to the Senate House. Within this fence and immediately out in front of the great door of the building is seen a shallow basin for the drip from larger ones formerly above it, caught and overflowed with the waters of a fountain, placed there for decorative purpose in the later fourth century, at the sides of which are seen the travertine channel and a portion of the lead pipe which provided the supply. We have thus evidence that in the days (so significant to these buildings) of Gratian and Theodosius I., the Comitium and Curia were still distinguished by Imperial attentions.

This indeed was the moment when a most important controversy was raging on the spot. The Curia contained a Greek statue of the Goddess Victoria, brought by Augustus from Tarentum, in front of which stood an altar. These objects were greatly venerated as the Insignia of the power of Imperial Rome. Here, accordingly, the Senators were wont to sacrifice and to set votive offerings. This custom prevailed until the first persecution of paganism by the fanatical sons of Constantine in A.D. 341, when all sacrifices within the city were first forbidden under pain of death; and the temples of the gods were temporarily closed

(A.D. 346). Then Constantius caused the altar of Victory to be removed from its time-honoured seat. Julian, on the other hand, like Maxentius, upon mounting the throne A.D. 361, considering closely the Christian acts and achievements of his immediate predecessors, became inspired with ardour towards the ancestral cults, and at once reversing their aggressive policy he replaced the altar. On his death, however, persecution was renewed. In A.D. 375, the feeble Emperor Gratian, directed by Christian priests, for the second time removed the altar of Victory from its time-honoured place, and proceeded to confiscate the properties of the Vestal Virgins and other leading religious corporations. It must be premised that many of the Senators, albeit a minority, were now Christians; so that in the Curia there existed and developed acutely two distinct factions. The champions of the pagan faction were Vettius Agorius Pretextatus, Symmachus, Aurelius Victor, and others, while they were opposed, on the Christian side, by a military Governor, who had been transformed suddenly into an Archbishop, and baptised with the name of Ambrose. Symmachus, the orator of the aggrieved citizens, actually held the office of Pontifex Maximus at this moment, together with that of Prætor Urbanus. Each party vehemently attributed the national disasters and the still darkening, but unbroken storms which threatened the Empire, to the wrong-headed zeal and piety of its opponents. No less than four deputations were led into the presence of the Emperor to entreat the restoration of the venerable altar, but in vain. Theodosius himself one day entered this same building, over those then unruined steps, and in the assembly of Senators (or perhaps as many of them as by this dared to be seen there), put it to their votes whether the religion of Christ, or that of Jupiter, should be accepted as that of Rome. The result revealed a suspiciously sudden conversion to Christianity on the part of the Senate. Symmachus was exiled; the altar of Victory

FORUM OF NERVA.

was banished for ever, and probably broken up; sacrifices were prohibited; the Vestals were commanded to put out their sacred fire: all the temples were closed; and the property and privileges of all the religious 'collegia,' or corporations, were confiscate to the benefit of the Church and Emperor. A season of spiritual rapine inaugurated the establishment of the reign of Christian peace. The present remains of the neighbouring temple of Saturn mark a probably contemporaneous restoration; but that was due not to a recrudescence of pagan worship, but to the fact that attached to it was the 'Ærarium Sanctius' containing the reserve chests or public monies.

Such then was the extraordinary event which this latest version of the pagan Curia witnessed; and had Commendatore Boni and his companion been the ghosts of pagan Senators they could not have evoked more vehemently hostile gesticulations on entering the reopened ancient hall, than they observed directed at them on the part of some monastic Ambrose from a window far above, who has, we trust, by this, forgiven their zeal. Litigation was presently threatened; and the entrance to the Curia had to be temporarily closed.

It must be confessed that this religious triumph, by whatever manner of means it was obtained, ranks as the most monumental, the most far-reaching, ever achieved by a Roman Emperor; and the thousand-and-odd churches of mediæval and modern Rome are the outward and visible records of it. Nevertheless, among even the best of these, with all the higher advantages of religious inspiration and the perpetual command of artistic means, it would be difficult to say that the rule of the Church has raised one single monument which can be compared for original beauty and aesthetic unity with so simple a masterpiece as the Column of Trajan, albeit this is but the unit whereby to assess the former magnificence of that Emperor's neighbouring Forum, which we may therefore regard as having constituted the supreme centre of architectural beauty in Rome.

## CHAPTER IV

*The Centre of Architectural Splendour—Forum of Trajan—Auctions—Libraries—Temple of Fortuna—The Riverside—Embankments—Difficulties—The Island and its Temples — Bocca della Verità — Dea Matuta — Corn Exchange—Free Food—The Bridges.*

AFTER the first night, upon arrival in Rome, the awakened traveller, if he has been there before, irresistibly finds himself endeavouring to reconstruct and picture to himself his various favourite corners of the city, or perhaps groups of its most impressive edifices. Remembered outlines of hill and valley, its gardens, pictures, and statues rise before him; and if he possesses Renaissance sympathies he will be impatient until he renews intimate acquaintance (I might say, affection) with the beautiful works of Bramante and his scholars, such as the Cancelleria and Palazzo Giraud-Torlonia. If, on the other hand, his tastes are more drawn to the ancient monuments, among the foremost he will call to mind will be the remains of the architectural masterpiece of Apollodorus—even that marble column with spiral bands of ascending sculpture that, glowing with colour and gilding in twenty-three tiers of figures, led the eyes of every astonished traveller of old up to the statue of the greatest but one among the greater Emperors, even of him, who, in spite of doings which the Church naturally considers those of a brutal despot, came (whether worthily or not—who shall decide?) to be regarded as the Incarnation of Justice. "Trajanum superis æquat clementia summa," says a thirteenth century writer, and in the following century the greatest of Italian poets and patriots places

him among the beatified and glorified in the Heaven of Jove. (Par. c. xx. v. 44-48.)

For, the latest of the Imperial Fora (or extensions of the original Forum), which this column adorned, was by far the most sumptuous, and in its laying out an operation was performed characteristic of the skill of the engineers who had thrown a bridge across the Danube. A spur of the Quirinal Hill stretching itself out south-westward toward the Capitoline in those days, alone presented a solid obstacle to the magnificent plan which Trajan had graciously approved. It attained the height of over one hundred Roman feet. This spur, as if his Forum were a mere Roman road to be made in some remote province, the Emperor ordered to be carted away ; namely, some twenty millions of cubic feet of soil. Upon the levelled area thus gained, beginning at the northern extremity—under the present Prefettura (Palazzo Valentini) and Via dei Fornari—was erected by decree of the Senate, a Temple dedicated to the genius of the Emperor, later on to be completed and consecrated by Hadrian. In front of this, as if mindful of Julius Cæsar's own, humbler, though still more significant column in the Forum, was raised the Columna Cochlea, in the pedestal of which the mortal remains of Trajan came to be deposited by his successor. On each flank of this rose a splendid library;—a Greek and a Latin one. To these succeeded the noble double-aisled Basilica Ulpia, of which only a third, but central portion, is as yet uncovered to the sky of Rome, and once more is decorated in spring and summer with such flowers as the ancients loved—"Compitales lares ornare bis anno instituit vernis floribus et estivis" —iris, roses, and jasmines. Adjoining this superb building, and covering an area three times the size of that occupied by itself, spread out the grand colonnaded square, or Forum of Trajan, centred by a gilt-bronze equestrian statue of the Emperor, and flanked, north and south, by bold hemicycles, somewhat reminding one of those adorning the Piazza of S. Peter.

This Forum was entered from that of Augustus, its immediate parent, through a magnificent arch, crowning which stood a bronze statue of Trajan driving a triumphal car drawn by six horses. The sculptures upon the frieze and sides of the arch possibly contributed some of the finest of the plunder which now decorates the Arch of Constantine. The Basilica and the colonnades and hemicycles were roofed in with gilded bronze tiles; and the pavements men walked over therein were of white marble; upon, and across which, looked, perhaps, as many as a hundred selected statues. Pausanias specially commends two of these statues, one of Augustus Cæsar, in amber; and the other of Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, in ivory.

In this Forum, we are told, Hadrian remitted to a number of debtors certain unpaid taxes, and burnt the bonds. Here, also, ere setting forth to the war with the German Marcomanni, Aurelius, finding the military chest exhausted, brought forth the treasures from Hadrian's store-house—gems, cups of gold, crystal, and root-of-amethyst, silken mantles that had belonged to Plotina, embroidered, and woven with designs in gold and silver thread, and caused them to be sold to the highest bidder. This record sale lasted during two whole months. Imperial auctions were as yet not very common; but a precedent is found in the sale of the furniture of the 'House of Tiberius' by Caligula, when he was about to extend that mansion to the limits marked for us by the present remains known as his Palace. Little could even the most sapient sage and Emperor have foreseen that within five-and-twenty years, the Empire itself would be put up to auction to the highest bidder, and would fetch but a contemptible sum.

Another memory clings to this gorgeous centre of Imperial Rome. Here it became the custom for the Consuls to manumit numbers of deserving slaves every December, a custom maintained, as Sidonius shows us, until the latest days of the Empire. Venantius tells us that poets used to recite

here even at the close of the sixth century, that is, in the days of Gregory. The Basilica here was constituted a Tribunal, like the Julia; not an Exchange like the Æmilia: while the two libraries adjoining it, outrivalling those established by Augustus in the Area Apollinis on the Palatine, were held to be without equals. One hundred and eighty years later Diocletian removed their contents to increase the glories of his baths. Such libraries, besides containing their books and rolls, were decorated with statues, portrait-reliefs of poets, writers, and orators. The Ulpian Library, among such treasures, contained statues of Numerian and Sidonius Apollinaris; and it is significant that it arose in the last period of Roman literature which can be called classical.

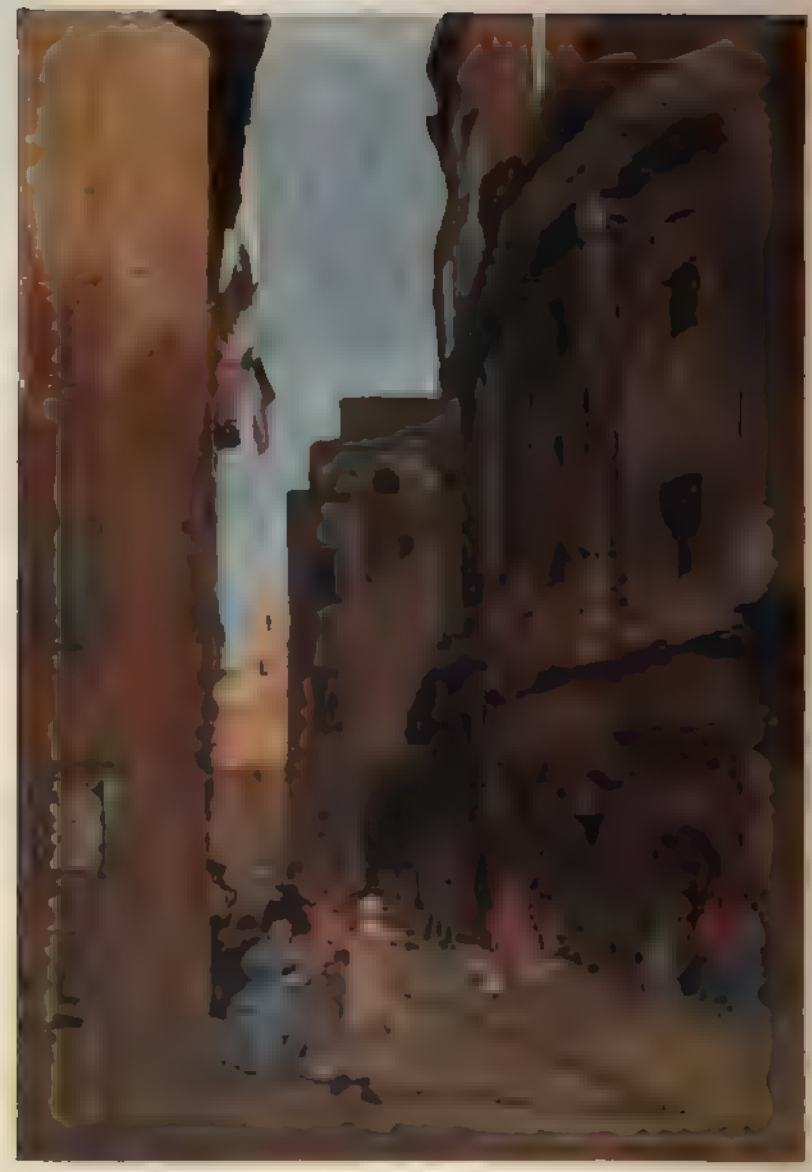
Surveying the entire group of structures, Ammianus calls them 'unique under heaven' ("singularem sub omni cœlo structuram"), and he goes on to tell a story illustrative of the wonders of the locality, which has done duty too often to be needed here. It requires no imaginative power to judge of the overwhelming effect it produced upon the mind of the Emperor Constantius, whose father had so sufficiently felt its fascinations as to continue that plundering of it which Diocletian thus seems to have commenced. Doubtless, in addition to stealing from it or from another arch of the Emperor, sculptured reliefs for his own triumphal arch, Constantine had found the Forum of Trajan entering seriously into his calculations, both in locating and decorating his own baths, situated hard by it; while there is equally little reason to doubt that the present princely owners of the site of these latter, took their honoured name of Colonna from the above great monument of the Dacian wars. Palaces and houses also belonging to the latter, such as Palazzo Roccagiovane, now cumber the Forum irrevocably; and where the equestrian statue of Trajan once centred his Forum stands a 'Pasticceria Trajana'!

The before-mentioned Temple of Trajan, the only building in Rome to which Hadrian (who rebuilt so much of the

TEMPLE OF FORS FORTUNA

city) permitted his name to be affixed, being non-extant, and the temples of Mars Ultor, of Castor, and Vespasian, merely surviving in fragments, howbeit of admirable beauty, it may be asked to what building can we point attention as being perhaps the most perfect survival in Rome of a pagan shrine?

As is not infrequently the case the large monuments suffer most, while the smaller sometimes escape. In the battle of the giants and the dwarfs, the latter sometimes come off best. Of all the many important divinities worshipped in ancient Rome, possibly none was venerated under so many aspects as 'Fortuna.' She was honoured with several temples; and it is not surprising therefore that one at least of these has survived. But it is not a little noteworthy that she should have, so to speak, protected the existence of her own temple, when the great national gods



Teatro Marcello

have entirely failed to preserve theirs. And yet, if truth be told, Fortuna received from the ancient (and still may be seen to receive from the modern) Roman, a share of worship, if not of honour, that will bear comparison proudly with that received by any of the major divinities. Small wonder then, that she was above all entitled 'Primigenia,' or the firstborn of Jove, although this name was applied more especially to the Fortuna of Prænestе (Palestrina). Nevertheless, Fortuna, probably in every attitude towards man, more particularly towards woman, was regarded as the Fate-Goddess, who brings that which is most desired; whether a good life-partner, plentiful supplies, or children to the hearth and state: and the most perfect remaining temple in the city, not only of Imperial, but of Republican Rome, is without doubt the little Ionic tetra-style one close to the Tiber, at the Bocca della Verità, which goes by the name of St Mary of Egypt.

The light of history, although bravely supplemented by the acumen of scholars and archeologists, has not succeeded in establishing the right of this temple to be called Fortuna Virilis, albeit it has been called so for centuries; but antiquarians practically are agreed that its title should be Fors Fortuna, and that its original was raised on this spot by the low-born Servius Tullius, the Etruscan (circa B.C. 557), and dedicated by him on the day of the summer Solstice to his divine protectress. Varro says, speaking of this Festival-day of the goddess: "It is so called because Servius Tullius dedicated a temple of Fors Fortuna, beside the Tiber, outside the city (*i.e.* outside the so-called Servian wall)." In that temple was venerated a wooden statue of King Servius, habited in a double-folded toga. The surviving building presents the make and appearance of being older than probably it is, albeit it is of Republican times. It is possible that efforts may have been made successfully to restore it after the original design more than once, and possibly by one of the building Æmilii,

to whom the adjacent Pons Æmilii (Rotto) owed its existence.

And this brings us to the River-side, to the many-named yellow Tiber, the Albula, the Rumon, the now sluggish, now rushing, historic stream or mountain torrent, to which belong ever so many stories, that has received and taken so many lives, and perhaps a hundredth portion of the statues and treasures claimed for it upon slender and fanciful evidence by all but the very prudent. Several of the ancient bridges are lost to us, down even to their foundations. Only three remain. Certain modern ones, it has been and may be hoped, will share the fate of the majority: though judging by what the Tiber can do with recent work, it is doubtful whether even the foundations of others still would long survive the demolition of their superstructures.

The Romans fully recognised the peculiarities of their paternal river, and spared no sort of pains to deal reasonably with it. Cæsar may not have been the first who formulated the idea of cutting a fresh bed for it, so as to make it skirt the base of Mons Vaticanus; nor will the late King Humbert prove to have been the last to grapple, not altogether successfully, with the problem of embanking it in its natural bed. Augustus appointed Conservators, who both embanked and policed the river. The danger to the city caused by inundation was only too familiar in Imperial days. In our time it merely puts a stop to work in the Forum, floods the lowest parts of the city, and affords delectation to photographers: but in the days when Horace saw it rise with all its impurities even to the sacred precincts of the Shrine of Vesta; when the four Courts of the Centum-viri in the Basilica Julia could not sit, and the Forum with Cæsar's Galleries was under water, and the Rostra only just peering above,—it drove both business and games to the other Fora; it spoiled property both of gods and men; and created widespread misery. In still earlier days such occurrences had been probably regarded as prodigies which needed expiation.

History records something like one hundred and twenty floods of the Tiber; while recovered inscriptions witness to the sapient expedients devised by Claudius, Trajan, and many later Emperors to provide for the safe exit of the waters.

Since those remote days the entire river-bed between Rome and the sea has risen many metres Ostia is no longer a port. The great harbour of Claudius is a mere marshy wilderness for wild cattle and abounding with snakes; while that of Trajan is an octagonal lake haunted by wild duck and the grebe. But the inland vales and mountains which, like Monte Pattino, especially, send down the waters that invade and have time out of mind invaded the city, are still there. The harm liable to be effected by floods to-day is at least as great as that of old. Yet it would not appear that the means hitherto adopted to embank the river are adequate. During recent years millions of lire have been—shall we not say — sunk — in embankment-operations indicative of defective engineering foresight, albeit in outward appearance their results are solid and costly? Opposite the island (in 1899) on the north bank, during a flood, several hundred feet of the new embankment, behind which the waters had penetrated, gradually assumed the vertical position, passed it, and then fell helplessly into the tearing waters, watched by ten thousand spectators gathered along the bridges.

Inundations, however, were not the sole cause of the serious attention paid to the river and its caprices by the former rulers of Rome. Strabo notes the grave expense and inconvenience caused by the fact that all the larger grain ships had to beware of the shallows, and transfer their cargoes to barges outside the mouth of the Tiber. At that period Ostia, originally the emporium of the first Roman fleets, still maintained its functions, and remained the port of Rome. The making of the Claudian Harbour with its breakwater, was perhaps unfortunate for it, at least,

from a trading point of view. Fashion, however, kept Ostia alive for three centuries more, after which the town dwindled into ruin and gradually ceased to hear even the sound of the sea, or the voices of men.

Two main objects must have inspired the efforts of Roman engineers in regard to the Tiber, while methodically embanking it, namely, deepening and keeping clear the bed. It was recognised by them as a drain, as the main drain of the city: and the 'Curatores Alvei,' who held office for a year only, superintended and were held responsible for, the maintenance of the 'Cloacæ,' which, doubtless, needed constant supervision. Perhaps it was this continuous and necessary attention to the problems of drainage which made the Romans the masters of the science they are universally admitted to have been. Numbers of inscribed 'cippi,' or stone posts of various dates, which decoratively portioned out the marble embankment of Imperial days, and were tied by bronze railings, have recently come to light and may be seen in the museums. If then we take into consideration the two bold bends made by the river during its course through the city as far as this point, its dazzling sharp cut embankment lines softened off by the lacework of bronze and cippi, the many strong and graceful bridges with curving stone parapets; the island—shaped and moulded into the form of an archaic galley, upon which stood up the temples of Æsculapius, Jupiter Lycaonius, and Faunus—the mighty marble quays, the fair palaces and gardens, their roof-lines and cornices adorned with Greek statues; and finally, the clear sun out of the Roman heaven streaming over it all—we may, any of us, conjure up a representative picture that perhaps will not easily fade from memory.

But although much of that beauty has vanished, there are sufficient memorials of classic times still surviving near us at this point to make it a fascinating one, and to afford some compensation for the visible multitude of up-to-date

The Marmorata

'disappointments.' There, where the little circular temple of the Mater matuta, or Dawn-Goddess, stands out clear-cut, graceful, white, and delightful, as the shrine of such a divinity should be, is the locality now known as Bocca della Verità from the well-known legend of the ugly drain-mask in the porch of Sta. Maria in Cosmedin. Originally, however, it was the place of the Corn Exchange, or Statio Annonæ, and thus the head centre of that food supply, which, to the poorer classes, we remember, most unfortunately was gratuitous. The Church and its belongings occupies and embodies the Corn Exchange and the appropriately adjoining temple of Ceres, together with (probably) the office, if not the residence, of the 'Præfectus Annonæ,' the functionary who, assisted by a staff of lieutenants, superintended the purveyance, price, and quality of the cereals. Being a magistrate, he also presided over actions brought before him arising out of corn dealing, such, for instance, as charges of delaying wilfully the sailing of any corn ship, or of plotting to raise artificially the price of wheat.

That free-food supply naturally contributed more powerfully than any other cause, except slave-making, to the degradation and downfall of Rome. It pauperized by means of charity. It attracted every good-for-nothing element to one common centre. It acted as a premium on indolence, while it took the heart out of the Italian farmers: for corn, besides being distributed, was sold below its market value. Even Augustus, though deliberating seriously about it, had not the courage to put a stop to the evil which Caius Gracchus had so disastrously initiated.

Probably the buildings here were adorned with a statue of the Genius Annonæ Sacræ Urbis. The directors of all the vast 'horrea,' or granaries, the procuratores in the provinces, the captains of whole fleets from Africa, Spain, and Gaul—all looked for their orders to this spot and depended on the nod of this High Commissioner, from whose

judgment there was no appeal, save to the Emperor. From the days at least of Cincinnatus, and the attempted wheat corner of Spurius Mælius (B.C. 437) down to the close of the Empire, therefore, this site was consecrate to Ceres; and that being the case, it might appear to be not by mere coincidence that the temple of Dea Matuta rose in front of it, towards the river. For this Dawn-Goddess likewise presided over harbours; though there is not a little reason to think that she may have taken over this attribution through some literary confusion with the Greek Leucothea.

The service and ritual of this Temple were singular to a degree. In them the goddess was chiefly venerated, like Juno Lucina, as the Presider over Child-birth, and therefore, by women. Varro says that the matrons admitted one female slave alone to the sacrifices; but having been just admitted, she was expelled with a slap on the face. This would seem to hark back to patrician and plebeian caste-differences. The celebrants, moreover, were not allowed to take their own children thither; but only those of their sisters: and the statue of the benign divinity was then be-garlanded by a lady who must *not* have lost her husband. It is easy to imagine this little shrine of an early summer morning, serene in its girdle of white fluted columns, closely resembling the Ædes Vestæ of the Forum, with all its fair worshippers, who, by the way, were clad, because of the June festival, in their least weighty raiment. Some looked like mere moving bundles of clean white folds; but others came slowly, graceful and majestic—walking as really beautiful Romans are still wont to do—on whom the goddess herself would seem to smile. We see them draped in the 'stola,' which fell from its golden border round the olive neck, to reappear in manifold close soft lines below the proudly-folded 'palla,' happily troubled only by the gentle rhythmic movements of the neatly-sandalled feet—as taking their turn, one after another, they mount the yet whiter worn steps to enter the circular portico; while others with the children are leaving

it, perhaps with smiles. The more seriously-minded young mothers, many of them, have been there still earlier, and have left. Possibly, as the sun mounts up a little more radiantly, a few other interesting faces are seen looking on from the precincts of Ceres and the Corn Exchange, not a little enjoying the happy picture!

But from this we turn to the beautiful bridge hard by—alas, represented by but one arch and a buttress!—For the area we have been standing in was that which lay between the Circus Maximus and the ancient bridges; and called the Forum Boarium, a sort of Smithfield of Rome, referred to by Ovid in the verses:—

Pontibus et magno juncta est celeberrima Circo
Area, quæ posito de bove nomen habet.

It had its name, indeed, from a bronze ox, attributed to the cunning hand of Myron. The poet is alluding to two bridges which stood not far from one another, both of which have disappeared beneath the water, saving the fragment above mentioned. The one was the representative of the earliest, or wooden bridge, the only one which in primitive days spanned the river, so as to connect the Janiculum with the city. Medallions, as late in date as that of Antoninus Pius, still represent the heroic legend of Horatius Cocles and the destruction of this bridge. The other bridge, which was hard by it, was built by M. Emilius Lepidus, the censor, B.C. 181-143, and was the first one constructed throughout of stone: thus indicative of the increased security felt by the state against external foes, verily in days when the Punic invader had left the land. The Ponte Rotto, then, represents this once famous Emilian monument: further, its condition also indicates reiterated ruin, which has punctuated its entire historic career. For, the Tiber, when in flood, owing to the angle which any bridge here perforce had to observe in relation to the curving stream, used to strike it with exceptional pressure athwart its piers,

with the result that it has been carried away over and over again, both in times Imperial, mediæval, and still later. Two arches of it were carried away so recently as in 1887.

The Via Lungarina, on the Trastevere side of the river, running direct from it to climb the Janiculum, represents with some fidelity the road leading anciently to the Aurelian Way, which crossed through the present Villa Pamphili-Doria. By it the Vestals fled to Caere at the approach of the Gauls. "When Lucius Albinius, a Roman plebeian, who was conveying his wife and children in a wagon, beheld the Vestals on that ascent among the rest of the throng (which was quitting the city as being unable to bear arms), he felt even then the distinction of things divine and human, and deeming it outrageous to religion that the people's priesthood with their sacred vessels should have to proceed on foot, while he and his family should be seen in a vehicle, he caused his wife and children to dismount, and placed the Virgins in it in their places." Reason enough why *he* should have been commemorated (if ever he was) by an historic statue in their Atrium.

But these broken and vanished bridges, to which belong such interesting histories, must yield place to notice of the better preserved ones, which unite the island to the respective river banks, and which offer the modern spectator so attractive a picture, with the waters flowing beneath their fine arches, and, if the flood is high, then through their small flood-arches likewise, thereby relieving the general pressure. Nevertheless, in the olden time their arched effect was far more impressive: for the general level of all the streets leading to them was nearly ten feet lower than it is now; so that a steep incline carried on small, but increasingly larger arches led up to their respective centres. These lesser arches have most of them been destroyed in later times, but some of them lie buried in the embankment roadways. The most perfect bridge to-day in Rome is that on the right of the island, the Ponte Quattro Capi,

otherwise Pons Fabricius, and formerly Pons Judæorum. It dates from B.C. 62, and the inscription of Lucius Fabricius, the Commissioner of Highways, who built it, is countersigned by that of the two Consuls, B.C. 21, showing that forty years of public service had tested satisfactorily the promise of the original contractors, who consequently could claim and receive their advance deposit upon the work previously undertaken by them. By this bridge in classic days, tens of thousands have crossed from the Campus Martius on to the island, in order to consult the priest of Æsculapius, whose temple occupied the site of the Basilica of San Bartolommeo; while not a few, as though disdainful of the doubtful methods resorted to by the medicine-men there, cured their own ills by ending them with a leap from the parapet. Horace makes pleasantry over a certain bankrupt dealer in antiquities, who minded to do this very act, luckily found beside him a stoic philosopher, who recalled him to his dignity. He refrained, and made up his mind to try life once more.

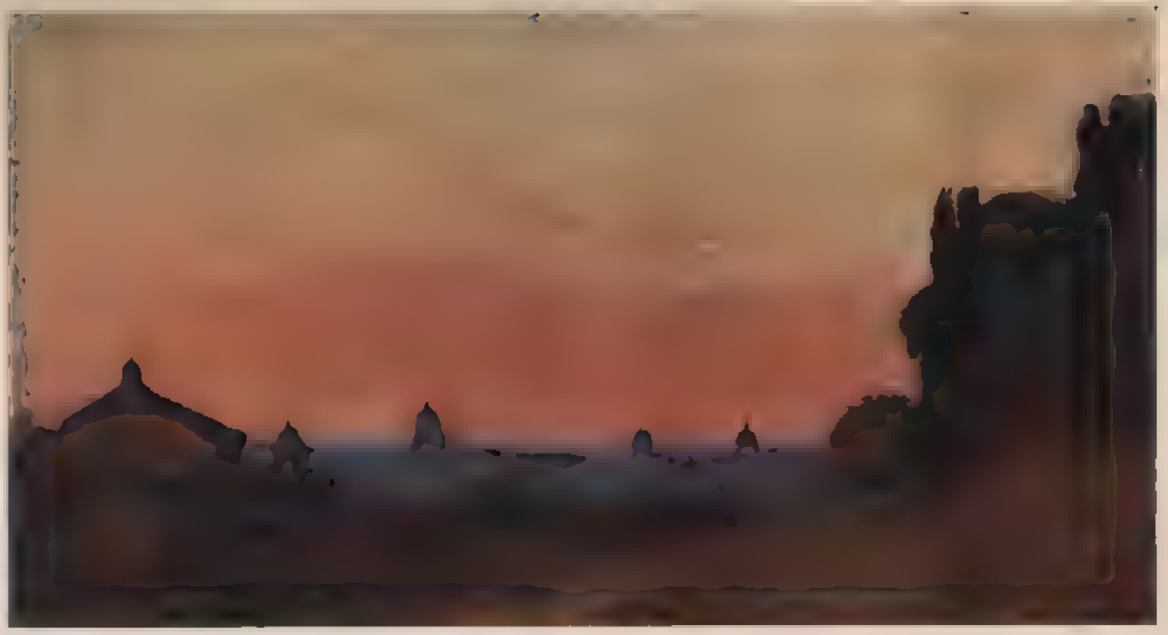
But in those times people bent on pleasure also thronged on this and the further bridge (Ponte Cestio), especially upon days when plays were given at the two neighbouring theatres, one of which, that of Marcellus, still impresses us with its outward resemblance to the Coliseum. The fellow house, that of Balbus, presents no remains above ground, though its porticus can be entered near the Cenci palace. Between the two houses extended the once beautiful quadrangular colonnade, or porticus of Octavia, the mother of Marcellus, the defaced and restored gateway of which now forms the entrance. Within it stood temples of Juno and Jove, and an open-air museum of Greek statues. But of this presently.

## CHAPTER V

*Theatres—their occupants: decorations: luxuries—Porticus of Octavia—Statuary—Circus Flaminius—Circus Maximus —Factions—Races—Obelisks*

THESE ancient theatres of the Romans have become so beautified, even in their decay and darkening, by the brilliant green weeds, stocks, and marigolds that often spring among the deeper mouldings, as well as by the weatherings and patchings that we feel unwilling to attempt repicturing them as they must have appeared in the days of their freshness, glistening with stucco or white marble; mechanically perfect, doubtless, and adorned with dazzling statuary. Moreover as we gaze up at the windows of almost modern suites of apartments now occupying the ambulatories, tier upon tier, silent with the small domestic life of their occupants, it is difficult to realise the bustling throngs filling those broad Ionic and Corinthian corridors, before the play commenced, or between the acts; or to conceive the peals of applause from the assembled audience of perhaps fifteen thousand people on its Dedication Day, as the famous and familiar episodes of the "Play of Troy," performed in the presence of Augustus by the sons of patricians and led by his own grandson, Caius Cæsar, stimulated their self-love or enthusiasm. In common with so many other buildings of that period, as, for example, the Pantheon, this theatre of Marcellus has not escaped various catastrophes in Imperial times, such as fire and earthquake, and the outer walls, as we now see them, certainly belong to the period of Domitian.

Rainy and tempestuous weather must have seriously interfered with scenic and other displays. The discomfort of



View from the Palatine

any audience, however warmly clothed, in the 'auditorium' of one of them when a 'tramontana,' or north wind, had set in, must have been considerable, apart from the fact that the voices of the actors, or the melodies from the singers and instruments, must have been more or less broken and indistinct. On such days, perhaps, the lessees contrived to exhibit the rougher shows of wild beasts. But on other days, especially in the Roman summer, the audiences themselves must have sometimes presented a most attractive spectacle to a visitor.

Above them were stretched several tautly-roped segments of 'velarium,' at a great height, so as not to conceal the stage from the galleries, and yet to lightly curtain out the sun. Each segment of the light material was sometimes coloured diversely. One would be of a fine brick-red; another of pale gold; a third, violet, and the next, white; all gently agitated by the welcome breeze from the sea, blown, one knew, from over the spice warehouses at Ostia, while the sunshine above threw variously tinted shadows palpitating on the faces and white raiment of the men and women beneath, circle upon circle, narrowing downward with their coloured cushions toward the deep orchestra. Further, by skilful devising, the atmosphere during unusual heat was sometimes sweetened by the falling of almost impalpable dew, or scented sprays turned on from little perforations in the mouldings of the cornices, or the foliations of the capitals, or from the ornaments of the statues; so as indeed to stimulate as well as to refresh and gratify. If I omit the usual anecdotes relating to these buildings, it is for the reason that they can be found given in every better-class guide-book. Sometimes, these ingenious 'velaria,' besides being tinted, were woven of exceeding fine thread. This, indeed, was needful, on account of their weight and the strain upon the ropes; and doubly needful in case of wetting by rain, or sudden pressure of wind. Thus, whereas with the Greek theatre the decorative effects, however elaborate,

were confined to the interior. with the Roman they were lavished outside as well as within: and just as the various orders of architecture were seen to be methodically superimposed on the exterior. so within the building, this perpetual strong sense of discrimination regulated the distribution of sex, rank. and profession.

If it is not easy to recall to functional life this ruinous old theatre, it is still less easy, looking at the adjacent agglomeration of squalid houses (in front of which stand a few degenerate columns and a pedimented gateway, or propylon) to picture back the glorious colonnaded square rebuilt by Augustus and named after his sister, Antony's unhappy wife—Porticus Octavia. The larger portion of the remaining Ghetto of the Jews with the Church of S. Angelo in Pescheria, is now standing where formerly a marble pavement used to throw back the sunlight and pour it around the twin temples of Jove and Juno and seventy-five equestrian statues representing the military companions of Alexander the Great, which we are told stood in front of them—portraits of those valorous commanders who perished during the bloody passage of the Granicus. While reading the mere catalogue of Greek masterpieces which once adorned this Porticus, one hundred and twenty yards square—one fails to recall any other open-air lounge quite so magnificent, always excepting that previously-described Forum of Trajan. For here the spoils of Macedon seem to have been concentrated by their captors. Praxiteles, Scopas, Lysippus, Policles and Polichармus were all represented here, and courting the appreciation of every stroller, critic, or artist. There was, besides the beautiful temples, a Schola, or lecture-hall, decorated with pictures and portraits by Antiphilos, of Philip and Alexander, and of Pallas Athena. How many of these buildings, and how many of their art-treasures were saved from the fire in the reign of Titus we shall never know. But it is probable that another catastrophe occurred on the same spot between that date and A.D. 203; and to this other unrecorded fire must be referred the inscription marking

the restoration of the building by Severus and Caracalla, "incendio consumptam." This is the more likely as it is incredible that so historic, important, moreover sacred, an area should have been left in ruins for at least five generations, when neighbouring theatres and houses which had suffered in the same disaster were restored by Domitian. Above all, it is unlikely that Hadrian, the greatest of the builders in Rome, would have lost this tempting opportunity of honouring the memory of the Augustan family. The rose-window of Orvieto Cathedral was made from marble taken from here in 1354.

All the space immediately adjoining this Porticus on the north, as far as the modern Via delle Botteghe Oscure, was covered by the Circus erected originally by the munificent, but most unfortunate commander, who perished at Thrasimene (from whom the Via Flaminia or Corso, takes its name) — and afterwards, many a time, was restored. It appears to have been the second Circus in order of historic succession, and being of smaller size than its predecessor, the Circus Maximus, it is probable that it remained still longer in use than that one. For the citizens became seriously reduced both in numbers and wealth, and in their ability to afford entertainments on the ancient scale of magnificence. In the earlier middle ages the ruins of the Circus Flaminius must have been conspicuous. In the sixteenth century, however, the most perfect remaining portion stood upon the site later occupied by the Mattei palace; and perhaps even that amounted to not much more than such fragmentary ruin as the present road between the Aventine and Palatine Hills at its eastern end permits us to see of the deleted greater Circus.

Of the nature of the games in the Circus, over and above what we learn from contemporaneous writers, much information has been derived from gems, mosaics, reliefs, and still more from inscriptions; all tending to assure us that in no institution, unless in the Coliseum, was the real life of the Roman people so intensely interested and absorbed as in the

races of the Circus, and the rivalry of the four Factiones, in which the chariots and charioteers respectively were enrolled. As in the case of the Coliseum, the whole Empire was drawn upon for the various supplies necessary to furnish forth the Circus: and until the amphitheatres were built, the gladiatorial combats and the shows of wild beasts took place chiefly in the Circus and the Forum. Later on the horse-races nearly monopolised the Circus. Besides the diverse nationalities of the charioteers, the animals they drove came from different countries, were bred in Asia Minor, Greece, and Spain, and some especially, in Mauretania, as the mosaic found in 1878 at Oued-Atmenia, near Constantine, proved. In this precious relic, among several other pictures, were represented the Villa of Pompeianus, its owner, together with its park and water; hunting-scenes in which the names of both dogs and horses accompanied them; and finally, the stables with their named inmates. The "Factions" were in reality corporations of contractors, who, on being applied to and paid, provided and arranged the show for the giver. Each 'factio' distinguished itself by a colour; the red, the white, the blue, and the green, which entered into the specialised uniforms of the drivers. Sometimes, as many as two chariots for each 'factio' ran in a race; and since the course consisted of seven times down the long Circus and dexterously lapping seven times round the end of the 'spina,' often in hurricanes of dust, probably few races were run without witnessing the wreck of at least one of the chariots and the most skilful and hairbreadth escape of another, or the others, in avoiding the struggling tangle of beasts, men, and harness. Moreover, before the slaves in attendance could despatch, or draw away the maimed or dying beasts, the straining chariots were thundering down the arena, the full seven hundred yards of it again, and yet again; amid the waxing and waning roars of successive tens of thousands of white-robed people, turning excitedly in their marble tiers of seating, as steel nibs do to magnets, so as to follow the masterly drivers of their favoured 'factio.'

The 'carceres' surmounted by the imposing 'oppidum,' whence the chariots burst forth to begin the race, and where the 'Editor' of the games and his circle stood surveying the contest (on the site of the Maccaroni Mill, to the rear of S. Maria in Cosmedin) often must have been obscured, and perhaps entirely hidden from the State-box with the Imperial party in it at the other end, while the coiling dust literally smoked and shadowed along over the several shrines and statues which adorned the raised 'spina,' leaving only to view, above it, the lofty obelisks with their gilded torches, like symbols of everlasting calm. It was probably for this reason that the rebuilt House of Augustus (of Domitian's time) up above on the Palatine, was given an especial adjunct in the form of a spacious, and, no doubt, very splendid 'exhedra,' or loggia, whence the Court and the Vestals could view the races below them, both distinctly and unincommoded by the dust.

As is well known, the obelisks which decorated the Circus Maximus are those which now respectively stand by the Lateran and S. Maria del Popolo; the former, the loftiest still remaining, dating from seven centuries before the foundation of Rome; while the latter also precedes in age the foundation by five centuries, otherwise belonging to B.C. 1300. It was a marked flattery to the power of the all-conquering Roman people that so many of these great monoliths inscribed to the eternal gods by the lords of Upper and lower Egypt, should have been brought across the Mediterranean, and presented as decorative sacred spoils to their capital. For, besides seven of them which yet remain standing, one which stood on the island of the Tiber is now at Urbino, others must have been destroyed, and some few possibly still lie underground, far hidden from the Sun, of which they were regarded by their makers as the especial symbols. The other six still erect in the city are Roman imitations, headed of course by that in the Vatican, upon which fortunately the blundering imitators of hieroglyphic writing forbore to try their non-Egyptian cunning.

## CHAPTER VI

*The Aventine: its traditions—Armilustrium—Tatius—A Plebeian Religious Stronghold—Temples—Procession of Women—Cypress Images—Licinius Sura—Palaces—The Eternal City—The Horse of Marcus Aurelius—The Palatine, or Centre Imperial—Hut-Urns—Mansions—Cicero—Hortensius—Palaces—Flavian Palace—Gloomy Grandeur—Augustus: his life—Caius Lætorius—Domus Augustana—Porticus Danaorum—Laurels—Apollo and his Temples—The Past—Treasures—Tree—Candelabra*

THE hills on our right and left at the Circus Maximus, the Aventine and the Palatine, are equally connected with the earliest traditions of Rome—the one having been the Hill of Romulus and the other of Remus. But whereas the Palatine has always been the seat of the ruling power, its neighbour, from the time at least of Servius Tullius, was associated with the plebeians, the democratic 'opposition,' and even before that, with the ancient Latin League, whose contributions enabled that slave-born monarch to build there the federal Temple of Diana, the site of which may be the spot occupied by Sta Prisca. There is no reason to believe that this important shrine was more ancient than its celebrated namesake out at Ariccian Nemi—that is to say, than the original first one raised there: more probably, it should be regarded as having been erected for State-purposes as a convenient sister temple, destined for the veneration of the same divinity. Both were revered by the city population. Livy relates that King Servius

FROM THE STADIUM OF DOMITIAN

induced the Latin chieftains to combine with the Romans in erecting the temple. Its ordinances, known as the "Lex Icilia," for their common observance, inscribed on a bronze column, were still extant in the days of Augustus, whose friend, L. Cornificicus, rebuilt it with great magnificence. This seems to corroborate the historian's inference that it formed the acknowledgment that Rome had become the head of both peoples.

But there were other and aristocratic traditions clinging especially to the story of this hill. One legend gives it as the burial-place of Aventinus, a King of Alba; but this looks rather too much like an audacious leap in order to explain the etymology of the name, which more probably may be referred to 'Abhuinn,' 'Avon,' 'Ewen,' 'Even': meaning 'the river,' which flowed beside it: even as Alba itself probably signifies 'water,' whether it occurs as Alba Fucense, where the Fucine Lake used to be, or Alba Longa, nearer to Rome—or in that ancient name for the Tiber, Albula (*cf.* The Elbe). Another legend gives the Aventine as the burial-place of the Sabine King Tatius. Plutarch speaking of the murder of Tatius, says that Romulus took the body and buried it very splendidly upon the Aventine Mount, near the place called 'Armilustrium.' That is, where annually was wont to be celebrated the Purification of Arms (Oct. 19). Varro mentions this last as being close to the Circus Maximus; but says that Tatius was interred in the Lauretum, *i.e.*, a grove of sacred laurels. This, however, brings us no nearer to identifying the precise spot. As yet, indeed, we know but little towards the absolute identification of the sites either of the Temple of Diana, of Juno, or Ceres. Probably they stood at no great space from one another. The second of these, supposed by some to underlie the Church of S. Sabina, was originally erected by Camillus after the taking of Veii in order to receive the captured statue of the goddess. Livy gives a picturesque account of a particular sacrifice made at this shrine—equally

with its fellows, observe, sacred to women. "Two white heifers were led from the Temple of Apollo (say from the Piazza Montanara) into the city, through the Porta Carmentalis. After these were borne two cypress-wood images of Juno Regina, followed by twenty-seven virgins arrayed in pure white, singing a hymn in honour of the goddess. These were followed by the Decemviri in purple-bordered robes, crowned with laurels. From that gate the procession passed along Vicus Jugarius into the Forum, where it stopped. The virgins, however, keeping in touch with one another by means of a cord passed through their hands, moved onward, beating time with their feet to the music which they sang." That is to say, the girls turned off to the Temple of Castor and "then proceeded by the Vicus Tuscus and Velabrum through the Forum Boarium (cattle-market); thence (to their left) up the Clivus Publicius (Via de S. Sabina) to the Temple of Juno, where the two heifers were sacrificed, and the cypress images were placed in the 'cella.'"

Although under the Republic the Aventine especially connoted things as well as folk plebeian, its temples, and its neighbourhood, its beautiful views, both to the river and to the Circus, gave it attractions which gradually and surely drew the attention of fashion-leading aristocrats to it. Under the Empire we find Licinius Sura, the intimate of Trajan, both occupying a large palace overlooking the Circus (now Castello di Costantino) and building baths thereby, which Trajan himself later on presented to the public. This important site is contiguous to the Church of Sta. Prisca, and makes it somewhat difficult for us to believe that it can have been possessed but sixty years previously to Trajan's time by Aquila and Priscilla, Jews and tent-makers. By that period the Aventine was covered with palaces; and in their treasures we find the horde of Alaric in A.D. 410 glutting its cupidity. It was also adjacent to the important Temples of Diana and Minerva, in the latter of which Caius Gracchus had retired the night before his

death, in January, B.C. 121; while his unfortunate colleague, Flaccus, had entrenched himself in the former, and awaited tragic developments.

It is significant for us, however, that the wealthy and noble do not appear as dwellers upon the Aventine until the development of Roman society had brought about the equalisation of patrician and plebeian. And as we turn to the Palatine, that majestic trapezoidal table of tufo-rock, as it were the altar of the civilised world, still more vividly than anywhere else in the city is that marvellous destiny brought before us—that destiny in which the ancients themselves, in spite of appalling disasters, like the Allia and Cannæ, had an intense and undying confidence.

Probably the most profane phrase used by the Romans, from an early Christian point of view, was that of 'The Eternal City,' albeit Christianity has become used to it at last, and accordingly reproduces it. Ardently believing and hoping for centuries that the created world would be destroyed like a puff-ball, or might be converted any day into one vast torture-chamber for the expiation of mortal sin—or at least, that Rome would be destroyed and Satan chained up for exactly one thousand years, the early followers of Christ must have regarded with unmitigated scorn such passages or phrases as the following in the Æneid:—

> His ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono,
> Imperium sine fine dedi;—

the 'urbs æterna' of Tibullus, of the Imperial coins, and that of the Wolf-pedestal in the Comitium. Lactantius foresaw the Day of Judgment coming in A.D. 436, just as someone or other in the reign of Tiberius had foreseen the destruction of Rome to be coming in A.D. 47: and as, later, Greenhill foresaw it in 1666, when he solemnly warned all the English at Rome to quit in haste. But in spite of the

author of the Apocalypse and all evil prophets, and the unnumbered vandalisms perpetrated by those who try to assist prophecy, the city and Satan are somehow more flourishing than ever. Yet among the populace the olden legend of the World's fate being bound up with that of Rome survives, and is still recognisable in their saying that when the gilding upon the horse of Marcus Aurelius entirely recovers it, Rome will fall, and with Rome, the World. The main difference between the manner in which the Mistress of the World was regarded of old, and as she is regarded now, is that she was then feared, as birds fear the shadow of the eagle's wing, while now she is beloved even as a beauty whose charms never cloy, neither can Time "stale her infinite variety."

The Palatine therefore may be regarded as that magical unit which, informed by the Genius of the Ancient Romans, was endowed with absorbent and amalgamative force, the supreme power of State-making: that is to say, those early mountain-shepherds who became its inhabitants (physically, no doubt, the dominant race and tribe among several neighbours hereabouts) — discovered in themselves an intellectual sense of discipline and self-restraint which bade them methodise the rich results of their military prowess, and ardently apply these beneficially for the progressive development, not of the individual, but of the State. The rest of the story is one of magnificent evolution and expansion. Hence Rome matured into the likeness not of a dull giant, like Goliath, but into a glorious intelligent Titan, resembling Jove himself.

From and around this central principle, or 'leit-motif,' symmetrically, as spokes from some imperishable axle, radiated those lines which ensured to her the power of progression and endurance.

Viewed from this point we must confess to regretting that the remains, extensive as they are, on the Palatine afford too little that is identifiable with the Republic, and

Palace of Septimius Severus

almost too much that pertains only unto Cæsar—too much relating to the advanced autumn and winter of Roman greatness, and far too little of her vigorous spring; though personally we have by no means given up hoping for remarkable discoveries especially where the spades of the excavators of ten and twenty years ago were contentedly thrown aside, and turned into commercial pens.

Nor is this state of things altogether to be debited against the Cæsars and their megalomania. For near the summit of the 'scalæ Caci' (as Solinus calls the stair-street —now a winding path—leading from the south-west on to the corresponding angle of the Hill) there was preserved until the days of Julian (A.D. 361) the traditional hut, or 'tugurium,' of Romulus, thatched with reeds, which was religiously guarded and repaired. The form of this circular dwelling of the reputed Founder, is familiar to us through the funerary urns found at Grotta-ferrata, and lately in the 'Sepulcretum' now being excavated in the Forum. For the tomb among almost all ancient peoples was regarded as a dwelling: and such hut-urns were called 'Domus-Romuleæ.' The presence of this and the 'Auguratorium' in the fourth century Regionary Catalogues of the Palatine, and the survival of a cluster of evidently republican remains at this corner of the hill, prove, for reasons easily understood, that this locality, in spite of its convenient propinquity to the Circus, had never been absolutely swept clean for Cæsar to utilise, while at the same time reminding us that the aforesaid catalogues have omitted to mention by name at least, certain small sacred buildings, such as the Argean Chapel and the Chapter-house of the Salii of Mars, which probably were then likewise surviving. In any case all attributions tacked on to these various early tufo-remains must be received with as much caution as the rash, though laborious, hypotheses so frequently floated out to us upon the perilous medium of sixteenth century drawings.

It is easy to imagine the striking contrast this revered

little cluster of primitive buildings must have formed with later ones—say, in the last century of the Republic, when the mansions of the Æmilii, the Livii, of the Ciceros, of the Claudii, of Catilina, Hortensius, and others adorned with great colonnades and loggie decorated with Hellenic sculpture and painting, and abounding with costly trees and flowers and awnings, towered up in their vicinity, even as Winchester House now does over London Wall, or the Ames Buildings above old Boston. Fortunately the pride of an intelligent people often kept the venial contractors and their opulent Philistine patrons under due control. Still greater must then have been the contrast when these patrician mansions (limited modestly in the days of Augustus to the height of sixty feet) suddenly gave place to the 'Domus Gaiana,' or House of Caius Caligula, which thrust up its marble glory, tier above tier, in superb arcades, until it reached its lofty cornice and parapet—crowned with lines of dazzling statues!—or again that public palace, or civic mansion-house of the Flavians, the masterpiece of Domitian, which Martial represents as 'towering above the clouds'; while Statius, the little Laureate, likens its vaulting to the

CASTELLUM OF AQUA CLAUDIA ON VIA DI SS. GIOVANNI E PAOLO

cope of heaven itself, to which the eyes travel with effort: 'fessis vix culmina prendas visibus, auratique putes laquearia cœli.' For the Cæsars gradually swallowed up whole groups even of these noble mansions and covered their sites with amazing, perhaps we should think, monotonous, palaces—just as Rome herself had once swallowed up the towns of the Campagna, and later than that, as she had absorbed the very nations of the Mediterranean. The remains, therefore, which we still see, represent the Palatine, not so much as the dominant hill of the early tribes, the hill of the Kings, or the glorified centre of the great Republic, but as the diadem'd mistress of the civilised world.

And yet if we fancy ourselves, as visitors of old, advanced to the gilded or silver gates of such palaces (which commanded tantalising glimpses of flowering courts and parian colonnades within), we might have noticed that after all Cæsar (albeit likely later on to be worshipped as a god, and certainly living in Olympian splendour now) was subject to most humiliating fears; for a large nail (taken from a family tomb), would have caught our attention, driven into a marble beam just over our heads for the purpose of keeping off spectres and the evil eye, having perhaps a crescent made of boars' tusks suspended from it. And this remained in spite of the fact that the talisman had perhaps proved over and over again absurdly unavailing. It may have been during the very preceding night, disturbed by strange dreams, Cæsar had arisen sleepless, and wearily had paced up and down the longest portico of the palace, longing for the dawn;—not knowing that in that same portico the mosaic pavement, with its tragic and comic masques and other designs, was about to witness him struggling vainly and violently to regain his feet under the already bloody daggers of pitiless assassins; and that therein whole generations of the timid would fear to pass, excepting in daylight, although the whole palace might buzz with life, like a town all to itself, as indeed it was!

But let us turn to more cheerful associations of the Palatine, and leave its multitudinous ghosts to the needy purveyors of early Christian fiction. For, if the hill is somewhat dimly sacred to Romulus, the clearness of its consecration to Augustus cannot be gainsaid.

He was born to his mother Attia,[1] wife of Caius Octavius, a little before sunrise on Sept. 23, B.C. 63, when Cicero and Caius Antonius were consuls, at a place on the Palatine called 'Ad Capita Bubula,' or the Ox-heads; probably so named from a frieze of 'bucranii' (even as Cecilia Metella's tomb is to-day called 'Capo di Bove'); though this might have been due to a discovery at some period or other of an 'ox-head' regarded as auspicious, as was the case at Carthage. We are not told that it was in a street, far less that it was in a lane, as some writers have called it, and it may have been only the name of the house, nor are we able to surmise more than that it was situated on the eastern side of the hill. Suetonius relates that a shrine dedicated in the Emperor's honour marked the place in his later day. The memorable house apparently passed into possession of a certain Caius Lætorius, a young man of patrician origin, who became accused of having committed adultery. When asked to plead for a light sentence (for he was found guilty), he declared himself to be the possessor and guardian of the house in which Octavius had been born. Whether his penalty was remitted or not, we are left uninformed: but we are told that a portion of the house was presently consecrated. It is quite within reasonable bounds therefore, to conjecture that this house should have belonged to the family of the Octavii. In a political tumult which had taken place in B.C. 75, Sallust tells us that the people quitted the Sacra Via and made for the House of Cneius Octavius, 'quæ proprior erat.' But, as with most of the Palatine houses, Imperial displacements have put it beyond our power to determine their exact sites.

[1] Daughter of M. Attius Balbus, and Julia, sister of Julius Cæsar.

Orpheus and Eurydice.

Villa Albani.

The gens Octavia became elevated from plebeian to patrician rank by the special desire of Julius Cæsar.

The first house we hear of as the residence of Augustus had belonged to one Licinius Calvus, and was situated near the 'Scalæ Anulariæ,' or ring-maker's steps, the precise situation of which likewise has still to be found. But it was close to the Forum, and perhaps a little eastward of the Vestal Convent. He next purchased a site somewhere upon the Palatine, with a view to building. He was now Imperator and Triumvir, and five-and-twenty years of age. Upon the extinction of the Pompeian faction with the overthrow of Sextus Pompeius, the Senate voted to him the House of Hortensius, a mansion having a southern aspect and which overlooked the Circus Maximus. The biographer describes it as simple, unadorned with any marble, and without remarkable pavements, the columns being of peperino (Lapis Albanus) coated, no doubt, with marble stucco (opus albarium) as was then usual. Verily, much resembling the house we now call that of Livia, this one was not to be compared with the splendid mansions of many of his contemporaries; yet it would involve a misconception to speak of the poverty of such a house. It had been the chief Roman residence of a very wealthy man, a renowned and trenchant orator, and an epicure—the first, says Varro, who brought peacocks to table. When he died there were found five thousand jars of Greek wine in the cellar. The 'modesty' of this consequently is 'relative' only. In it Augustus is related to have used the same bed-chamber for forty years, that is to say, whenever he was in the Capital, and not at Tivoli, Palestrina, or Civita Lavinia (Lanuvium), or when he was indisposed, in which case he used to go across to stay on the Esquiline at the palace of Mæcenas, his prime minister. To this Palatine house later on, he added by purchase (B.C. 28) its neighbour, which had been the mansion of the notorious Catilina; and out of these two he then created his own 'Domus Augustana.'

He would seem, therefore, to have retained his old favourite bedroom, and to have filled the rest of the building with his various collections, with sculpture, paintings, and curiosities of every kind for the delight of the Roman world. If at any time he desired to keep to himself and be free from interruption, he resorted to a sanctum upon his roof, which he called 'Syracuse.' In the same year—his sixth consulship—(B.C. 28), in return for his transfer of the Republic to the Will of the Senate, the latter decreed him the name of 'Augustus,' and adorned the lintels of his gateway with 'Laurels' in the name of the Empire, and fastened a civic crown there, above it, as a token of his having saved the lives of citizens. It is evident from what Ovid says, that the palace had assumed great splendour, at least of outward appearance, for he writes:—

"Non fallimur, inquam;
Et magni verum est hanc Jovis esse domum."

It was to be approached from the Velia, or ridge, whereon now stands the Arch of Titus, by the inclined street called Clivus Palatinus, the upper portion of which led into another street named by him 'Vicus Apollinis' from the magnificent solid marble temple erected to his favourite divinity, which the Emperor now dedicated. Together with this he erected also a Greek and a Latin Library, all enclosed within a great colonnade, or peristyle (such as in Rome as yet had no rival), called (from the statues of the Danaids which adorned it), 'Porticus Danaorum,' which was made, like Cæsar's column, of the golden-tinted marble from Numidia. Hence, Propertius, the young poet, who was himself present at the dedication-festival, terms it 'Aurea.' Between the columns stood statues representing the fifty daughters of Danaus, and their father, with drawn sword, as about to sacrifice one of them (Aganippe). There in it also stood a statue of the Emperor, in the attitude of Apollo sweeping the lyre; for at the battle of Actium he had registered a vow to that god,

of which these beautiful buildings represented the faithful fulfilment. In the libraries and reading-hall were placed portrait-statues of most of the famous poets and orators, presided over by a magnificent bronze Apollo, the God of the Laurel, who reigned here, therefore the equal of Mars as the healer, inspirer, and protector of his people. Clemens Alexandrinus, two centuries later, referring to this Laurel charm, says—"One must not hope to obtain reconciliation with God by means of Laurel branches adorned with red and white ribbons."

Finally, on the lofty external apex of the temple flashed a wondrous group of gilded bronze, the Sun-God was seen standing supreme on his chariot, driving his fiery-backed steeds "that blew the morning from their nosterils," as well as the breath of the many sacred trees and flowering shrubs and violets, with which Augustus loved to surround himself.

Here, then, this ruthless avenger of the death of his state-father, the conqueror of Anthony, the victor of Philippi, settled down to live and rule with the woman he certainly, though most unlawfully, loved, in a splendid serenity, dignified by the Senate and people as the 'Father of his country,' and himself, as it were, calmly reflecting in his face and actions the Peace of the World it was his to command. Yet it was no idle or luxurious repose for him. Worshipped by the adulative throng as a god, he took especial pains to show that he was at least no common man, and had not been made vain-glorious by his unparalleled successes. Tact seems to have accompanied him in every administrative undertaking, just as physical beauty accompanied every period of his life. But of all this glory and loveliness what we do see?—

> "His marble halls are dust-heaps on the Earth:
> The golden glory of his porticoes
> That looked across the gardens where the rose
> Twice-flowering, sweet, of Poseidonian birth,

Bloomed in a throbbing murmur of the leaves
Of sacred Lotus, and the whisper light
Of laurels—vanished! and a sullen thunder grieves
Above the lonely ruins, while the might
Of Auster driving the battalioned clouds
Scatters the dust. Yet here the balmy wings
Of Zephyrs bearing from the western isles,
Like flower-laden argosies, in crowds—
Have fanned the forehead of the King of Kings
Among his morning flowers, or when the day
Forgot its fiery ardours, and for miles
Round Rome, irradiant, the Campagna lay
Asleep, like Him, the Lord of the known earth!
Here, sweeter than the chime of silver bells
His favourite fountain flashed in rippling mirth
Weaving around him more delightful spells
Than Livia's beauty or Virgilian song.
Ay, here he stood and smiled in that bright morn
When through the Forum, throng on glorious throng,
Green-garlanded, the choicest maids in Rome,
With each her golden youth to Hymen sworn,
And waving holy laurels while they sang
The 'Carmen Sæculare'—to this house
His and Apollo's, on the Palatine,
Rejoicing wended; the immortal Bard
Leading his happy anthem!—How it rang
Through the pure air to the proud marble shrine!

. . . . .
. . . . .

Then what fell curse,
What bloodstained axe of Fate hath fallen here
And reft the world of Beauty of a pearl
Incomparable?—We only seem to see,
In an ill dream, Destruction ravening there,
Hot shrieking tongues of tigerish flame that curl
Around the crumbling columns, in their glee,
And hear the ruining statues of the gods
Crash from their niches on the marble floors
In awful thunder;—as with her own rods
Rome, the Eternal, beaten, broken, burned:
Prone at the feet of hated conquerors!—
But, lo, the happy light for which we yearned
Breaks on the soft noon air like golden flowers
Falling in wreaths where all is hushed and still—

The Villa Mills on the Palatine

Thus grave of Empire;—while, with tenderest powers,
A nightingale, as though his passionate thrill
Of ecstasy might serve for requiem
To those departed glories, mourns for them
Till, mounting in his rapture sweet and strong,
He fills the gap of Ages—with a Song!"

In reference to the sacred laurels of Mars, and of those of Apollo, referred to as standing before the doors of the Emperor's Palatine house, it is evident that the laurel was for him what the oak,

"Jove's own tree
That holds the world in awful sovereignty,"—*Virgil*,

had been to Romulus and the early rulers of Rome. Apollo and Mars were his protecting divinities. In Republican days, in spite of very early dealings with the Oracle of Delphi and a temple erected in his honour as remotely as B.C. 428, in the Flaminian fields (*i.e.*, Piazza Montanara); games moreover, instituted in B.C. 212 at a critical moment in the Punic War, the former god was not precisely a popular one. The Julian gens, however, had a peculiar motive for encouraging his worship. He was held, among other attributes, to patronise all those who, like Cæsar, were brought into the world at the surgical sacrifice of their mother's life. He was (as hitherto he had been) regarded by the people, Apollo Medicus. And as his temple in the above situation had been determined by consulting the Sibylline books, Augustus caused these writings to be transferred from the Capitol of Jove to the new Shrine of Apollo on the Palatine. This temple, doubtless after grave Pontifical forethought, arose beside the 'Mundus' or 'Roma Quadrata'—a ritual pit or tholos—into which on August 24 each year were cast the first-fruits of grain, sacred to Dis and Proserpina. It was thus a peculiarly happy circumstance that at Actium, where Antony gave battle to Augustus, the Acarnanian promontory was crowned by an ancient shrine of the conqueror's favourite divinity. The consequences

of the victory naturally involved an immense impetus to the cult of Apollo, to whom he attributed his triumph, and whom henceforward he revered as his father. Besides restoring the Greek temple of the god he dedicated to him much of the war-spoil in the ancient Roman one, and as he tells us in the Ancyran Inscription; "I built a theatre adjoining the (old) Temple, on ground for the most part purchased from private owners, to be under the name of my son-in-law, Marcus Marcellus." It will be perceived at a glance how doubly interesting this fact renders that squalid, but picturesque Piazza Montanara.

Among the treasures presented to the Palatine temple by this same Marcellus was a magnificent bronze candelabra in the form of a tree, from the branches of which hung lamps. Pliny relates of it that it had been taken at the capture of Thebes by Alexander the Great, and dedicated in the temple of Cyme. Whether the tree represented by it was a laurel we cannot know, but we need have no doubt that it was a sacred tree regarded as 'luciferens,' a light-bearer, and hung with lights, perhaps for flowers, calling to mind the Teutonic Christmas tree, and the sacred cypress which was the Persian symbol of fire, but still more that conventionalised sacred tree known to us as the seven-branched candlestick of the temple, which figures so conspicuously on the Arch of Titus.

## CHAPTER VII

*Historic Trees—Traditions, Tales and Superstitions—The Romulean Wall—Poligonal Pavement—Altar of Aius Locutius—Salii: their Costume—Parilia—Conservatism Religious—Equus Domitiani—Pontifical Vases—Cybele: Foreign Cults—Imperial Feasts—Noise—The Coliseum—The Gladiator—The Audiences—Costume—A Lion-fight—Shows—Lacus Curtius: its Legends—Family Cults—Funeral Customs—Rites—Tombs—Consular and other Roads—The Campagna*

BUT the Palatine had possessed from a remote period sacred trees other than laurels. Ancient Rome may be said to have abounded with such representatives of the belief of the people in the power and influence of woodland spirits, or Sylvani, which were venerated by them long after a general belief in their influences had ceased to prevail. And each one of these trees doubtless had its own legends, though but few of these have come down to us. Livy relates that originally Jove was worshipped on the Capitol in the form of a tall oak tree. Pliny says that the oldest statues of the gods were made of wood, as we know was the Palladium of the Vestals; while on the opposite, or Aventine flank of the Palatine, Venus was worshipped under her name of Myrtea. Sylvanus himself, whose statue stood beside the Temple of Saturn in the Forum until it was overturned by a huge lotus tree which flourished thereby, was regarded as the patron of field and garden, and inscriptions[1] in his honour of comparatively late date have been found. But there were two trees more especially associated with the

[1] "Sylvano sancto et Mercurio et Libero patri sacrum."

Founder of Rome, and they flourished at the western angle of the Palatine. The one was a sacred cornel tree, which grew beside the Stairs of Cacus, as Solinus calls the steep descent toward the Circus; and the other was the Ficus Ruminalis, or holy fig tree. They both clung to the side of the Cermalus or western portion of the hill, under the immediate gaze of the primitive inhabitants of the city, and were regarded by them as oracular. The latter was held naturally to have shaded the cavern of the benign wolf, while the former owed its origin to the shaft of the spear of Romulus hurled by him from the Aventine during a friendly contest with Remus, which, presently taking root, budded forth like Aaron's rod, and ultimately grew into a great tree. It had been fixed so tightly that none could withdraw it. Later it became prophetic, and foretold, to those who knew how to listen, what should come to pass. It continued to flourish until the reign of Caligula whose workmen in widening the Scalæ Caci are said to have injured the roots, and it withered away. The original fig tree however, was transferred (miraculously, it was declared) from the Lupercal across the Forum, to the Comitium, where in time it took the name of Attus Navius, the Augur, close to whose veiled statue therein, it stood. Probably, both these fig trees had an individual origin; the one being connected with the birth, and the other with the death, of Romulus. Nevertheless, in the days of Tacitus, the tree in the Comitium, which was exceedingly old, had become identified in popular belief with the long-vanished Ruminal fig tree. The people then said that it had been magically transported thither by Attus. The historian further relates that it began to decay eight hundred and forty-one years after the Twins had been sheltered by its kindly foliage. Mommsen remarks that the sacred fig tree and other notable objects in the city were associated with a multitude of sexton's tales of the same nature as those out of which, a thousand years later, there grew up on the same ground the 'Mirabilia

COLISEUM

FORUM OF AUGUSTUS

Urbis.' There was, if we recollect rightly, some apprehension felt even at that late date by the citizens at the evident signs of its decay; but that was allayed by the appearance of fresh shoots, albeit this was after Nero's death and the extinction of the Augustan line. These tree-omens, indeed, were still seriously regarded in Rome: for Dio Cassius relates that at the same critical moment the laurels planted by Augustus withered, and the race of Livia's white chickens died out; and later, in the same century, the fall of Vespasian's favourite cypress was held to prognosticate the death of Domitian. It is clear that in Rome every god delighted in trees and flowers, or so many temples would not have possessed groves, nor should we find such numbers of flowers represented in the decorative works which are constantly coming to light. The

ancient Forum abounded with flowering trees and shrubs, consecrated to this or that divinity, and forming beautiful complements of colour to the marble shrines and statues which protected them.

Perhaps it would be difficult to find a more fitting link between Imperial Rome and primitive Rome than this one of the Sacred Tree, certainly not a more beautiful one. But in any case it has brought us to that corner of the ancestral hill which was so venerated down to such late Imperial days that it surprises us to find there such scant evidences of earlier Republican ones. It is true there are portions of the so-called Romulean wall, built in that style of long and short courses, without cement, which we recognise as having been peculiarly Roman, and which we recognise in the equally so-called Servian wall and the walls of Anagni: for in Rome we find no example of poligonal construction save in the pavements. It seems to us as though there was a clear intention in this, namely, as if the Romans, who were intimate with the Pelasgic methods, despised their structural style as being that used by cities and peoples whom they had subdued and placed under subjection, such as those of Signinum (Segni), Ferentinum, Alatri, and others, whose walls and gates astonish the visitor to this day. We also find at this corner the early travertine altar, "whether to a god or to a goddess sacred," which Mommsen shrewdly conjectured may be the altar decreed by the Senate in B.C. 390, in consequence of the mysterious voice heard by Cæcidius on the Nova Via, by the grove of Vesta, warning the people of the approach of the Gauls—but we have no Grotto, or conventionalised Wolf-cavern, nor any token of antiquity left marking the intense historical respect entertained for that point of the Palatine especially sacred to the Founder of Rome, and where the Lupercalia festival, with its solemn lustration of the hill, continued (if we may believe Pope Gelasius I.) to be celebrated even down to post-Imperial days. At the same time, it is quite certain

that great obscurity prevails as to who the god was to whom the sacrifice of the goats and a dog here took place on the first day of this festival. Male and female divinities have both been suggested often enough, and this uncertainty would fit quite felicitously the same altar mentioned above, and attributed to the 'Aius Locutius.' But we lack evidence both as to the divinity and this altar; which we hope may be some day supplied by means of a thoroughly scientific local excavation.

We may be sure, however, that the intimate connection of the Mars-legend with the Romulus-legend rendered this corner of the Palatine of marked attraction on the first of March, at the Festival of the New Year, when (as we have seen) the Salii Palatini, or twelve Palatine priests of Mars, sang the Salian Hymn to the God of Vegetation and War, while dancing and leaping as they passed, dervishlike, around the hill. "In these processions they were clothed in a trabea, or short cavalry coat, and tunica picta, the full dress of the warrior inspired by some special religious zeal, wearing helmet, breastplate and sword." Their foreheads were wreathed with poplar. Their dance-leader was called 'Præsul,' and they were divided into two portions, possibly 'decani,' and 'cantores': "Hic juvenum chorus, ille senum." (Virg. Aen. 8, 285.) Their choir-master was called 'Vates.' A bas-relief from Tivoli shows us Tibicines, or flute-players, marching before them.

As with the other pre-eminent priestly colleges, the Salians were *de rigueur* patrician, and, to be eligible, the candidate for election must have both father and mother living. Hence, we find Anthony, Marcus Aurelius, and other famous characters figuring as Salii. Moreover, it became one of the highest State-compliments to insert the name of exceptional Rulers in the verses of the 'carmen'; that was, among the gods, so that no doubt, it might be heard and distinguished during the singing. This honour was paid among others to Augustus; alas, also to Caracalla;

albeit the archaic wording of the hymn, says Quintilian, could scarcely be understood by the Salii themselves.

The varied ceremonies seem to have continued throughout the month, which was regarded as the war-season; dancing, and singing the hymn, taking place at predetermined sacred places throughout the city; each day ending for the Salii in a banquet. The savour of one of these Salian suppers (which were proverbially rich), which was being prepared for them in the Temple of Mars Ultor, in the Forum of Augustus, once provoked Claudius to leave the Tribunal located thereby, in order to partake with the priests.

Among the principal ritual ceremonies during this first month of the year was included, on the 23rd, the lustration of the 'Lituus,' or Augural wand, with which, it was believed, Romulus had inaugurated the city, which had been recovered among the ruins of the Palatine after the Gallic invasion; and this was treasured in the Palatine chapter house of the Salii, the Augustan edition of which may well have been among the remains in the styles called 'Opus Incertum' and 'Reticulatum,' still needing to be properly explored at this Lupercal corner of the hill.

But a not less curious, and far more truly popular, Festival was connected with the Palatine; one indeed, in which all Rome took joyous part. This was the feast formerly referred to, of Pales, or Parilia, which was celebrated on, or else just below the hill, in honour of Pales, a pastoral primitive divinity, on April the 21st, the accepted birthday of Rome. In it, under the direction of the 'Rex Sacrorum' and the Pontifices, the Vestals took important part, throwing portions of their sacramental cake, or 'mola salsa,' into flames of burning bean-straw, over which, for purification, men and women sprang, having first sprinkled their heads with the dew from a sacred laurel branch.

In both these ceremonies we observe prescription in the power of a priestly caste, carefully, and even blindly con-

GREEK STATUE. MUSEO NAZIONALE.

serving forms, the origin of which must be sought in periods anterior to known Roman history, times to which have belonged the earliest of those people whose remains have been found in the 'Sepulcretum' of the Forum, which have been attributed to B.C. 1100. The latest and most convincing evidence of this conservatism has been forthcoming in the opening of the foundation-stone pit, discovered in the base of the 'Equus Domitiani' in the Forum, where five various vessels, black, and red, and yellow with red bands, found within it (untouched by mortal hand until March 1904, since the third Flavian Emperor as Pontifex Maximus stood crowned, facing the East, and placed them there), on being compared with the 'vasæ Numæ' or Pontifical jars, brought from the Sepulcretum (with the very slightest variation of design in one case only) caused surprise by their minute resemblance. Thus, we see, that although fresh gods and foreign were imported and adopted into the Roman ever-widening circle of divinities, and although the primitive beliefs became overlaid and elaborated by others kindred to them, the ceremonies of the ancestral cults, together with their ritual furniture suffered little change.

Among interesting foreign and alien divinities deliberately imported into Rome there was none connected with the Palatine, save the one, remains (it is believed) of whose famous temple, crowned with a veritable grove of ilex, still adorn it, and are to be found situated just above us—namely, Cybele, 'magna mater Deorum.'

It has been inferred from the fact of this cult having been brought in through the direct response of the Sibylline books, that the latter were probably of Asiatic origin. Whether that was the case or not need not be entered into here. But seeing that the cause of the consultation of those books by the Quindecem-viri on this occasion was the fell presence of Hannibal in the country, it looks as if those wise ones held it necessary to import a non-Italian Deity, in order to evict a non-Italian foe. It may, however, be that during

that crisis there was in the Roman mind some notion connecting Æneas with the Idæan mother and appealing to them both for protection though, it must be owned, we have no evidence to prove this. At any rate, the cult, saving certain barbarous peculiarities of ritual, must have closely resembled in its original state another cult of an Earth-Goddess at Rome, else it would scarcely have been accorded a Shrine within the most ancient 'pomerium.' One would much like to learn what building, no doubt a sacred one, with perhaps a Tholos attached to it, had previously occupied its site. But this we are not likely to do.

An embassy was sent, we are told, to Pessinus in Phrygia, which succeeded in obtaining there the Black Stone, 'Lapis nigellus,' her symbol, and in bringing it back accompanied by a Phrygian priest and priestess and a number of 'Galli,' or mutilated howling dervishes, belonging to the cult. The 'Stone' was at first placed within the Temple of Victory, while that decreed for Cybele was being erected hard by it. The 'Archigallus,' or chief priest, might be a Roman: but no Roman might belong to the Corporation of the Galli under pain of perpetual exile. He wore a mitre and a purple dress, a long veil, and a necklet, called occabus, together with, upon his breast, a small canopied image of the goddess. The Festival in her honour, called the 'Megalesian Games' was celebrated on April 12 in front of her temple, which was finished B.C. 191, and in time the Goddess was given a statue, in which the 'Black Stone' was concealed by the head. The latter was of silver, wearing a mural crown, indicative of her protecting the walled city. The stone was therefore small, and we know it was sharp enough to be called 'Acus' or needle. Seated upon a throne between two lions (tokens, again, of the wilds and forests of Phrygia), beneath her feet, as an Earth-Goddess, is found the 'Suppedaneum,' or footstool, symbol of earthly sovereignty. The headless, but beautiful little statue found in 1883 in the Atrium Vestæ, and still to be seen there among the Vestal

votive statues, represents not Vesta, but Cybele. Another one, later in date, is, with the portions of the attendant lions, on the Palatine, beside the remains of her reputed temple. The cult with its comparatively simple, if wild and mysterious, rites, underwent extreme elaboration after the time of Claudius. In the second century after Christ an ex-priest belonging to it, by name Montanus, declared that the Paraclete had entered into him; whereupon two Christian women, Priscilla and Maximilla, joining him, they founded the well-known sect, which went by his name. Gregory of Tours mentions that Simplicius, at Autun, as late as in the fifth century, witnessed the procession of Cybele, with her attendants singing and dancing 'pro salvatione agrorum': and probably carrying a statue of her (as was done each year, to bathe it in the River Almo at Rome) to cleanse it in the river, a ceremony belonging to the Greek and Asiatic cults of several other goddesses.

In such temples pious folk not only were wont to present votive offerings, or contribute to repairs, but they gave costly statues, pearl and emerald necklaces, earrings, rings for the fingers, if to a goddess like Cybele or Vesta, or gold wherewith to gild the hair and beard, or even the entire body of a male divinity, such as Jove, Bacchus, or Hercules;—even thus did mortal suppliants become enabled to feel themselves realising the actual presence of the Deity with them, face to face—a species and manner of veneration which has never successfully been kept from gross idolatry. Seneca saw women at the Capitoline temple of Jupiter, believing themselves to be beloved by the god, and waiting for him to give a sign; *i.e.*, to move his eyes, or hands, etc. The writer remembers witnessing day after day a Roman crowd headed by a priest, going forth to see, and eagerly watching for a similar purpose, a certain street-Madonna near the Trevi Fountain.

But it is time to pass from this, perhaps too much neglected relic of Palatine religious life, and leave it with

the whispers of its own beautiful oaks, fennels, and wild mignonette. Scarcely a sound is now heard up here, where in the Aprils of old, all was wild shouting and Corybantic revel. How silent too are the Palatine houses! If the Festival of 'Magna mater' was noisy for the common folk, with games and gratifications of all kinds, and at night, illuminations, the patricians on their part entertained and gave luxurious feasts and revels in their houses: the Emperor did likewise, in the public Mansion-House, or Flavian Palace.

In the latter, at this season of the year, Heliogabalus is related by Lampridius to have given amazing banquets, with a cuisine in emulation of that of Apicius: serving up flamingoes' brains, the spiced interiors of mullets, partridges' eggs, tongues of peacock and nightingale, heels of camels, heads of parrots, grouse from Phrygia, sturgeons from the Don, and wonderful wines, to his astonished guests, reclining upon solid silver triclinia covered with roses and violets, and breathing ultra-precious odours. In a single supper of twenty courses were devoured the heads of six hundred ostriches, and the marble and porphyry pavements of these beautiful halls of Domitian would next morning lie deep under narcissus and violet.

When we picture to ourselves the number of attendants that waited at table, the keepers of the robes and overcoats, the butlers and footmen, the cooks and killers, and the door-keepers, and the thousands of other slaves necessary to such profuse provisionment, together with the spies and soldiers always on duty there, forming a throng, the majority of which was not made of Roman blood, but representing good and evil types from all the various provinces of the Empire, from India to Britain, and from Egypt to Scandinavia, the Palatine seems no longer to enjoy the exquisite silence which nowadays really reigns here. In truth it was the extremely noisy centre of the great world, of the Universal Empire. Below it lay, far down from the palatial loggie and windows, the busy Forum hissing with business and roguery, punctuated with the lowing or squeaking of sacrificial victims about to be

slaughtered; and there was the Vicus Tuscus leading out of it below us, crammed with popular shops, a highway both to the Circus and the river. The quietest side, therefore, of the Palatine may well have been that overlooking the Via Triumphalis, toward the Cœlian with its rich villas and temples. But from beyond this again, during the seasons of the games, arose the deafening roar of the Coliseum; the mere flapping in the breeze of the 'velaria' or segmental awnings of which sounded like claps of thunder.

That amazing monument, indeed, forms one more centre representing better even than would the Circus, the amusements of the people, the focus of that ever more and more degraded populace which was supported in its idleness by the free distribution of corn, and almost gratuitous public entertainments. Being thus a world in itself, let us glance at its stupendous mass of chrome and silvery stone wrought with those grand perforated tiers and broken cornices, through and over which this palest of blue skies seems to pour its serenity and silence out of the Eternal itself upon 'the Eternal.'

Only its vast size, even among Roman buildings, permits the stranger to accept without serious hesitation the statement that the Coliseum may be regarded as having formed a kind of sovereignty in itself. For such it veritably was, making incessant demands of various kinds, even like Cæsar's Palace, upon the uttermost parts of the Empire. It was founded in tragedy—being built out of Jewish spoils by the forced labour of Jewish captives: it was inaugurated with the blood of five thousand innocent beasts from the wilds of Asia and Africa, and that of hundreds of trained and untrained men; and, finally, it became ruined by lightning, earthquakes, and the irreverent attentions of the feudal nobles and the princes of the Church. So that from every aspect it is tragic, although now clothed with the poetry of broken design and colour which time has partly spared and partly increased under this most perfect atmosphere.

As all the provinces ministered to, so all Rome palpitated to the passions of the amphitheatre; while the giving of 'shows' therein naturally became a passport to desired public favour, and served the giver as a powerful political weapon. One effect of this was to gradually render indistinct the social boundaries across which the gladiators' calling was viewed as of the vilest: and with this a better born, albeit more degraded class of people entered upon that career without reproach, and multiplication of the 'Schools' ensued. Juvenal mentions the enthusiasm with which even ladies took to practising with gladiatorial weapons; children also played at being gladiators; and it is certain that already under Domitian female combatants appeared in the games. "The crimes and servitude of the gladiator were for a time forgotten," said the late Mr Lecky, "in the blaze of glory that surrounded him. Representing to the highest degree that courage which the Romans deemed the first of virtues, the cynosure of countless eyes, the chief object of conversation in the metropolis of the universe, destined, if victorious, to be immortalised in the mosaic and the sculpture, he not unfrequently rose to an heroic grandeur. Beautiful eyes, trembling with passion, looked down upon the fight, and the noblest ladies in Rome, even the Empress herself, had been known to crave the victor's love. The severe continence that was required before the combat, contrasting vividly with the licentiousness of Roman life, had even invested the gladiator with something of a moral dignity," his blood was even saved and kept as a remedy against epilepsy. His portrait was engraved on glasses and painted upon vases. Finally, the poets and epigrammatists did their best to immortalise him. It was, therefore, considering his bringing up by Lucius Verus, not altogether surprising that at last, in Commodus, even an Emperor should be seen fighting in the arena, just as Nero formerly had been seen driving in the Circus and acting in the Theatre.

In the sixth 'confession' of St Augustine he relates how

THE BELVEDERE "TORSO."

VATICAN.

a young Christian friend of his attending upon his master at the Coliseum, contrived to avoid the sinful spectacle offered him by the combats, by closing his eyes, when a sudden shout or silence caused him to open them and he found it impossible to close them again!

And indeed the fascination which such a one must have felt, and have been seduced by, was of a very complex character. It did not merely depend upon the incident that happened to be taking place. His curiosity was besieged and stimulated by every sense; all emotions—pity, hope, terror—were alternately in a few moments excited to extremes; while beneath these, as it were the background behind them, worked the overpowering wonder aroused by the presence of that unexampled audience: now cold and indifferent and chattering, and now swept and swayed by one single and supreme interest, vibrating to it, like one being—and unable to control, like himself, its intense hunger for the sanguinary *dénouement*.

The mere colour-scheme of the spectacle presented a sight not to be forgotten. For the magnificent oval arena girdled around by a huge raised zone of white marble had been sanded over with yellow shell-grit, and sprinkled with red cinnabar, which prevented it being too dazzling. Here and there was a darker spot, and fresh grit was being scattered by attendants over it and the scarlet track leading from it toward the great entrance on the Lateran, or Cœlian side. Above that white marble rim—which was edged and ended almost too delicately in a gilt-bronze criss-cross grille, slightly curving back to the arena below—a protection against the more active wild beasts—extended the Podium itself—a broad marble terrace on which were white thrones seating hundreds of Senators in purple-striped togas and red shoes—stretching round from both the northern curves of the oval with these privileged ones until they became succeeded respectively by the priestly College of the Arvales, wearing crowns of wheat-ears; the Consuls, in their

official purple (toga picta) embroidered with gold; the Prætor, likewise in his purple toga; the Augurs; the Salii; the Flamen of Jupiter; the Pontifices, now sixteen in number, wearing the Apex, and the Rex Sacrorum, each varying from the others, yet with purple and scarlet as the prevailing colour-feature of their robes—until at a certain point (and there could be no mistaking it) arose above it, on a 'suggestum,' a graceful canopied loggia, or draped and bejewelled State-box, in which (as it were the clasp of the richly enamelled bracelet) sat enthroned and crowned the Emperor and Empress, with some ladies of their kindred, flanked and set off by some of the Vestals in snow-white.

From this elect circle, only broken into vast segments by the interruption of the four important entrances of the building, sloped boldly upwards and outwards the Cavea, containing the whole Equestrian Order, or Equites, and others, occupying some twenty tiers of seats, until sharply cut off by a wall of similar white marble or 'præcinctio,' above which the white masses of the citizens, tens of thousands of dark heads and coloured cushions, crowded the rest of the ever-widening 'auditorium,' and were overlooked themselves from far above them by the populace, thronging in the third range of tiers, and from still higher than that by the crowning marble colonnade, wherein was standing-room alone. The enormous height of the amphitheatre could be partly gauged by the bold sweeping curve of the chrome-tinted 'velarium,' or silken awning, two segments of which cast the folk beneath them into comfortable shadow: but it was made still more realisable by the fact that during the interludes, 'funambuli,' or tight-rope walkers, male and female, performed their perilous feats along cables stretched across the entire narrow axis of the building, apparently regardless of the spacious white gulf of faces, of the thunders waxing and waning like a sea beneath them, or the sudden blast on the shrill trumpets which announced the next item in the 'Editor's' programme.

"At the very sound of that, the tramp of armed and mounted men was heard, and every face turned to the great Cœlian portal where, glittering as they emerged, spear in hand, on to the sounding arena, enter on horseback, and half-naked, a dozen swarthy Numidians, and the gates clang behind them. Advancing then, toward the midst, in order to perform a peculiar salute to the Imperial throne, the horses move so nervously that it is with difficulty they can be controlled: and forthwith unmistakable snarls, scuffling, and roars of rage are heard from below their feet, and at various points creaking trap-doors are suddenly seen to be tilted up, and—some springing out eagerly, some crawling in with a beaten, vicious look—lion after lion makes his appearance: one or two larger and heavier animals than the rest, with blackish manes, exciting real, though unappreciated, applause, as within a few paces, they stretch, yawn, and display themselves, or lose no time in becoming aware of the men and horses, stopping only to lash their tails, or to prick up their ears for a moment.

And here, already, is a timid horse, with his rider, bolting along one side of the arena, as if for life, from, as yet, an imaginary foe; while a lion yonder, quickly perceiving his chance, is evidently making to spring and secure him. The impact is terrific. In a moment, forcing round his animal's head, the dexterous Berber has spitted the first lion by the thickest part of the throat, upon his broad-bladed spear; alack, he has lost the spear and has got badly scratched, but he is shouting madly for another, which will indeed be given him, from one of the projecting balconies, by one of the official guardians, if only he can escape and manœuvre about long enough to successfully snatch it. Meantime, the huge tawny lion, mad with blood, rage, and agony, but unhurt in his main limbs, is torturing himself frantically with vain efforts to get rid of the spear; now on his back, crimsoning the grit; now kicking desperately in the dust, and upon his side. But other ghastly combats

are forward. In another part a man is lying nearly dead, on his face, and two lions are discussing his dying horse; one of which in tearing the flesh from the ribs makes a noise like the smart crack of a sail-cloth in a gale: and two other horses are down and their riders are performing masterly tactics with their individual enemies, evading their assaults with incredible dexterity, and delivering marvellous fine thrusts evidently to good effect. One of the lions has since died of a spear-point in his right eye; while the other, too, has evidently met his master: for he has taken to his shaggy heels, while the pursuer is being violently applauded, scarlet as he is, from head to foot, with blood.

"The same audience that enjoys this exciting exhibition will presently see the whole arena transformed into a set scene of forest-land with rocks, with 'Orpheus charming the beasts,' personated by Bernabæus, a Campanian who has proved guilty of robbing tombs on the Via Appia, and who will certainly be torn to pieces, harp and all; though it is doubtful whether he will be eaten: then will follow some of the labours of Hercules, ending with the fiery shirt, the tragic Hero being personated by a certain Nasica, a runaway public slave who has defrauded the Chancellery; also, to the joy of Rome, four dozen blackmailers, forgers, and 'delators,' ticketed with their various crimes, will be passed round the arena in cars, and after them the wolves and hyænas which they are to combat and be devoured by. With them is included a jeweller, who has cheated the Empress over some pearls, who is to be crucified on yonder cross. The programme ends with the exposure of seventy-eight Christians to the beasts, merely for reiterated interference with other people's beliefs and being thus the causes of family enmities and seditions; though some have been guilty of defacing statues of the gods, and, openly insulting their worshippers."

The Romans were indeed a cruel people and their public spectacles further brutalised and degraded them. As a rule,

however, they would tolerate any religion that was not intolerant toward others: and it would probably be incorrect to charge them with having been more cruel to the Christians than, at later days, Christians proved to one another: witness the persecution of the Albigenses: of the Fraticelli: and the other appalling horrors of the Holy Inquisition, which have scarcely a parallel in ancient history.

But the gratification of their cruelty did not stop at the mere sight of these games of bloodshed. The spectators acquired for themselves by sheer force the right of deciding the life or death of the fallen fighter, the sparing or slaying of the wounded gladiator. This, as is so well known, was betokened by a show, not of hands, but of thumbs:—

> Et verso pollice vulgi
> Quemlibet occidunt populariter. (Sat. iii. 36-7.—*Juvenal.*)

and we may imagine to what extent it must have been exercised when we read of Trajan giving games here which lasted for four months, during which no less than 10,000 men fought: of Gordian I. giving twelve '*shows*,' in some of which as many as 500 pairs of gladiators fought together: of even larger numbers combating at the Millenary Festival of the birth of Rome, under Philip: and of as many as 800 pairs at the Triumph of Aurelian. And, let alone in the combats of the trained gladiators, the same popular right of veto was exercised in the other combats which took place—between the lame, between dwarfs and women, and between the blindfolded.

If such terrible facts as these display for us only too vividly the gulfs of depravity into which Rome was tumbling during and throughout the Empire, that abyss in which all true love and pride of country was lost, it is refreshing to turn back to the Forum with its memorials of simpler and nobler days and ways, and among these to know the sun is once more shining upon the site and remains of that monument which, in her busiest, most gossiping centre, for

generations reminded the passer-by of the noblest of moral emotions, even love for one's native land and people. For this is the central idea which was conveyed to the Roman mind by the Lacus Curtius, with its enclosed well, and its various altars. Roughly speaking, the trapezoidal space occupied by this area is thirty feet, by twenty feet broad at its western end. The whole was fenced round, and it resembled, intentionally, the shape of a primitive flat-bottomed boat, such as, before the draining of the Forum by Cloacæ, were built and used here by the 'prisci Latini' for crossing the marsh-waters.

There were at least three separate stories, or legends, connected with the spot. According to one, the place was a 'Fulguritum' or place which had been struck by lightning; that is, a puteal, or lightning-grave, like that other, once known as Puteal Scribonianum. For the flame fallen from heaven, demanded a tomb which should be eternally open; since it might wish to fly back again thither: and it required from man an expiatory act, together with an inscription, 'Fulgur Conditum.' This expiatory, or 'procuratio fulguritorum,' consisted in an offering of onions, hair, and sardines. The tomb in fact was like one of the ancient 'tombe a pozzo' for mortals. Varro gives the date of the striking as B.C. 446.

According to the more famous as well as more ancient story, Mettus Curtius, a Sabine leader, pressing the retreating Romans toward the Palatine, plunged into the marsh-waters after them.

> Curtius ille Lacus, siccas qui sustinet aras
> Nunc solida est tellus, sed lacus ante fuit; (Fasti, vi. 403),

wrote Ovid, and in his day there were several small altars in the western side of the paven area, traces of which can be seen there still. There was also a larger altar in it, with which Cæsar had commemorated his gladiatorial games in the Forum. And it is most notable that in making his now

Circus of Maxentius.

famous galleries, longitudinal and transverse, beneath the Forum, he carefully avoided interfering with this sacred and memorable 'locus.'[1]

The last tradition of the place told the story of another Curtius, who, during a pestilence which decimated the city after the Gaulish invasion—and even carried off the veteran Camillus—sacrificed himself to avert the wrath of the gods. For, at the same moment, a prodigious crack opened in the centre of the Forum. The oracle having been consulted, the answer was returned that the plague would only cease and the crack close up again when the city had yielded that which it held to be most precious. Upon hearing this, Mettus Curtius, declaring that the gods (probably Dis Pater) could esteem nothing more precious in the city than the valiant men who had died, and were willing to die, for it, leapt, horse and armour, into the opening, and the gods showed their satisfaction by closing it up. The plague ceased.

It is quite possible that this points to an instance both of horse-sacrifice (before referred to) and human sacrifice in one, and that prescribed by the Sibylline books: in fact, a warrior perfect in all his war-gear. At a later date even (B.C. 226 and 216) in the adjoining Forum Boarium, we hear of a male and female Gaul, and a Greek man and woman, being buried alive, 'sub terra vivi demissi sunt,' in fulfilment of the command of the same fateful books, 'libri fatales.' In those instances, however, the sacrifice was made in honour of foreign gods; consequently, not by the Rex Sacrorum, or the Pontifices, but by the Magister Quindecemvirum.

Valerius Maximus wrote of it, "Many and noble deeds have given glory to the Roman Forum, but not one of these radiates such splendour as does that deed of devotion to his country, of Curtius." It was a happy thought, therefore, which at a later day connected Augustus with this monument

[1] *Cf.* "Recent Discoveries in the Forum," George Allen & Co., 1904.

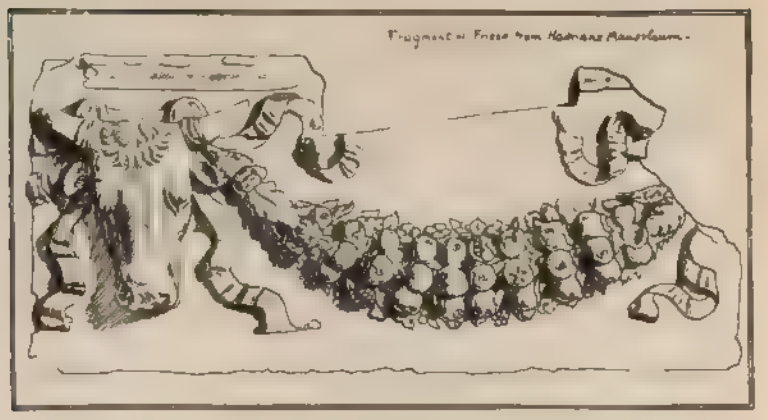
by the association of his patriotism. Suetonius relates that once a year people of all ranks threw in pieces of money as an offering for the Emperor's welfare. Here stood another of the sacred fig-trees, a vine, and an olive, shading the venerated spot. It was not, however , the destiny of Augustus to die for his country so much as to live for it. Nevertheless, the words pronounced over his body by Tiberius were uttered within earshot of the Lacus Curtius. And it may be interesting here to notice, while passing such monuments as the Temple of Julius and the Temple of Faustina—both of them erected in honour of the illustrious dead—certain rites and customs observed by the Romans upon the occasion of illustrious obsequies. To this group may be added the Temple of Vespasian, near the Capitol. And all three of these, together with the Augusteum, may be regarded as centres of especial family cults.

The earliest of these, naturally, in order of time, is that of Julius Cæsar. It gave rise to a new sacerdotal development by the institution of a fresh order, or Chapter of Canons, appropriated and set apart for the cultus of the gens Julia, including that of Venus Genetrix, as its Divine ancestress. This order called *Sodales Augustales*, consisted of a 'flamen' (with all kinds of assistants) and a number of colleagues recruited from the princes of the blood, the upper classes, and the magistrates; who entered upon their functions upon the first of August, and whose duties included the dedication of statues, the celebration of sacrifices and banquets, and the decorating of the Sanctuary. It was established by Augustus on his return from the East, B.C. 19, and for a badge it wore a Bucranium.

At the death of the Emperor the city put on the semblance of mourning, and work ceased. The image of the deceased, carved in wood and wearing a waxen mask, was covered with purple and gold and placed upon an ivory couch in one of the principal halls of the Palace. After a prescribed interval news of the death was published, and the

'Luctus,' or funeral lament commenced, the hymn (nænia) being chanted by citharists and professional weepers. A bough of cypress suspended outside the Palace, or mansion, where the defunct lay, warned any Pontifex or Chief Flamen, lest he should be polluted by accidental entrance where there was a dead body: while the atrium was bestrewn with pine and cypress. Thither then the Senators, knights and great ladies came to visit the chamber. Meanwhile, in the Forum was erected a sort of temple, or catafalque, richly adorned: the actual pyre being prepared in the Campus Martius, likewise observing the shape of a temple. The site of this Imperial 'Ustrinum' was adjacent to the present S. Carlo in Corso. Upon it was placed the real body wrapped in a sheet of amianthus, or asbestos, so that after the cremation the ashes might be collected. The waxen image, or simulacrum, on the other hand, was brought down in state to the catafalque in the Forum, accompanied by friends and relatives, the Senate and Equestrian Order; the Prætorians following, and the lictors bearing lowered fasces. Besides these, followed the slaves emancipated by the last Will of the deceased, dressed as freedmen, shaved and wearing their caps of liberty. The sons of the deceased, if any there were, kept their heads veiled, while the daughters, dressed in black, wore their hair loose and without veils. The solemn cortège or 'pompa' halted before the Rostra, where two choruses sang the praises of the deceased, and the successor, or a near relative, pronounced the funeral oration. On the occasion of the funeral of Augustus the panegyric was in part pronounced by Tiberius, but his voice failing him, his son Drusus relieved him by reading the written words.

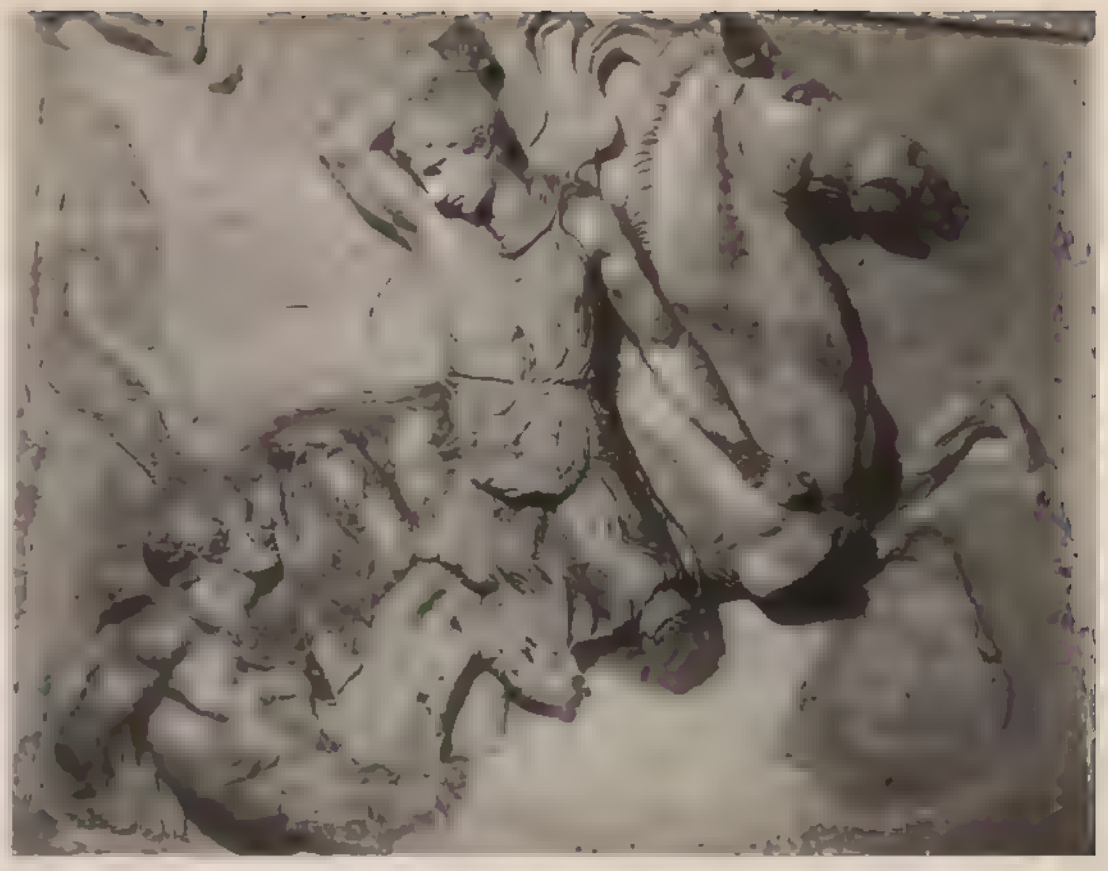
After this was concluded a procession was again formed, headed by torch-bearers and slaves carrying perfumes. Figures symbolising the provinces of the Empire were borne, as well as various gifts sent by subject-peoples. With it went horses destined for the games in the Circus,




and a caged eagle, or a peacock, which was to be loosed as soon as the new Emperor should light the pyre. Around the latter were now performed 'Decursiones funebri,' or a military ride by the knights. After this was ended and the fire burned out, the ashes were collected; and at an appointed time these were deposited in the family mausoleum, whether that of Augustus, or of Hadrian, or other later ones.

In the case of lesser dignitaries, the cortège retired to the family sepulchre outside the city, along one of the great Consular roads. Friends and relatives came in cars, and pictures were carried representing the exploits of the deceased. The tomb, besides its own imposing structure, usually included a piece of adjoining ground which was cultivated as a field or garden, and enclosed by a wall. This served both for the upkeep of the tomb, and the production of violet, rose and narcissus, desirable for the decorations on family anniversaries and during the 'Parentalia'; and the duties pertaining to it were carried out by 'Æditui,' or freedmen.

Of course, all Roman families did not practise the rite of cremation. Some uniformly buried their dead, such as the



Pollux killing Lyncus — Villa Albani

gens Cornelia, until Sulla's time. The latter member of the clan, it is believed, caused his own body to be burned, in order to preclude retaliation, such as he had himself inflicted on the mortal remains of Marius. His tomb occupied the site of the churches in the Piazza del Popolo,[1] But these differences in modes of sepulture, burning and burial, probably point backward to remote tribal, not to mere family customs. In the sixth century before Christ the two practices co-existed in Rome, vitally opposed as they always were to one another, and indeed connoting different ideas concerning the next world. People were buried as well as cremated, and interred in the most ancient cemetery of the city, namely, in the precincts of the Forum. The tenth enactment of the 'Jure Sacro' in the XII. tables, forbade any kind of interment within the walls. It is therefore from B.C. 497 that we must date burial beside the roads. Throughout the Republican period cremation was the more prevalent however.

Under the Empire, nevertheless, the incoming of the Egyptian cult of Isis and the Jewish Christianity disturbed this usage, and throughout the degeneration of the Empire, burial in sarcophagi and 'loculi' steadily increased: until cremation was regarded as a custom accursed and prohibited. This difference of method in the disposal of the dead naturally led to differences in the character of the burial-places; 'columbaria' being formed for the preservation of urns containing ashes, some underground and some above; and tombs being formed in subterranean passages and chambers, recalling those of Etruria, or else, above ground in one or more storeys, finely-decorated according to the style of the period, or to the means of the deceased.

The latter always bore sumptuous inscriptions to the 'Diis manibus,' recording the names, titles, and merits, as well as the precise age of the defunct; and were so placed to the

[1] Even Sulla who thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues and stones thrown at his monument.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

road that everyone could see, and if need be, read them. These, being above ground, naturally offered the easiest convenience to the spoiler; while the cost of keeping them in repair in perilous times, inevitably led to their abandonment and collapse. In consequence of this, and in spite of the recovery of multitudes of their inscriptions, the attributions of but few of these to particular remains can be relied on. The Via Appia, the Labicana and the Latina, were the most popular; though the Cassia, Nomentana, and Tiburtina also abounded with tombs; and there is no important road leading out of Rome which was entirely without them. Those which vanished first naturally were such as not being Imperial Mausolei, like S. Angelo and Trajan's Column, became invaded by houses, and finally were included within the present walls. Yet even specimens of these remain, like that of Bibulus on the Capitol, and another far less perfect just below it near the Palazzo Venezia. The Pyramid of Caius Cestius was saved by its incorporation with the Aurelian walls: but its fellow, on the site of Sta. Maria in Transpontina, perished under Alexander Borgia.[1] At anyrate, it remains if not the most usual type of tomb, by far the best preserved in Rome, although it was built in but three hundred and thirty days. In Petrarch's time it was known as the tomb of Remus: just as its former rival, above mentioned, was known as that of Romulus. They were popularly called 'metæ' or circus-goals, from their pyramidal design and a peculiar notion having spread abroad in the thirteenth century that since the Holy Apostle St Peter had been crucified 'inter duas metas,' that is to say, between two circus-goals (*i.e.* of the Circus of Caligula) that martyrdom must have taken place exactly between these monuments. In consequence the line between them was measured out with sacred precision, and at its midmost point, namely, on the Janiculum slope, the church was piously erected, the

[1] "Pyramids, arches, obelisks, were but the irregularities of vainglory and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity."— *Sir Thomas Browne.*

successor to which is to-day celebrated as San Pietro in Montorio.

The great system of radiating Consular Roads, like its rival, that of the Imperial Aqueducts, is one of the most salient features by which the grandeur of Rome is brought before the traveller. They were the venous and arterial circulations of the growing and matured life of the Republic and Empire. They began, like most roads (like the Sacra Via itself), on short tracks, to which need and use at last brought the dignity of elaborate pavement, and military power, the development to long distance: and this naturally took place chiefly between and subsequent to the Punic wars and the settled government of the Italian provinces. As one after another of the Latian towns and its territory fell under the sway of the all absorbing centre, its main lines of communication were adopted and improved, and pieced on to the consular road; while its minor ones (the most practicable of them) became byroads or 'deverticulæ.' Thus, the Via Gabina originally led only to the town of Gabii. Thence it became extended to Præneste, a more important and flourishing stronghold and took the name it still bears Via Prænestina.

Yet this great road must rank in the secondary order as being in fact a purely local route, like those others which instead of bearing a consular name, have taken in lieu of it a place-name; *i.e.* Tiburtina, from Tibur; Nomentana, from Nomentum; Ardeatina, from Ardea; Labicana, from Labica: (Monte Compatri) and Laurentina, from Laurentum: and Ostiense, from Ostia. The Tiburtina in its extension became the Via Valeria.

The Primary Order of Roman roads must be headed by the 'Regina Viarum,' namely, the Via Appia: followed by the Latina, Salaria, Flaminia Clodia-Cassia, Cornelia, and Aurelia: though some of these were likewise transformations of ancient tracks. Livy, at anyrate, speaks of there having been a road to Alba Longa five and thirty years before

Appius Claudius, the Censor, made the Via Appia; and this can scarcely have left Rome by any gate but the Porta Capena of the Servian wall, especially if we take Alba to have occupied the site of Castel Gandolfo. From this road right and left branch off the Latina and the Ardeatina, both extremely ancient roads. Along it, between the city and Albano, stand the crumbling remains of two hundred tombs, besides those of palaces such as that of the Quintilii, whom Commodus put to death in order to seize their possessions, and lesser villas the sites of which are still bestrewn with precious marbles and fragments of sculpture. Although the mass of ruins is so great, an authoritative friend rightly declares: "It is in truth wonderful that so much has disappeared, rather than that so much is left to us. . . . The Campagna has a fascination of its own which defies analysis; and those who are not content with a passing glimpse at Tivoli or Frascati, but try to study it more deeply, will find that the task is a pleasant one indeed."[1] Only those who have enjoyed it in silence and sunshine can picture the solemn beauty that surrounds this road in every direction; the contrast of its lonely and deserted condition, with its mighty stirring past. For,

A hundred townlets, girt with grain,
Once jewelled-o'er this bounteous plain;
A thousand armies by these roads
  Have tramped to victory with banners flying;
Ten thousand beautiful abodes
  Have watched an Empire growing, dying,
On whose mute, desolated shells,
Where the snake dwells,
And shattered marbles lie
Facing the incomparable sky,—
We turn our softened eyes amazed,
And dare to picture how they raised
Their proud arcades, their gleaming walls,
Their flowering courts, and frescoed halls,

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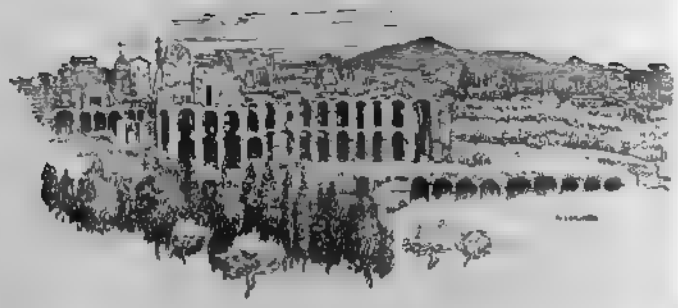
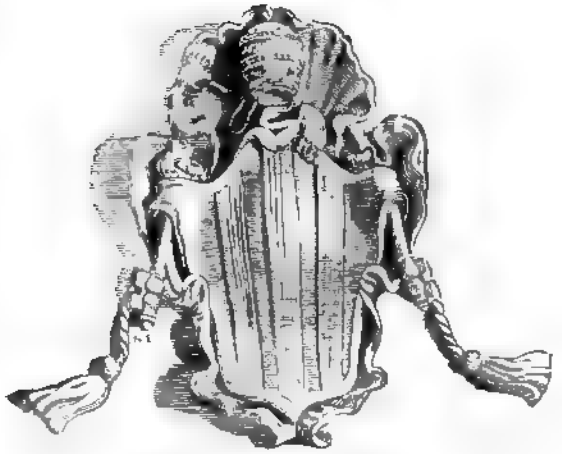
[1] "The Classical Topography of the Roman Campagna"—*T. Ashby*, 1902.

CLAUDE LORRAINE — THE CAMPAGNA — DORIA GALLERY

With statues bright;—what breathing forms,
  Far lovelier than those of stone,
Have felt this very sun that warms
  Their unsuspecting dust alone,—
Have watched like us the Morning pass,—
Printing her glories on the grass,—
As now, high, toward her mid-day throne;—
Have seen Prænestе's mountain kis't
By shades of suppliant amethyst,
And Alba, with her sacred grove,
Triumphant as the throne of Jove,
O'er-sceptering the Latian plain
Spread out below,—a golden main,
With Rome, its isle of glorious light,
Irradiant as the God of Right;—
Have sighed, have smiled, have loved, have scorned,
Have raged and pitied, vowed and mourned,
And vanished—gone beyond recall,
Emperors and lovers, slaves, ay all,—
In vain! The lovely land is hushed
That holds that Past within her, crushed.
The breast of Beauty bears a load
  Of secrets never to be known,
Albeit by kingly Death endowed
  With speaking splendour still her own.
The kite that haunts her broken towers,
  Foxes that own each apt recess,
  The roses of the wilderness,—
These only know through all the hours
  The wonder of her silences.
Earth has more grace than Death has ere consumed.
  These lone abandoned roads proclaim her powers.
Ages of guilt and glory lie entombed,
  While Nature writes their epitaphs in flowers.





BENEDICTUS XIV. P. O. M.

# PART II

ROME IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE FIFTE

# CHAPTER I

## *The Via Appia—The Vineyard Codini—Pagan and Christian Memories—S. Peter and S. Paul in Rome—Catacombs—S. Cecilia—The Primitive Mass*

"The long winter had been a season of unvarying sullenness: at last, on this day he awoke at a sharp flash of lightning in the earliest twilight; and in a little while the heavy rain had filtered the air; the clear light was abroad; and, as though the spring had begun with a sudden leap in the heart of things, the whole scene around him lay like an untarnished picture beneath a sky of delicate blue."—"Marius the Epicurean."—*W. Pater.*

LEAVING modern Rome behind you, city of countless confusions, and passing by the Forum, the Coliseum and ruins piled on ruins, take the ancient road of Triumph, past San Gregorio, where in the garden lie the remains of the Servian Porta Capena by which S. Paul first entered Rome. The Via Appia Antica, lined with vineyards and fruit-trees shedding their blossoms on many an ancient tomb, acts as a friendly causeway, and leads the pilgrim of to-day gently on from memories of Imperial Rome and the Golden Age to the days when the light of the early Christian Church burned like a flickering taper hidden low in Roman soil. Men have named it "Queen of Roads"; a queen who still uses her foot-sore traveller-subjects somewhat roughly. Three hundred years before Christ, when Appius Claudius, maker of the great Appian Aqueduct, brought the hard mill-stones from a distant quarry, he had them laid so close together that they seemed to have grown there in the ground, and such was their resistance that the constant passage of horses, wagons and chariots left their smoothness unimpaired. Though now only a few of the ancient paving-stones can be seen near the city, half hidden in the earth and the tufts

of grass at the way-side, we too must pay our tribute to the Appian Way, for it still keeps untainted with modernity the spirit of the Roman road.

In a *podere* between the ancient Latin Way and the Porta Appia, we may find a haven of peace, where we can wander between vines trained on a network of slender canes, which the peasants tie together with sprigs of flame-coloured willow, or sit beneath a wide-spreading pine looking out upon the most beautiful of scenes. How the Pagan and the Christian world meet here! Close by, on the right, is a dainty circular chapel, which some pupil of Bramante built to commemorate the bath of boiling oil, from which, to the amazement of his persecutors, S. John the Evangelist escaped uninjured. It bears the quaint name of S. Giovanni in Oleo. Near it rises the tower of S. Giovanni a Porta Latina.

The ground sweeping down on either side in gentle but well-defined curves, leads the vision out over the hills of Rome, and down into her valleys. Beneath a sky of blue depths and rolling clouds, the city is caught in full, bold shafts of crystal light, which show her form in such strong relief that we enjoy it like some piece of exquisite sculpture. Fronting the Coelian, with its crown formed of the temple-church of S. Stefano in Rotondo, fringed round with poplars, rises the immeasurable ruin of Caracalla's baths, looking more than ever the work of Titans as we see it shrouded in deep shadow, above the old churches of S. Nereo and Achilleo, and S. Basileo shining like little white huts at a stone's throw from the mighty walls. Beyond, as a beacon to the Christian world, shines the pearl-coloured dome of S. Peter's church.

For miles on either side stretch the Aurelian walls, here fallen low in ruin, there still rising in their proud strength. Weathered to every shade of orange, red and palest lemon, they show much of their ancient beauty near the closed Latin Gate; high towers, arched galleries and battlements cast a broad pathway of shade upon a line of peach trees

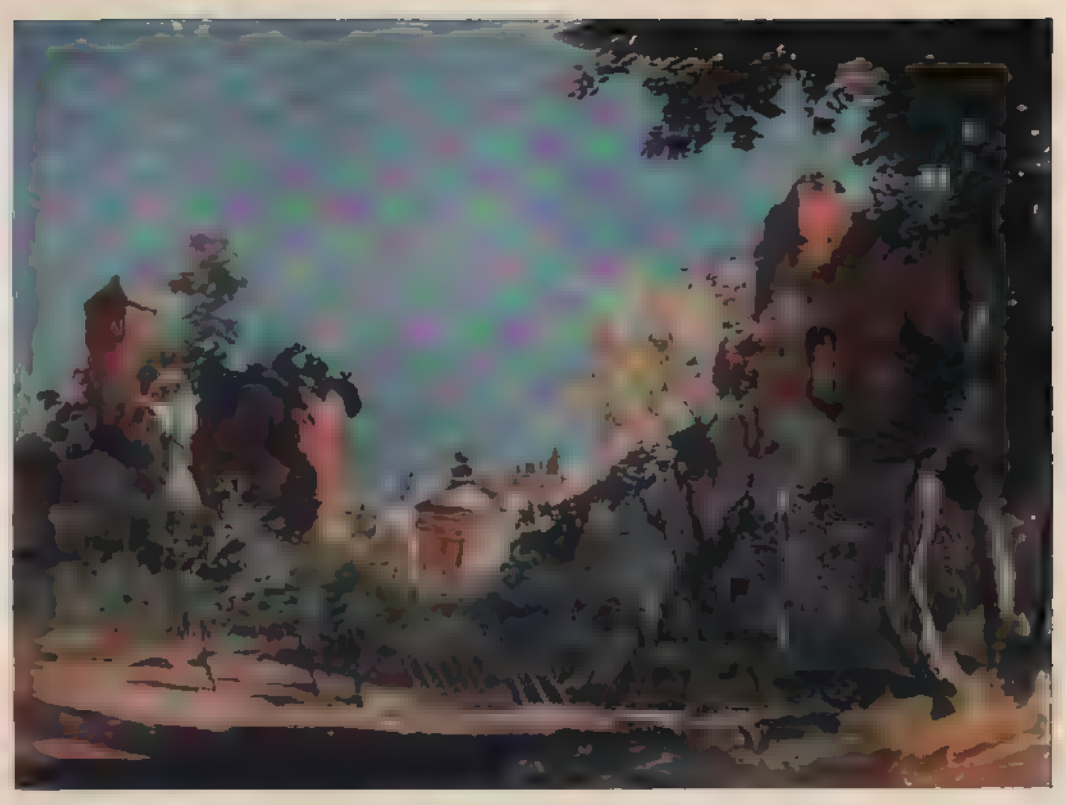
PORTA LATINA

whose blossoms open out cool to the touch in the morning breeze. Beneath our feet lie sepulchral chambers of Pagan patricians, of the freedmen of a niece of Augustus, and the winding passage tombs of the Scipios, whose inscriptions recall a race of warriors, and of heroic deeds under the Roman Republic. We leave the sunshine of the vineyard, and, with a guttering candle, visit the Columbaria of Pomponius Hylas, full of little stucco altar-tombs, with a ceiling painted in a delicate design of vine leaves, genii and birds on the wing, and then higher up the field, descend into a larger chamber with arched corridors and a vaulted roof, where in the *loculi*, like so many pigeon holes, stand terra-cotta jars, holding the ashes of freedmen, of musicians of Tiberius with their servants, even to their cook, some in miniature marble sarcophagi ornamented with a relief of symbolic butterflies, and birds feeding their young. Among them is a human document which instantly brings us in

touch with an unknown Roman lady. A small slab of white marble sealing the opening of one of these pigeon-holes where the ashes rest, has sculptured on it in low relief, the figure of a lap-dog, head erect, one paw raised, as if conscious of the inscription which has immortalized him as the delight of his mistress: "*Synoris Gycon Delicium.*"

Then coming up again into the golden light of the spring day, we leave the vineyard for the Appian road. Passing the ruined Circus of Maxentius, an Emperor who loved Rome well, and across the smooth grass and fields of corn, we see the fortress-tomb of Cæcilia Metella, set grandly above us on the hill. It appeared to break through the sunshine, its marble surface of a soft cream colour looking more like the shrine of some immortal goddess of the Campagna, than the tomb of a Roman matron who died nearly two thousand years ago. Further along and off the road, past the site of lava pools from Mount Alba, which paved the Roman streets in other days, we visit the remains of a vast Imperial villa, where a tall mediæval tower stands on a block of ancient masonry, commanding the Campagna on every side. The plough now passes over atrium, banqueting-hall and pleasure grounds; and every turn of the soil shows broken fragments of alabaster, porphyry and smoothly chiselled cornices of *giallo antico*, which are trodden into the soil again by the hoofs of grey oxen.

As we wander further along the Appian Way, the remains of ancient monuments lie thicker by the wayside; a frieze of dancing children, a finely cut inscription, a prostrate statue, appear in a setting of wild flowers and grass, and many sculptured heads of unknown patricians and their wives gaze out from a half-ruined tomb, over the undulating expanse of the Campagna. On the summit of one circular tomb peasants have built a farmhouse and planted an olive grove, while a mediæval tower rises on the ruins of another. In the stillness the pageant of Roman history which has passed this way seems strange: Emperors



S. Giovanni in Oleo

have been carried by in their litters to Albano; victorious generals returning in their chariots from the south, drove between these lines of cypress-guarded tombs to Rome; the body of the dead Augustus was brought with a great following from Bovilæ to the Palatine, as before him, Sulla had been borne along to Rome with the sound of trumpets and tramp of horsemen. Near the fourth milestone stood Seneca's villa where he received his death warrant from an emissary of Nero, and near by was his tomb and that of his wife, who, by her own desire, bravely shared his fate.

CASALE ROTONDO, VIA APPIA

Last to haunt the way in the pageant of the Golden Age is the Apostle S. Paul. Nero reigned in the white marble city of Augustus when, for the first time, the tent-maker of Tarsus entered Rome, both as prisoner and as citizen.

"And so we went toward Rome.

"And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum, and the Three Taverns; whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage.

"And when we came to Rome, the Centurion delivered the prisoners to the Captain of the guard; but Paul was suffered to dwell by himself, with a soldier that kept him."

The story of his sojourn in Rome is scanty and interrupted, but a few striking scenes stand out from the pages of legend and history.

The subterranean chapel under Sta. Maria in Via Lata is

believed to have been the hired house where S. Paul dwelt for two years and preached the Gospel to the people who crowded round him. "All the Saints salute you, chiefly they which are of Cæsar's household," writes the apostle; so that it would seem he had pierced with words of divine eloquence the very fortress itself of Paganism. Then, pending his trial before Nero, he was removed to the care of the Prætorian Guard on the Palatine.[1] We think of Paul, who, as a legend tells us, had wept over Virgil's tomb because he came too late to bring Christ's message to the Roman poet; and then of Poppæa, who had looked triumphantly — like another Herodias — upon the head of the martyred Octavia, dwelling at the other side of the same hill, in the golden house of Nero.

LEGENDARY HOUSE OF S. PAUL, VIA DEGLI STRENGARI

Of S. Peter's twenty-five years rule as bishop of Rome we have no record. Some have even denied his sojourn here; but the uninterrupted belief of centuries and the beautiful legends which have been woven around his story,

[1] The Domus Gelotiana, just between the Circus Maximus and the Domus Augusti.

guard the traditions and compensate for the want of written proofs. SS. Peter and Paul are linked together in art and in the veneration of the Romans as the Christian Dioscuri; and many times they appeared, like the warrior twin-brothers, to aid the citizens during mediæval times of peril.

Though our thoughts have wandered into the heart of Rome, we are still upon the Via Appia, which holds a precious memory of S. Peter—a tradition among the faithful, which found literary expression in the Apocryphal Acts of S. Peter of the fourth century. When Nero promulgated the decrees of death against the Christians, S. Peter was besought by his flock to seek safety in flight, and for their sake "to bear yet for a little longer the burden of life." So he blessed them, and alone, sought safety along the Appian Way. Out in the Campagna, where now a chapel commemorates the meeting, he saw Christ coming towards him bearing the cross upon His shoulders: "Quo vadis Domine," said S. Peter, falling on his knees. Christ answered him: "I come to Rome to be crucified afresh!" And Peter said: "I will turn back and follow Thee."

When news reached the East of the martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul, men were sent to carry away their bodies from the pagan city: but at the second milestone on the Appian Way, a thunder-storm prevented the pious theft, and the relics were rescued by Roman Christians who buried them "ad Catacumbas," at the spot where Constantine afterwards founded the church of S. Sebastiano. This lies a little back from the Appian Way, beyond the Aurelian gate, but has nothing of interest left beyond its association with the honoured relics. Passing down into the crypt, beneath fading frescoes of winged angels, is seen a twelfth century copy of the metrical inscription written by Pope Damasus in the fourth century, which roughly rendered reads thus:—

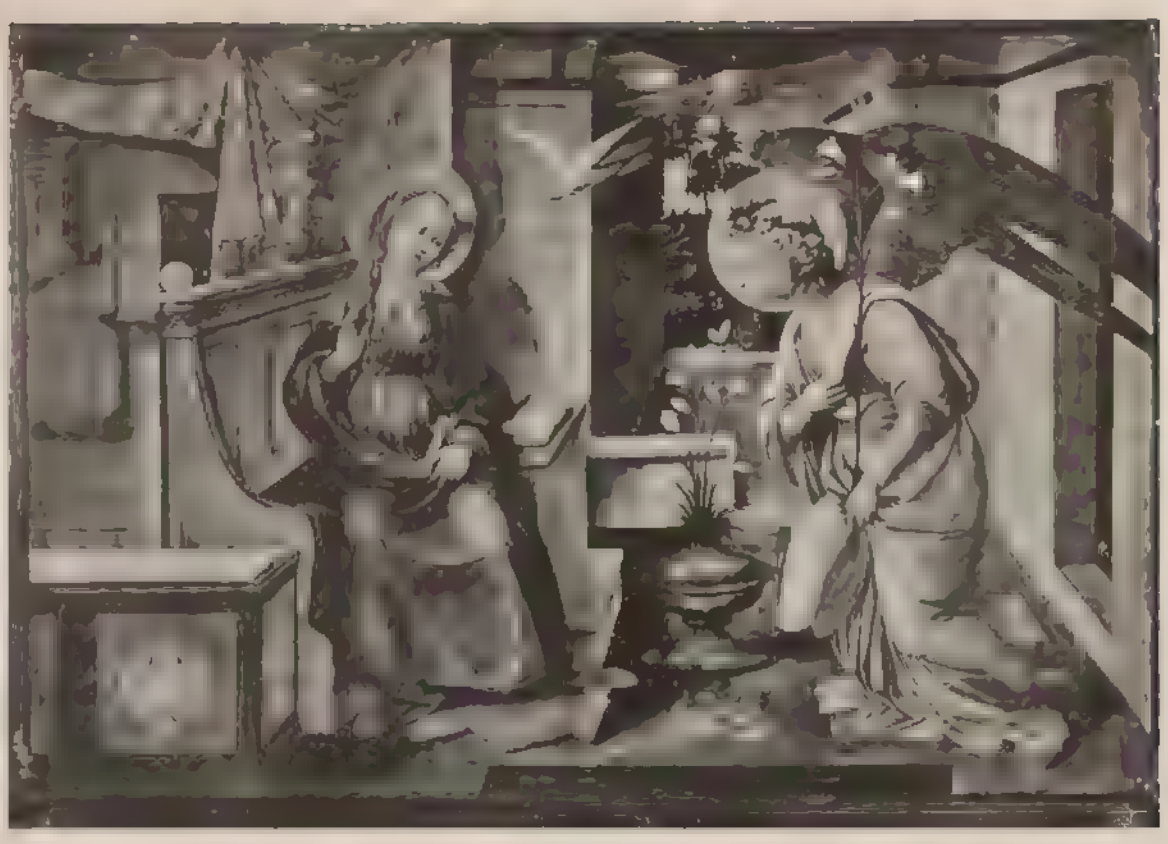
"Here you must know that saints once dwelt. If you ask their names, they were Peter and Paul. The East sent the disciples, as we willingly acknowledge. The saints

themselves by the merit of their blood-shedding had followed Christ to the stars, and sought the home of heaven and the kingdom of the blest. Rome, however, deserved more to defend her own citizens. These things, O new stars, may Damasus record for your praise."

Partly owing to the fact of the Apostles having been laid for a time at S. Sebastiano, and also because it chanced that Roman patricians, converted to the new faith, owned land near by, this district became a network of Christian cemeteries. Thus it happened that the Appian Way stretched out to the Alban hills between a great company of both Pagan and of Christian dead, and that pilgrims, in search of martyrs' shrines, still knew it as the road of Tombs.

Although the incursions of barbarians robbed the catacombs of treasures, and museums now hold their records, the modern traveller feels a sense of awe as he passes down the long galleries, which burrow underground in bewildering mazes, and sees the narrow niches cut into the dark tufa where the dead have lain, and the places where they still rest. In olden days the pilgrim's heart was moved to pity and wonder by many a story told in a single line on a marble slab which closed a grave. Here, the title *Dominus*, *Domina*, before the name, a phial of blood roughly drawn, or a palm branch, recorded a martyr's death; there, they read a supplication to the lady Basillia, from the parents of a baby girl who had secured a coveted space by the martyr's side, and committed their small daughter Crescentia to her care; and around them lay other graves of the "Children of the Catacombs," some but "a span long, in some instances adorned with the favourite toys of their tiny occupant—toy-soldiers, little chariot-wheels, all the paraphernalia of a baby-house." . . .

"Let them go alive into Hades," were the words which came to S. Jerome when, as a youth, he used to visit the gloomy tombs of the apostles and martyrs. The Catacombs, though they lacked the beautiful stucco ornaments, frescoed



The Annunciation.

Filippo Lilli

Private Apartments, Doria Palace.

ceilings and daintily carved sarcophagi of the pagan Columbaria, and were ugly and dark in comparison, must always have breathed a greater sense of peaceful joy.[1] To reduce the body to a handful of dust was against the Christian doctrine of the resurrection; and the simple epitaphs, by the sign of a ship, a dove, a sprig of olive, engraved in the marble, reminded the passing stranger of their hope beyond the tomb. "*Requiescat in pace*," or *Faustina Dulcis vivas in Deo*," are the key-note of the new faith. Here a more living document tells of sorrow in simple words. "She never gave a bad word to her husband. She never committed a fault except in dying. Though dead she will always be alive to me, and always golden in my eyes." Then comes a strange, sad discord in the hymn of hope, telling perhaps of a pagan lover's grief for a Christian maiden? "Farewell, farewell, O most sweet; for ever and eternally farewell."

The following epitaph, a priceless record of a self-complacent person, may possibly be a pagan one, for it sometimes happened that Christians would buy disused pagan sarcophagi in the market-place, with the curious result of the new epitaph being woven into the fading letters of an earlier one. In this case it would seem that the original was left: "I have been pious and holy," it reads, as translated by Northcote, "I lived as long as I could; I have never had any lawsuit or quarrel, or gambling debts; I have always been faithful to my friends; I had a small fortune and a great mind."

Among all the memories and points of interest connected with the Catacombs, we shall choose out only one which has seemed to us the most striking. It is the story of an early saint.

S. Cecilia, of noble Roman lineage, belonged, it is said, to the same gens as Cæcilia Metella, and owned land along the Appian Way, which may have been the origin of the

[1] See the two wonderful pagan tombs of the Valerii with stucco ornaments on the Via Latina, out of the Porta S. Giovanni.

Catacombs founded there by Bishop Calixtus early in the third century. The Golden Legend tells us that Cecilia learnt to love Christ while still in her cradle; and when the day came for her to marry the young pagan Valerian, beneath her bridal raiment of gold, she wore a hair shirt. And as she knelt by his side on the altar steps, receiving the Bishop's blessing, she heard the organ making melody, and sang in her heart only to God, saying: "O Lord, I beseech Thee that mine heart and body may be undefiled, so that I be not confounded."[1] Not only was this prayer granted, an angel watching over her day and night, but Valerian was won by her virtue, and he consented to be baptized upon one condition: that he might see the mysterious guardian of her innocence. "Cecilia answered to him: 'If thou wilt believe and be baptized, thou shalt well now see him. Go then forth to the Via Appia, which is three miles out of the town, and there thou shalt find Pope Urban with poor folk . . .' and forth went Valerian and found this holy man Urban lurking among the tombs." At sight of him the Bishop for joy let the "tears fall out of his eyes," because the spouse who had been "like a wild lion" now became "like as a meek lamb."

PAGAN SHRINE AT THE CROSS ROADS, VIA APPIA

[1] Perhaps this was the origin of her being chosen patroness of music, and being credited with having invented the organ.

When Valerian returned home after baptism, he found Cæcilia in her chamber speaking with the angel, who held out to him a wreath of roses from Paradise, while to her he gave tall lilies. They spent the rest of their days ministering and preaching to the poor, and burying the martyrs in the catacombs, until they too received the martyr's crown. Valerian was beheaded for refusing to worship a statue of Jupiter, and Cecilia was condemned to be suffocated by means of a hot bath in their house in Trastevere. The burning vapours were miraculously tempered by cooling showers, until finally her angry persecutors smote at her neck with swords. Left mortally wounded, she was still able to preach to the people, gaining souls for Christ, "and then, at the end of three days she slept in our Lord." S. Urban, with his deacons, wrapped her body in a shroud of cloth of gold, and dug her grave among the Bishops of Rome in the Catacombs of S. Callisto.

At the graves of the departed, and at the altar-tombs of the great martyr-saints like Cecilia, religious services of the primitive church were celebrated, both at the time of burial and on the anniversary of the death. We get an idea of their charm and simplicity from various frescoes in the catacombs, which, though poor as art, are deeply interesting as faithful pictures of scenes often witnessed by the painter. In one of the Chapels of the Sacrament in S. Callisto, an artist of the second century has depicted Christ, clad in the philosopher's *pallium*, consecrating the symbols of the Eucharist, both bread and fish, while the figure of an orans symbolizes the soul of the departed one and implies a service in commemoration.[1] Sometimes the celestial banquet is represented by the miracle of the loaves and fishes, or by the feast at the Lake of Tiberias, where the apostles are seated naked at the table and an "apostolic fisherman" casts a line into mystic waters, which Moses has caused to flow from the

[1] Orans from Orare, to pray. An Orans is always recognised by the outstretched arms.

rock. In this we have the double symbol of Baptism and the Eucharist. More suggestive of an actual scene is a company of men and women seated on the tufa benches of the catacombs, on either side of the Bishop or Presbyter, who breaks the loaf of bread. In front of them are oval dishes of fish, and baskets full of loaves, while a two-handled drinking bowl is their primitive chalice. By the easy attitudes of the family group and the absence of an ecclesiastic, in the illustration of the "Symbolic Supper" given in Lanciani's "Pagan and Christian Rome," it would seem that a representation of the *Agape* were intended rather than the solemn act of the Eucharist. Peace and Love are the handmaidens of the feast, and above them are the words: "Irene, da caldā," "Peace bring hot water," and "Agape, misce mi," "Love mix for me the hot water and the wine." The *Agape* in which rich and poor joined, was the earliest expression of Christian love and charity, and was followed by the great act of remembrance, as Christ Himself had ordained it when He adopted the ancient Jewish custom of the loving cup after the feast, and hallowed it by the promise of His spiritual presence. Even in the time of the Apostles, abuse crept in which made it necessary entirely to separate the two things: the *Agape* then took place in the evening, and the Commemorative banquet gradually grew into the early service of the mass. There is one instance in the catacomb of S. Domitilla, where

TOMBS, VIA APPIA

The Campagna from the Villa Pamphili Doria.

THE LATERAN BASILICA.
FRESCO IN CHURCH OF S. MARTINO AI MONTI.

a room was specially arranged in the first century for the *Agape*; as a rule the vestibule served the purpose. "The large *triclinium*," says Mr Lowrie, "retains traces of the stone bench which once surrounded it. A smaller room at the end is decorated in fresco, and was occupied we may suppose by the family. Adjoining it is the kitchen, in which were found various utensils and large amphoræ for the wine. At the other end is a well and a cistern. This hall is only partially underground, and it is constructed of the finest brickwork, with an ornamental façade covering the approach to the cemetery, and originally it had a richer front upon the road."

As the years went by, bringing greater numbers within the fold, the wooden table at which only a few could sit at the celestial banquet, was abandoned, and an act of simplicity gradually developed into a ritual ceremony. In the papal crypt of S. Callisto, we find the separate altar, with the bishop's chair behind, and spiral columns supporting an architrave, to divide the chamber into rough semblance of a choir and nave. Even in the stage of transition, the mass remained a very simple and beautiful ceremony: a family gathering, one might still call it, around the common altar, at which the bishop stood, surrounded by the presbyters and assisted by the whole congregation in the general response to the prayers; so that the priest presided, but did not arrogate to himself alone the whole duty of the service. This was the birth of the mass as we know it now, with its aloofness, intricate symbolism and allusions. In those early days when men and women stood at the lattice-work balustrade of white marble, and held out to the bishop baskets full of wheaten bread and golden wine for the celestial banquet, incense and oil for the altar, we feel in their offerings something of Roman sensibility towards the common facts of life, united to the spiritual poetry and symbolism of Christian belief. Patricians and freedmen knelt together by the martyr's tomb; the floating wicks

of the big oil lamps lit up alike the heavy folds of their white tunics and the marble seals of the graves around them; while from out of this great "township of the dead" arose the chaunt of the "Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison" of a Church that was to be triumphant.

# CHAPTER II

*Churches of Sta. Pudenziana—Sta. Prassede—Sta. Cecilia—S. Clemente—Legends of Constantine—Foundations of the Lateran and Baptistery; of S. Peter's and S. Paolo fuori le mura—Mosaics in Sta. Costanza—S. Agnese fuori le mura—Sta. Croce in Jerusalemme*

VERY gradual was the growth of the early church, and so few details have come down to us relating to it, that the transition from secret worship in the catacombs or in the private houses of Roman converts, to the building of beautiful basilicas seems all the more sudden. The early Christians needed two kinds of structure: the baptismal, for especial rites, and the congregational, for the reunion of the faithful. For the former the nympheum of a private house was used; for the latter, its large hall, often of basilica type on a moderate scale, served their purpose. The first churches intended for public worship were the oratories built by the Roman bishops of the second century on the sites of houses which had belonged to honoured martyrs. The Senator Pudens, with his daughters Pudenziana and Prassede, had, according to tradition, given hospitality to the apostles in his house on the Esquiline, where S. Peter established a house of prayer. After the death of Pudens, his daughters gave all their substance to the poor among whom they ministered. In the narration of Pastor we read that "they desired to have a baptistery in their house, to which the blessed Pius I. not only consented, but with his own hands drew the plan of the fountain. Then calling in their slaves, both from town and country, the two virgins gave liberty to those who

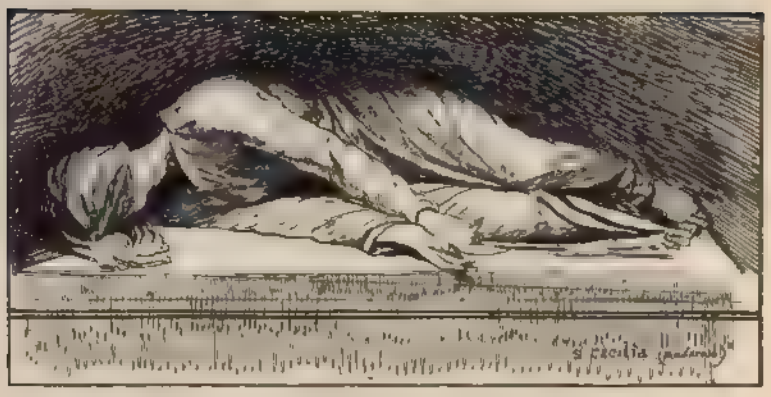
were Christians, and urged belief in the faith upon those who had not yet received it. By the advice of the blessed Pius the affranchisement was declared, with all its ancient rites, in the oratory founded by Pudens; then at the festival of Easter ninety-six neophytes were baptised; so that henceforth assemblies were constantly held in the said oratory, which night and day resounded with hymns of praise. . . . Then Pudenziana went to God. Her sister and I wrapped her in perfumes and kept her concealed in the oratory. At the end of twenty-eight days we carried her to the cemetery of Priscilla, and laid her next to her father Pudens."

"Eleven months after, Novatus died. He bequeathed his goods to Prassede, and she then begged of S. Pius to erect a titulus in the baths of Novatus . . . where there was a large and spacious hall. The bishop made the dedication in the name of the virgin Prassede. In the same place he consecrated a baptistery."

This took place about the year A.D. 145. We here have the legendary account of the founding of two churches on the Esquiline, one known in early days as the Titulus Pudentis (later as Sta. Pudenziana), and that of Sta. Prassede near by. Beneath the former, the excavations have not been carried far enough to give any clear idea of a Roman house. Groping about in dungeon-like passages, with a flickering candle held on the top of a long stick, we may discover a fresco painted high up on the wall. It gives some feeling of the early Christians who tended so reverently the houses of their holy predecessors. The walls by the side entrance of Sta. Pudenziana show Roman brickwork which possibly has belonged to the house of Pudens. Only in the ancient doorway of the church is there any record of its founders: Bishop Pius and his brother Pastor are represented in the low relief with the two sisters, who each hold a vase and sponge full of the blood of the martyrs whom they had tended and buried in the catacombs. In the

time of Bishop Siricius (304-399) the oratory was enlarged into a church, the vault of the apse decorated with a fine mosaic, the first historical representation of Christianity victorious; marble screens were placed in front of the choir, and a long portico was built to connect the vestibule of the church with the Suburra.

Sta. Prassede, notwithstanding the efforts of renaissance popes and architects, still preserves the traditional appearance of the small basilica form, with its broad nave divided from the aisles by columns, and a wide flight of red marble steps leading up into the choir. A builder pope of the ninth century revived the memory of the apostolic gathering on the Esquiline. Paschal I. is seen in the apsidal mosaics holding a model of the church he raised in place of the small oratory. While in the miniature chapel of S. Zeno he gathered all the wealth of art that his rude century could give. Stepping suddenly into the dim sanctuary we are not immediately made conscious of the beauty around us. But gradually, what has seemed a mere cavernous recess, becomes full of vibrating colour; gold gleams from the walls, there is a glitter as from jewels, and yet a soft radiance spreads over it all, for the different hues melt into each other as in the feathers of tropical birds. White-robed angels float above in a golden sky; Madonna and saints in turquoise blue, green, purple and tawny-red mosaics send forth rich colour, and when the priest flashes the light upon the alabaster columns, they cast it back again in golden sunshine. The chapel where the Pilgrims venerated the Sacred Pillar of Our Lord, came to be known as the "Garden of Paradise." Over the lintel of a side entrance the faces of the patron saints of S. Prassede look calmly out like presiding spirits into the sanctuary. This time Pope Paschal has added the portrait of his mother, "Theodora Episcopa," whose square nimbus tells that it was placed here before her death. She lies buried near the twenty-three hundred martyrs whose bones the pope removed from the catacombs



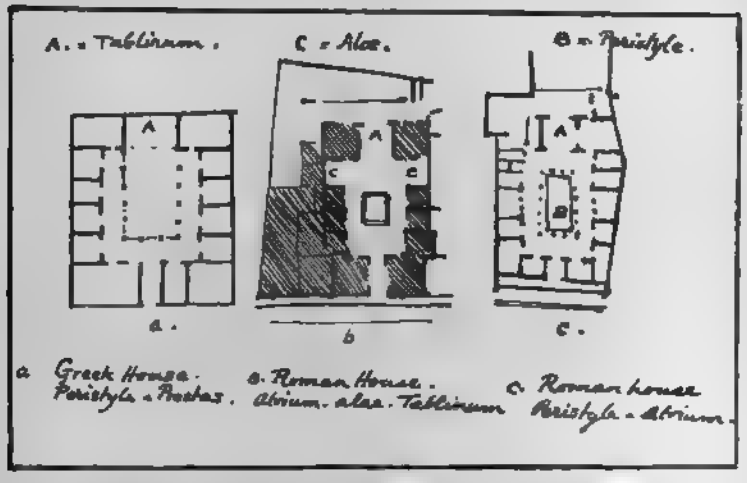
STATUE OF S. CECILIA BY MADERNA

and placed beneath the large disc of porphyry in the year 817. "Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace."

Among the many other oratories built over private houses in Rome, the most famous is that of Sta. Cecilia in Trastevere. When S. Urban I. had buried the holy martyr in the catacombs of S. Calisto, he "hallowed her house into a church in which unto this day is said the service unto our Lord." Some faded frescoes still recall the story of how Paschal I, always burdened with the thought of how he should find S. Cecilia's body in the catacombs, "yielding to the infirmity of the flesh," slumbered during part of the mass at S. Peter's. Then he dreamed that the virgin martyr came and forthwith led him to her tomb. Hurrying to the catacombs of S. Calixto he found the place where she lay buried with her husband Valerian among the bishops of Rome. The sarcophagus was carried into the city, the same one we now see in the crypt, and Paschal enlarged the oratory of Bishop Urban into a beautiful church, and adorned it with mosaics. Until the sixteenth century Cecilia was allowed to rest undisturbed in the marble sarcophagus whereon Bishop Damasus had placed one of

his famous metrical inscriptions. A cardinal who, in 1599, was "restoring" the church opened the tomb and there found her, still wrapped around in cloth of gold, blood-stained linen cloths at her feet, just as Bishop Urban had laid her thirteen centuries before. She lay lightly on her side, with her face turned away as if asleep "like a virgin in her bed." Before a new coffin of cypress wood and silver was to close upon her bones, and a few handfuls of dust, the Romans hastened to look upon Cecilia in all her youthful beauty; and with them came the sculptor Stefano Maderna. Then, with the image still clear in his mind, in smooth and shining marble he gave to the world an exact and immortal record of that brief vision. Placed against the high altar in a glass shrine, with innumerable lamps always burning before it, Maderna's recumbent statue is the loveliest piece of late renaissance sculpture in Rome.

It is unfortunate that much of the interest of the Basilica of Sta. Cecilia has been destroyed by recent and injudicious restorers, who have made it almost difficult for even an archæologist to reconstruct its ancient plan. For two Roman houses found beneath, of different dates, one including a tanner's workshop, have been merged into one and called the dwelling of the Saint. It is beneath SS. Giovanni e Paolo on the Coelian, that a better idea can be formed of a private house upon which a church has been built. These brothers, two officers in the service of Constantia, daughter of Constantine, received martyrdom in their own house during the pagan reaction in the reign of the Emperor Julian. Though little was known about them, even their surnames are unrecorded, devotion to them grew from earliest days, and the Senator Pammachus, a friend of S. Jerome, in A.D. 400 built a church in their honour. "The Roman house," says Lanciani, "was left intact, with its spacious halls and classical decorations, to be used as a crypt, while the basilica was raised to a much higher level. The murder of the saints seems to have taken place in a narrow passage not far from




PLANS OF ANCIENT HOUSES, FROM MR LOWRIE'S BOOK

the *Tablinum* or reception room. Here we see the *fenestella confessionis*, by means of which pilgrims were allowed to behold and touch the venerable grave." The wine-cellar is seen with a quantity of amphoræ still standing *in situ*. A broad marble staircase having an open balustrade leads down into the street called Clivus Scauri, which even now, with its small modern paving-stones, has more feeling of the old pagan world about it than any street in Rome. Frescoes of marine deities decorate the ceiling of the *Tablinum*, while still earlier are the decorations of the banqueting hall, a frieze of figures holding great garlands with birds flying lightly in the air; above some amorini come with dancing steps, carrying baskets of fruit and flowers. Then there are a few lifeless Christian frescoes painted after the building of the church.

All through the Church's growth she was appropriating and adapting from her pagan surroundings many ideas suitable for her own purpose. The development of the Christian basilica is the most interesting of these gradual

centre for the symbolical purification of the worshippers, which took the place of the *impluvium*. To this day we approach Sta. Cecilia by an atrium, and the cantharus, no longer used, stands on the right of it as a relic of an old custom. The upper church of S. Clemente is the most perfect example of the early ecclesiastical basilica-form in Rome, and illustrates this connection with the private dwelling just referred to. On a summer's day a cool wind blows aside the curtain at the west door, and shows an atrium partly surrounded by a colonnade, and paved with marble. This used to be the chief entrance, and is reached from the road through an arched portico, carried on columns such as we find at Sta. Maria in Cosmedin and S. Cosimato. Within, S. Clemente is complete with all that pertained to the early ritual of the church. The *Schola Cantorum* here, a work of the sixth century, which was taken from the lower church, extends far out into the nave, making an inclosure formed for the lectors and choir by low marble screens, decorated with mosaic patterns. It contains two ambones, one from which the epistle is read, the other for the reading of the Gospel, by the side of which rises a candelabrum for the paschal candle. Another screen, further separating the apse from the body of the church, reminds us how the priesthood gradually withdrew themselves from the congregation, who no longer took part in the service as it had done in early days. Behind the altar stands the bishop's ancient throne, similar to those used by Roman senators on public occasions, in theatres and in the Senate House. "Let the Bishop's throne be set in the middle with the seats for the presbytery on either hand, the deacons standing near in close-girt garments. Let the laity sit on the opposite side, with all quietness and good order; the women by themselves also keeping silence."

Beneath the canopied altar is a little window of marble lattice-work through which the faithful could see the lamps burning by Saint Clement's tomb. The mosaic here is of

evolutions. The subject, having a literature for itself, is an endless one, and only a few words can be given to it here. When Constantine began to build, the type of a Christian church was already established, but the story of how the problems had been solved is unrecorded. We only know the fact that out of the private dwelling-house, or from one of its large halls, so often the scene of the Eucharistic celebrations in Apostolic times, and not, as was formerly thought, from the Civil Basilicas of the Forum, was developed the plan for the Christian basilica with nave, aisles, apse, and finally transepts.

In early days the congregation assembled in the *Tablinum*, an important reception room where the household archives were kept, and in front of which was an ornamental table, "the only reminder of the sacred hearth." As the Church prospered and spread, becoming a political as well as a moral force, its members assembled in the large covered portico of the atrium, and the *Tablinum* became the choir and apse of the church where the clergy stood and officiated, the Christian altar being set in the place of the sacred hearth. When the peristyle was roofed-in, a nave, and narrower aisles, emerged complete. Many Roman houses had wings at right angles with the *Tablinum*, for the purpose of inserting windows to give more light to the women who sat working round the hearth, and out of these developed the transepts of the church. These, however, we do not find in the earliest basilicas. As with the classical type of house, a square space was reserved in front so as to ensure a certain privacy and quiet in big cities. Called the atrium or quadro-porticus from the colonnade on its four sides, it was used by the catechumens and penitents and for feeding the poor, and, in the fifth century, for burials.[1] A cantharus or vase of holy water stood in the

[1] A vestibule, such as we see at Sta. Maria in Cosmedin, supplanted the quadro-porticus when cities became more crowded with buildings. It led into the church by as many doors as there were aisles.

(705-707) who is said to have lived in part of Caligula's palace, were due most of the fresco decorations; when some of these were uncovered at the time of discovery of the church, the paint seemed still wet upon the walls, so perfectly had their colour been preserved beneath the debris. As art they are poor, being the expression of a barbarous age. Their Byzantine style is explained when we remember that Sta. Maria was in touch with the Greek world of Rome. The Palatine was the seat of the Byzantine government, St'. Anastasia close by was its official church, and around Sta. Maria in Cosmedin lay the Greek colony. But though the eastern influence is strong a certain rude western individuality is found, showing that in their art as well as in their political life, Romans were gradually freeing themselves from the influence of the Greek Empire.

FROM THE GARDEN OF PASSIONIST FATHERS AT SS. GIOVANNI E PAOLO

Constantine, like Charlemagne, Frederic Barbarossa, and Frederic II., enjoys the fame of a popular hero, and has been invested with a delightfully mythical character. It is the Emperor of legend, the gallant cavalier, brave in war and loyal to the Church, of whom we would speak. The ugly stories concerning the death of the unhappy Empress Fausta, and the terrible fate of his son Crispus, we leave to the pages of actual history.

S. Helena, in one legend at least, is said to be the daughter of Duke Coel of Colchester, the old King Cole of

SS Giovanni e Paolo from the Palatine

our nursery rhyme; while another recounts how she came on a pilgrimage to Rome from Treves on the Moselle, and while crossing the Tiber bridge, was seen by the Emperor Constantius, who fell a victim to her beauty. When the other pilgrims, having fulfilled their vows, departed, Helena was detained at the inn by order of Constantius. The hotel-keeper gave as the pretext that she had stolen a silver vessel Constantine, the child of this secret union, dwelling with his mother among pious Christians at Rome, grew up handsome, full of spirits and beloved by all. As in an Eastern fairy tale, the boy was kidnapped by two Greek merchants, who, knowing of his birth, thought to make a profit by marrying him to a daughter of the Greek Emperor in whose confidence they stood Returning with imperial gifts and the princess' dowry, the young married couple were left on an island by these merchants, who made off with the booty. After various adventures, Constantine meeting Helena in Rome was recognised, and then in a great tournament held by the senate and army in honour of the Emperor's birthday, he won the prize and filled everyone with astonishment and admiration at his valour. The Emperor's interest becoming aroused in the hero of the day, he questioned Helena about him, and discovered, by means of a ring and buckle he had given her on that first visit long ago, that Constantine was his own son. So all ended happily, and the young knight and his Greek bride were proclaimed his successors on the throne.

But Constantine was not yet a Christian. It is related by Eusebius, who had the story from Constantine himself, that before the last great battle with the Emperor Maxentius, when the fate of the Empire stood to be decided, Constantine beheld a luminous cross set above the midday sun. That night Christ came to him in a vision and told him victory would be on his side if he marched to battle beneath the standard of the Cross. Not far from the Ponte Molle, where two Roman arches recall this period, Maxentius, fleeing

towards the city after the battle at Saxa Rubra, was drowned. Constantine entered Rome as undisputed master of the Empire, and an arch of triumph, the last great work left to us of imperial days, was erected, and adorned with sculptures taken from an Arch of Trajan.

Had Constantine been converted at this period the story would be too short. He was first struck with leprosy, and because of his mercy to the infants in whose blood the physician had ordered him to bathe, the two Apostles appeared in a vision to commend him. He sent for the Bishop of Rome to reveal to him the names of the visitors. S. Silvester, whom pagans and Christians loved, "for he was gracious and fair like an angel to look on," showed the Emperor a book "wherein the images of S. Peter and S. Paul were portrayed, and demanded if they were like unto them. Then Constantine knew them, and said that he had seen them in his sleep." This event led to his conversion and baptism. "The bishops of the idols" were distraught at this event, and when a dragon appeared at the mouth of a great pit in the Forum, "and every day slew with his breath more than three hundred men," they came in a body to protest at his conversion. Again S. Silvester was sent for, who became the Mettus Curtius of Christian legend. Bearing two lanterns, he descended into the pit, and, finding the dragon, uttered certain words which S. Peter had given him as a charm, and then bound the monster's mouth and

THE LATERAN BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE FROM A BAS-RELIEF AT THE LATERAN

sealed it. "As he came upward again he met with two enchanters, which followed him for to see if he descended, which were almost dead from the stench of the dragon; these he brought with him whole and sound, and they anon were baptised with a great multitude of people with them." We may see all this in the picture of Pesellino, that rarest and most enchanting of early Florentine masters. There is the bishop wearing the triple crown, binding the mouth of a very docile looking dragon; a priest stands by, holding his nose; on one side of the picture the bishop restores the two "enchanters" to life, while the Emperor looks on approvingly. Perhaps some one who had special cause to remember the odours of the Cloaca maxima and the pestilences it engendered wrote the legend, and used it as an allegory that the dragon of Paganism was slain by Silvester on the conversion of Constantine. The friendship between bishop and Emperor is a charming note in the legend. First of all Constantine ordained "that the Bishop of Rome should be chief of all holy Church, like as the Emperor is chief of all the world." Then he set to building churches. First of all he gave Silvester a palace on the Coelian Hill called the Domus Fausta, the former property of his Empress, and which remained the papal residence for nearly a thousand years. Its nympheum became the baptistery, perhaps octagonal from the beginning. Originally it had been portion of the palace of the wealthy Laterani, a family of plebeian origin, in whose possession it remained until the days of Severus. Of the basilica which Constantine built adjoining S. Silvester's palace we know little. But there are some interesting details, half legendary, half historical, of the many gifts with which he "comely adorned it," gaining for it the additional title of the Basilica Aurea.[1] "And he put there the Ark of the Covenant that Titus had carried away

[1] The first dedication of the church was to the Saviour. It was also known as the Basilica of Constantine or of the Lateran, and only in the sixth century received the title of S. John Lateran.

from Jerusalem with many thousands of Jews, and the golden candlestick having seven lamps with vessels for oil. . . . Moreover, he did put in the same basilica a ciborium with pillars of porphyry. And he set there four pillars of gilded brass which the Consuls of old had brought into the Capitol from the Field of Mars and set in the Temple of Jupiter." Its roof was of solid silver, and in front was a great image of the Saviour, and on either side of him stood figures of the Apostles, all of purest silver. On the side, facing the apse, another statue of the Saviour sat on a throne between two angels beneath a roof "ceiled with gold." A chandelier having fifty dolphins, each dolphin bearing a little wick which floated in olive oil, lighted the ciborium, and between each of its four arches hung a crown with twenty dolphins, and the whole was of purest gold. Ranged near the high altar, at each side of the apse, were the seven silver altars which Constantine gave to hold the offerings of the people, which they brought mostly in kind. A copper candelabrum, ten feet in height, with silver reliefs of the prophets, stood on the ground before each altar, and the nave was ablaze with lighted candles reflected in silver discs.

Constantine also erected an octagonal baptistery by the Lateran, which henceforth became the type of a Christian baptistery. Its font, of the same form, was reached by steps and surrounded by porphyry columns, from which curtains hung "to insure the most perfect privacy and decency during the immersion." Water poured into it from the mouth of a golden lamb and from seven silver harts, and the symbolism of the sacrament was further carried out in the large silver images of the Saviour and S. John the Baptist. Here Constantine, according to tradition, was himself baptised by S. Silvester, though in reality this baptism only took place much later, in A.D. 337, almost on his death-bed. The ancient entrance to the baptistery was through an open vestibule, which later was walled in and

became known as the Capella Borgia Pope Sixtus III. entirely rebuilt the old baptistery, and succeeding bishops added several chapels. That of S. John the Baptist is famous for its singing doors of bronze taken from the baths of Caracalla, while in each of the others are mosaic decorations. The most interesting are those of the apsidal half-dome in the Cappella Sta. Seconda, belonging to the close of the fourth century. It is an exquisite scroll-design of flowers on a blue ground, which was probably inspired by one of Constantine's mosaics in the Vatican or Lateran, now lost to us. It had a great influence on the mosaic-workers of the thirteenth century.

Constantine is supposed to have founded innumerable churches in Rome, but the only one which can be historically assigned to him is the Lateran, the 'omnium Urbis et Orbis Ecclesiarum Mater et Caput.' Traditions, however, are unanimous as to his having built a basilica in honour of S. Peter. The site chosen for it was in the gardens of Agrippina, where Caligula had set his circus, in which Nero had martyred S. Peter and the early Christians. The mons Vaticanus had been held as a sacred spot from Etruscan days, when the "Vates sang their offices before Apollo's temple," and it now became a place of pilgrimage for the entire Christian world. "Whereof the said Emperor did himself first dig the foundations, and in reverence of the twelve Apostles did carry thereout twelve baskets full of earth." The walls of the new basilica rose up, as if by magic, out of the ruins of the circus, its left wing supported by portions of the pagan building. Eusebius tells us that the roof was covered with tiles of gilded bronze, so that those who looked upon it in the sunlight were nearly blinded. The body of S. Peter, Constantine enclosed in a chest of brass and copper, "adorned with bright gold," and above it he set a gold cross with "Constantius Augustus et Helena Augusta" engraved upon it. Over the tomb he placed "an altar in the fashion of an arch which he did adorn with

bright gold. And he made a ciborium with pillars of porphyry and purest gold. He set there before the altar twelve pillars of white marble carved with vines which were of Apollo's temple at Troy." For the service of the Mass he gave "three golden chalices with emeralds and jacinths, each having forty-five gems"; also a paten with a tower of purest gold, and a dove adorned with emeralds and jacinths, and two hundred and fifteen pearls."

The basilica which Constantine built in honour of S. Paul in place of the original 'Cella Memoriæ' was much smaller than S. Peter's, partly, no doubt, because of the awkward proximity to the old Ostian road, where the Apostle's body had been laid by the Roman matron, Lucina, in her vineyard. A saint's tomb could never be moved, and as it had always to be placed in the centre of the apse, the building was adapted to its position. Standing far beyond the Aurelian wall, S. Paolo, partly with the idea of protection, was afterwards joined to the city by a covered gallery. This isolated position would have allowed it, in the fifth and sixth centuries to fall an easy prey to the barbarians, but they dared not lay sacrilegious hands upon the shrine of S. Paul, and while Rome was besieged by the Goths, masses were daily offered within sight of the enemy's camp.

The small circular church of Sta. Costanza on the Via Nomentana contains a much restored but still interesting record of the first Christian Emperor. It was originally built as a mausoleum for his two daughters, Costanza and Helena, and only became a church in the thirteenth century. Confusing the princess, who died in A.D. 354, with a pious lady of the same name, the mediæval legend conferred canonisation upon the unsaintly daughter of Constantine, whose repulsive character is revealed by Ammianus Marcellinus; and her mausoleum is to-day known as Sta. Costanza. A splendid porphyry sarcophagus with sculptured cupids pressing out grapes in the heavenly vineyard,

STA. COSTANZA

was taken from here by Paul II. (1462) to adorn the piazza of S. Marco, and he would spend hours gazing at it with delight, intending, it is said, at a future day to appropriate it for his own remains. Now it stands opposite the sarcophagus of S. Helena in the sculpture gallery of the Vatican. The mausoleum-church resembles a circular temple. Its drum and cupola are supported by twenty-four coupled columns with richly ornamented capitals, and on the curved ceiling of the circular portico which originally was open to the air, between its columns now buried in the walls, the light just touches the mosaics of Constantine. One section of this vault shows a geometrical pattern of intertwining circles, each medallion holding a dancing figure or a bird; another is thick set with branches of lemons, fir-cones showing gilded tips, ripe figs, golden medlars, apples and

pomegranates full of crimson seeds; amongst the foliage pheasants, doves, partridges and peacocks spread out their gaily coloured plumage. The favourite design represents the symbolic vineyard; delicately-formed vine leaves, with encircling tendrils, fill the centre of the mosaic picture, while at the corners oxen are seen bringing a waggon-load of grapes to the winepress where the peasants are treading out the fruit. The mosaics of the dome have entirely disappeared, their memory survives in a description of the sixteenth century, and in some drawings made by Luca d'Olanda now in the Escurial. A graceful design of Caryatids emerging into acanthus leaves, divided scenes taken from the Old Testament and treated purely in a decorative spirit; in a river below, cupids sailed in boats, or punted along on rafts among the water-fowl, or fished peacefully from the bank, while bears sat close to them beneath the figures of Psyche and Amor. Such a quaint mingling of Pagan and Christian art seems to express the somewhat uncertain mind of Constantine, who in many ways remained pagan, while he favoured and professed the Christian religion. There seems to have been foundation for another legend which tells us how two marks of leprosy stayed on the Emperor's forehead after his baptism, because of two idols which he still held dear; when he broke them his leprosy wholly disappeared.

'St' Constanza, according to legend, founded near her own mausoleum the church of S. Agnes, in gratitude for having been cured of her leprosy. Though it has suffered the fate of most Roman churches, some of the old-world feeling of the early basilica still survives the cruel treatment of the modern "decorator" and "restorer." The beautiful columns have been taken from different ancient buildings and afford endless study. Two fluted columns serve to mark the extent of the choir, and smaller ones with much variety of style form the gallery above. But a certain plan has been kept to throughout in arranging the same order of capital or shaft opposite each other.

S. Clemente.

There is a rather unpleasant sensation of the depths of the earth in S. Agnese. A broad, steep flight of marble steps descends from the road above into the side aisle, and beneath the church wind the endless dark passages of the catacombs. The alabaster statue of S. Agnes which stands beneath the ciborium, looks translucent in the glow of sanctuary lamps, and lights the dim nave like a gleam of sunshine.

The story of S. Helena's finding of the true cross is too well known to be told again. We need only recall the fact that she is said to have founded Sta. Croce in Jerusalemme, on the site, or in a hall, of the Sessorian Palace, where she deposited part of the sacred relic. With the exception of some fine pillars in the nave, and the exquisite old rose-coloured columns of the ciborium, the ancient beauty of her church has long since vanished, and the best records which remain of the pious Empress are the fine ruins of her tomb at the Torre Pignatarra,[1] which now enclose a little church, and the porphyry sarcophagus taken from here by a mediæval pope, who thought to use it for his own tomb. The sculpture on it is poorer than that of Costanza's, standing near it in the Vatican. A triumphal military procession, the horsemen in high relief, represented as if suspended in the air, the prisoners fallen below them, seems a curious theme for the sarcophagus of a canonised Empress.

Then Constantine, having founded churches and enriched them with gifts, gave to S. Silvester "a tiara and white horses, and all the imperialia that pertained to the dignity of the Roman Empire," and went away to found his new imperial city on the banks of the Bosphorus. But before he departed, the bishop, decked out in all his new insignia of power, went forth to meet him by a Roman arch, which stood on the lesser Aventine, near

[1] It is so called, from the earthen vases (pignatte) which were used in the vault, so as to lighten the weight.

the church of Sta. Balbina. Here, like two friends, they "embraced and kissed the one the other, and so departed." We can learn their story, as from a child's picture-book, in the eleventh century frescoes of the SS. Quattro Incoronati.

# CHAPTER III

*The Emperors Julian, Gratian, Theodosius, Honorius and Valentinian III.—The Barbarians—S. Leo the Great—Galla Placidia — The Empress Eudoxia — Sta. Maria Maggiore—Mosaics of Sta. Pudenziana—S. Paolo fuori le mura—Sta. Sabina—S. Pietro in Vincoli—The Walls of Rome*

As the Temple to the great Twin Brethren had stood in the Roman Forum, so now arose sumptuous basilicas in honour of the Apostolic founders of Christianity. But these stood without the city walls, remote from the centre of Pagan life; and the Church gathered up her strength, as it were, within four different citadel outposts of Rome. From S. Pietro, S. Paolo, and S. Lorenzo without the walls, and from the Lateran on the outskirts of pagan Rome, was to concentrate the new Christian power in the guise of a great army of virgins, saints and martyrs who draw the Romans to their own worship and presently take possession of pagan shrines left empty of their gods.

During some forty years, including the reigns of Constantine and his sons, the Church enjoyed peace and prosperity under Imperial favour, and then came Julian to the throne, as a reactionary whom sixty generations have branded with the name of "Apostate." Inspired with a fine enthusiasm for the heroes of antiquity as well as love for the learning and philosophy of Greece where he had studied, Julian, desiring to breathe fresh vitality into the worn-out religion of his ancestors, clung to the gods of Rome, and committed the error of imagining he could re-establish an Order of things fated to disappear. The Temple doors once

more were opened, and incense burnt before the altar of Jupiter on the Capitol; but the priests of the pagan gods had not the life or genius in them to impart any new force to their rites and teaching. "In vain," says Gregorovius, "the Apostate Emperor turned away from the newly-arisen Sun of Humanity with whimsical defiance to worship the sinking Helios of the Greeks."

Julian, aware that his efforts during his brief reign had failed, is said to have fallen on the field of battle in the East with the words, "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean," upon his dying lips. An Oriental legend which passed over to Europe in the seventh century shows the place which the somewhat pathetic and isolated figure of the pagan Emperor took in popular imagination, and the way in which a pagan god became a mediæval demon. Julian, the legend recounts, was adopted by a noble Roman matron, whose kindness he basely repaid by making away with the fortune which she had entrusted to him to keep for her. In the meanwhile he became the Pope's chamberlain, and the widow, who never suspected his treachery, was reduced to earn her livelihood as a washerwoman. One day, finding an idol, a sculptural marble mask, buried in Tiber mud, she used it to beat her linen on, until at last a hollow voice issuing from the stone told her that it was the god Mercury she was treating thus roughly. This led to secret interviews, and together they laid a plot. Julian, the god told her, was the thief, and must be brought to the washing-place by the Tiber, and, in the presence of witnesses, with his hand on the idol's mouth, swear that he had not made away with the widow's money. When the appointed time came, the Pope, surrounded by his court, bade Julian take the oath. But the god gripped him tight, and his guilt was proved to all the people. By nightfall the crowd of mocking onlookers passed away, and in the silent piazza by the Temple of the Dawn goddess there followed a strange scene. Julian, exhausted by his efforts to be free, fell to examining the mask that gripped

Fifth Century Doors.

Sta Sabina.

him fast, and struck by its laughing mockery, laughed too, and a new compact was entered into. Julian agreed to renounce Christianity, while in return Mercury promised him the Imperial crown. In the portico of Sta. Maria in Cosmedin we may see the ancient mask of the Bocca della Verità, a great disk with holes bored for eyes, nose and mouth, which has power yet to fill us with strange feelings of mediæval times.

THE BOCCA DELLA VERITÀ

Both Julian's antagonism to Christianity and his ambition to transform the pagan religion into a new power for good in the world, can be understood after reading the vivid accounts of Roman society left us by S. Jerome and Ammianus Marcellinus. In his history of Rome, Marcellinus tells of a tragic incident which, occurring only three years after Julian's death (A.D. 366), shows how speedily the apostolic simplicity among the clergy had passed away. Power and worldly advantage were eagerly sought after, and the See of Rome was their chief prize. This is how Damasus I., who afterwards built the baptistery of old S. Peter's, which he decorated with fine mosaics, who founded S. Lorenzo in Damaso and composed metrical inscriptions in honour of the martyrs, became Bishop of Rome in A.D. 366.

"Damasus and Ursicinus, being both of them immoderately eager to obtain the bishopric, formed parties and carried on the conflict with great asperity, the partisans of each carrying their violence to actual battle. . . . It is certain that in one day one hundred and thirty-seven dead bodies were found in the basilica of Sicinius, which is a

Christian church." It is said that the doors of the church were burnt and the roof was untiled, while Damasus marched against his foe at the head of his clergy, grave-diggers, choristers and hired gladiators. The sword of S. Paul rather than the keys of S. Peter had become the emblem of the Church. When the ambitious prelate had reached the chair of the Apostle, what kind of life was led by the members of his court? S. Jerome gives us a picture which reads like a page from Juvenal; and perhaps he in like manner paints his subject in the strongest colours for effect's sake, endeavouring thus to rouse the people from their lethargy. Reproaches fall heaviest upon the parasite clergy, and their patronesses the rich widows, who, clad in red cloaks are carried through the streets in capacious litters with a row of eunuchs preceding them. S. Jerome also pictures vividly for us the young cleric who drives through Rome in a carriage drawn by swift sleek stallions, "as if he were the brother of the Thracian king," to visit these fair ladies and regale them with the latest city gossip. His hair is perfumed and shows traces of the tongs. In leather shoes which have no creases, he steps daintily on tip-toe from his carriage across a muddy road, holding back his rich garments with jewelled fingers, and appears thus before his patroness's house "more like a bridegroom than a minister of Christ." The Christian lady of fashion, who awaits his visit after an arduous morning spent at her toilet, reposes on a cushioned couch reading a manuscript of the Scriptures, its leather cover of purple and gold shining with as many jewels as the white hands which finger it so daintily. Arrived in presence of the "descendant of the Decii or Maximii," the quick eye of the priest takes in at a glance the luxury of her surroundings, and proceeds to examine every detail. "If he sees a pillow which takes his fancy, or an elegant table-cover, indeed any article of household-furniture, he praises it, looks admiringly at it, takes it in his hand, and lamenting that he owns nothing of the kind, begs or rather extorts it from his owner."

He lives as a parasite, and on returning home dines off a plump young crane or some such savoury dish, while the ladies who have listened to his gossip and pampered his whims, "retire to rest after an immoderate supper, to dream of the apostles."

At the time that S. Jerome hurled his bitter sarcasms at society in the midst of the Christian world, Ammianus jeered similarly at the pagan patrician of this same society, and scathingly denounced the vices of the people. With a few sharp touches he gives us a picture of the wealthy noblemen who pride themselves on their illustrious descent, dress in silken raiment, and walk out attended by retinues of servants. On entering the baths they call out ostentatiously, "Where are my people?" while, if anyone salutes them, they "toss their heads like bulls prepared to butt, offering their flatterers their knees or hands to kiss." Learning, they utterly despise, and a short excursion into the country is spoken of by them as equal to the marches of Alexander or of Cæsar; and if, in summer, as they go forth in painted gondolas to Gaeta, "a fly should settle upon the silken fringe of their gilded fans, or a slender ray of sun pierce through a hole in the awning, they lament that they were not born in the Cimmerian forest." But if there comes news of a good horse or a smart charioteer, they hasten away to see them, and examine the horses and put questions concerning them just as "their ancestors would have done had they beheld the Twin Brethren." The rich are surrounded by flatterers and parasites, who perpetually express surprise and admiration at the marvels of their banqueting table. An unusually big fish, a fine bird or the dormice, are quickly weighed in the scales, while a crowd of secretaries standing by record on tablets the marvels of the feast.

And the "idle, lazy common people," without shoes to their feet, but boasting of high sounding names, what of them? "These men," Ammianus tells us, "spend their whole lives in drinking and gambling in brothels, and at

public spectacles; to them the Circus Maximus is temple, home, and public assembly. When the wished-for day of the equestrian games dawns, before the sun has visibly risen they all rush out with headlong haste, as if with their speed they would outstrip the very chariots which are about to race, they quarrel over the favourite, and the greater part of them, through their anxiety have passed sleepless nights."

The pictures of both Christian and pagan Rome are dark indeed, and we would fain believe them over-coloured, by these masters of invective. But even if true to the letter, there was another side to Roman life which S. Jerome shows when, in his epistle, he depicts such noble characters as Marcella and Paula, who, while living a retired life devoted to works of piety, may be looked upon as the founders of cloistered nuns. Moreover, there were such men as SS. Giovanni e Paolo, who, in the reign of Julian, had given their blood for the Faith; men of learning too, grand souls like S. Ambrose and S. Augustine. Among the pagans, Boethius, the mediæval mouthpiece of ancient philosophy, Symmachus and Sidonius, with a host of others, stand forth as representatives of nobility of character in a debased and distraught age. These were the men who felt most keenly the downfall of the ancestral religion, some of whom, with the zeal of true patriots, had defended to the last the altar of the goddess of Victory. With the winged figure of the "maiden guardian of the State," worshipped by Romans since the days of the Sabines, were associated the welfare and fortunes of the people whose fate she symbolized. In vain had Symmachus appealed to the Emperor Gratian at Milan to restore the altar to its honoured site. Gratian, the first emperor to disdain the office of Pontifex Maximus, listened to the eloquent words of S. Ambrose (A.D. 340-397), who reminded him of the new life to come through Christianity and of the certain death of the old religion. Once again the gods seemed to call down vengeance on those who refused to do them honour. Valentinian II., who succeeded

Gate of S. Paolo

Gratian, fell (A.D. 392) by the hand of an assassin, and the altar of Victory stood once more in the Curia; Isis and the Magna Mater again received honour, and the Consul attended Lustration of the City. But this brief day of glory for the gods passed away. Theodosius, upon the murder of his brother-in-law, hastened with an army from the East to avenge him. The Romans on his approach appealed to Jupiter, and even placed images of the god in the Alpine passes; while a Christian anchorite prophesied the triumph of the imperial arms. The golden statue of Jupiter proved ineffectual; and the battle of Aquileia ended the sway of the ancient religion of Rome. Only once again did the gods call for vengeance. In the Forum there still stands erect, with its third century inscription, the small ædicula of Vesta. At this time the statue of the goddess was adorned with jewels and votive ornaments. Serena, niece of Theodosius and wife of Stilicho, seeing them one day was sorely tempted by their richness, and mounting the pedestal she removed from the shoulders of the statue a beautiful necklet and placed it upon her own. From out of the silent and deserted convent suddenly appeared an aged Vestal, the last perhaps of her community, whose withered limbs were still robed in the white garments of her Order. Pointing at Serena, she cursed her and her people, and predicted a terrible expiation for the crime. Within a little while Stilicho fell by the assassin's hand, while Serena, accused of a secret understanding with the barbarians, was condemned to death by the Senate, and strangled.

Though Christian emperors issued their decrees, and the temples were deserted, paganism would not yield its life so easily, and many tokens remained in the Roman streets of the time-honoured religion. Terra-cotta oil-lamps burning before the little shrine of a local god, still lighted up the narrow lanes, while symbols of genii adorned the lintel of every other door, and even the banqueting hall of a Christian house was ornamented with friezes of pagan figures holding

garlands of flowers.[1] More significant of the gradual nature of the change was the continuance of the great games and spectacles in the Coliseum and Circus Maximus. The triumphal entry of the Emperor Honorius into Rome in the year A.D. 403 was the point of meeting for those different ways, which henceforth were to form one broad and skilfully engineered road, the high-way of the future papacy. Little more than a century had passed since Diocletian with Maximian had made an imperial progress through the capital, and now for the last time an Eastern emperor was welcomed by the Romans. Honorius, the weak and unworthy successor of the Cæsars, came along the Flaminian way, crossing the Tiber by the Ponte Molle. Beside him, in the car of Victory, sat his great general, Stilicho, the bulwark of Italy against the barbarian hordes. Together they passed along under triumphal arches and amid the plaudits of the Roman crowd. "It seemed as if affrighted Rome had decked herself as a bride to meet her long-expected wooer; but the bride was old and the wooer feeble." Amid all the aggressive pomp of an imperial progress, the splendour of gilded chariots, plumed warriors in armour bearing trophies of victory, the sense of coming national danger was in the air. The dreaded Alaric had already encamped upon Italian soil. As men brooded over these things there came toward the Emperor a long procession of white-clothed figures, holding aloft the cross amidst banners of triumph. It was for the first time and the last that the Bishop of Rome left his palace in order to welcome an emperor into the capital; a little while and the Emperor, knee to earth and head bowed low in reverence, would salute him on the steps of S. Peter's, with the title of Pope. But if the outward show of Christianity was comparatively insignificant, it gained one splendid victory during the year of its imperial visit. Among the more

[1] See the interesting decorations in the house of SS. Giovanni e Paolo under the present church.

educated an outcry had arisen of late against the barbarity of the gladiatorial shows, without however having been able to influence popular judgment. Honorius therefore permitted a spectacle in the Coliseum to take place. When the excitement of the audience was at its height, Telemachus, a poor anchorite from the Egyptian desert, leapt into the arena to protest against the cruel sport, and fell beneath a shower of stones hurled at him by a people mad with blood. But he did not die in vain. Honorius abolished these games of human sacrifice, and the populace obeyed his decrees. Telemachus, who gave his life for the sake of humanity, may well be looked upon as a hero among the saints; yet no church, or even chapel, was raised to his memory, and art has never immortalised his deed.

On the slope of the Palatine, beneath the grottoes of the Lupercal, stands a small altar of travertine, thought to be the one which the Romans raised to a Genius Loci, who had sent forth a mysterious voice warning them of the approach of the Gauls. None had heeded it; Brennus and his horde burned the city, scaled the Capitol, and departed laden with spoils. This was in 390 B.C., and for seven centuries and a half no foreign foe had entered the city. Hardly, however, had Honorius heightened and fortified the wall of Aurelian, and Stilicho fallen by an assassin's hand, than a great and long-threatening wave of barbarians once more began to sweep down through Italy, making for the gates of Rome. The first time Alaric, King of the Visigoths, came, he accepted a ransom and departed. Galla Placidia, the young sister of Honorius, and the Dowager-Empress Laeta, both living on the Palatine at this time, gave up their jewels and melted down their plate, to meet the demands of the greedy Visigoth. When in A.D 409 he came again, feeling it hopeless to attack the massive walls of Rome, he took possession of Portus and its corn-supplies, at the mouth of the Tiber, so to starve the citizens into submission. Rome fell; but the conqueror merely played with his prize: he issued a decree

deposing Honorius, who was at Ravenna, from the throne, and forced the Senate to acknowledge Attalus, the Greek Pretorian prefect of the city, as emperor. Having tasted the sweets of power he departed, doing no wrong to Rome, whose wonders inspired him with awe. But when on his third approach, the Gothic host encamped at Antemnae, just above the Salarian bridge, the majesty of Rome's temples, her basilicas, palaces, gardens and Christian churches, the sunlight glistening everywhere on white marble and orange-tinted travertine, made her appear before them like a beautiful and mighty goddess, tempting them to forget the omens of disaster which had warned them of the sanctity of the world's capital. The city was doomed, and she fell by treachery without one glorious fight for her freedom. The people yielded before the horde of barbarians, who stormed through the Salarian Gate, and left the imperial palace of Sallust in flames as they passed.[1] They then emptied palaces and temples of money and jewels, insulted Roman matrons, and forced the wealthy to yield up their hidden treasures. Among others they plundered the house of the holy Marcella, the friend of S. Jerome, who lived on the Aventine, and beat her cruelly. But amidst the confusion and terror the figures of SS. Peter and Paul rose before the superstitious imagination of the Arian Goths, with unsheathed swords, as the terrible protectors of Rome. They dared not plunder the churches. A striking incident is given in Gregorovius, who follows the contemporary account of Orosius, and that of S. Augustine in his Civitate Dei.

"A Goth forced his way into the house of a pious maiden, who fearless and alone, stood guarding a pile of costly vessels. As the barbarian was about to fling himself on the precious booty, he was daunted by the calm words of the maiden, who told him that he might do as he willed, that these treasures were, however, the property of the Apostle Peter, who would assuredly punish the act of

[1] The villa Spithöver now stands on a portion of the ruins of this palace.

sacrilege. Rather would the barbarian have plunged his hand amid burning coal; he withdrew, and, informing Alaric of the incident, received orders to convey not only the consecrated vessels, but their pious guardian, under a safe escort to S. Peter's. As the singular company advanced, bearing, with reverent hands, chalices, cups, lamps, crosses sparkling with emeralds and amethysts, it suddenly assumed the character of a procession. Christian fugitives, women holding their children by the hand, old men trembling and defenceless, terror-stricken pagans, and, mixing peacefully among them, barbarians whose weapons and clothes dripped with blood, and on whose countenances passion struggled with the sudden reverence of faith, all mingling in one train, advanced to S. Peter's; and, as through the wild tumult of the plundering host burst the solemn strains of a hymn, the procession presented a picture of contrasts which pious fathers of the Church have, not without justice, glorified as a triumphal progress of the faith."

The booty they carried away from the pagan monuments might have enriched a nation; and yet Rome was not emptied of her treasures. A procession of waggons laden with gold and silver ornaments, jewels and embroidered stuffs, followed Alaric on his journey to the north; and among his prisoners sat Galla Placidia, daughter of Theodosius II., destined to be the wife of Ataulph, the Gothic king's successor, and to receive as her wedding gift a hundred goblets filled to the brim with precious stones and gold pieces—the spoils of Rome, the city of her forefathers. The female descendants of Theodosius the Great are intimately connected with this dark period of the city's history, while many of her churches, like S Paolo fuori le mura, still retain memorials of their piety. The beautiful Galla Placidia thus began her eventful career before the age of twenty-one, when she left Rome a prisoner. Six years later her Gothic husband was killed, and the unhappy queen was forced to walk twelve miles, laden with chains, before the horse of

Singeric, Ataulph's successor. Then seeking refuge with Honorius, she married his general Constantius (A.D. 417), who had long loved her, but died after four years of wedded life, and the birth of their two children, Valentinian III. and the ill-fated Honoria.

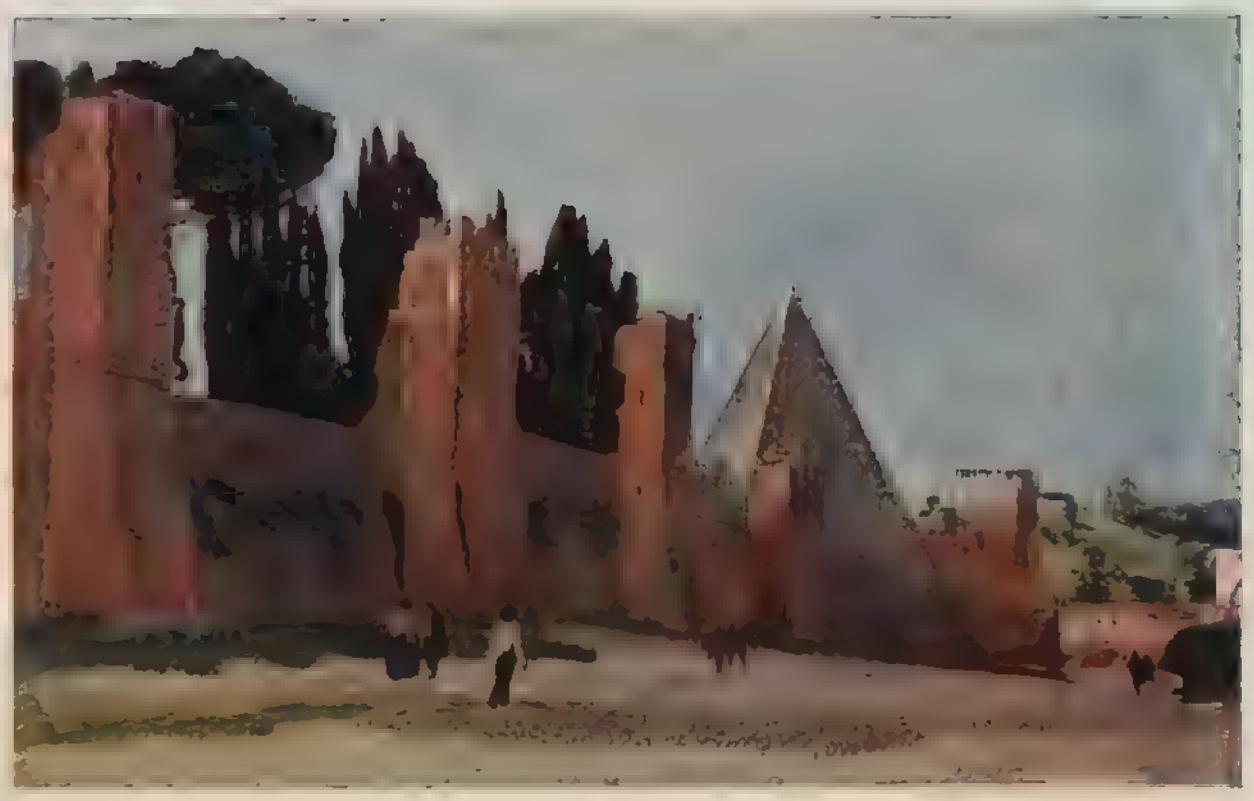
Her beautiful daughter, in the cloister-like life of Ravenna, fell a victim to a steward, and was hastily banished to the dull court at Constantinople. Looking on all sides for an escape the high-spirited girl resolved to appeal for help to the Hunnish king. Attila, known as the 'scourge of God' and the leader of a race of men scarcely human in their deformity, now received a ring from this emancipated grand-daughter of Theodosius, who secretly offered herself as his bride. When this treaty became known, Honoria was sent back to Ravenna and hastily married to an obscure member of the court. She now vanishes from our sight just when we would fain learn more of her strange story. In the meantime Attila demanded his 'self-offered bride,' and Valentinian III., her brother, trembled lest he should carry out his threat of advancing on Rome. No gods were invoked at this crisis, but the Bishop of Rome, Leo the Great, and a powerful Senator, came forward as mediators between the Emperor and the Hunnish king. Leo was a Roman with the ancestral pride of a Roman citizen in his blood, and ardently ambitious for the supremacy of Christianity and of the Roman See. During some twenty years he fought against heresy and the enemies of the Church, and by the strength of his character joined with great gifts of intellect and eloquence, he ruled the weak Emperor and his mother, Placidia. Leo and the Senator Avienus sought Attila in his camp on the Lake of Garda, near the modern town of Peschiera. Attila, it is said, was brooding at the time upon the superstitious warnings of his followers, who recalled to him the fate of Alaric soon after the sack of Rome. With his mental vision strained by forebodings of coming evil, the Hunnish king looked up to see approaching

the venerable figure of the Bishop of Rome, accompanied by his clergy bearing the cross on high. As the words of Leo fell like a death-knell on his ears, SS. Peter and Paul appeared behind the Roman emissaries of peace. The vision seemed to confirm the truth of the inevitable fate awaiting the man who should violate the city of the Christian Cæsars, the sacred city of the apostles and martyrs. This remarkable embassy, immortalised by Raphael on the walls of the Vatican, was closed by a treaty whereby Attila accepted, in lieu of Rome, the dowry of the Princess Honoria.

The third lady of imperial blood connected with the last days of the empire was Eudoxia, wife of Valentinian III., a daughter of Honorius by Eudocia, the beautiful Byzantine empress. Like all the princesses of her house she possessed both beauty and charm; but the weak and fickle Valentinian, caring more for the wives of his subjects, had marked out for his attentions the wife of the Senator Petronius Maximus, head of the Anician family. This lady, virtuous as the Roman Lucretia, he found could only be conquered by treachery. At a game of cards with Maximus, the Emperor obtained his ring as a pledge for the sum he had won, which he sent in the name of the Empress to his unsuspecting victim. Dreaming no evil, she duly had herself carried in a litter to the palace, and only discovered the cruel fraud when she found they were taking her to the private apartment of the Emperor. On returning home, the unhappy woman upbraided her husband for being, as she imagined, an accomplice in her ruin and shame. When Maximus learned the truth, he vowed vengeance on Valentinian. While watching some military feats at the Villa ad duas Lauras, outside the Porta Maggiore, two Goths rushed with drawn swords upon the Emperor, and, as he fell, not a hand was raised in defence of the last male descendant of Theodosius the Great. Through his enormous wealth Maximus succeeded in obtaining the imperial crown, and

when his wife had died, it is said of a broken heart, he forced the Empress Eudoxia to marry him. Perhaps she already suspected his share in the murder of Valentinian, but soon she knew the truth from Maximus himself, who indiscreetly vaunted his guilt, and thus earned her undying hatred. Like her cousin Honoria, she called upon a barbarian king to avenge her. Genseric hurried at her summons from Carthage with his Vandal soldiers and "wild Bedouins from the land of Jugurtha," while the Romans wreaked their vengeance on Maximus. They stoned him to death and his body was thrown into the Tiber.

Genseric, accompanied by Bedouins and Moors, marched on Rome (A.D. 455) by the Aurelian Way, and as he neared the Porta Portese, "instead of a sally of the Roman youths, there issued from the gates an unarmed and venerable procession of the Bishop at the head of his clergy." Leo the Great once more appealed on behalf of the city to a barbarian king. But Genseric only promised to spare the inhabitants and the monuments, and during a fourteen days' pillage every object of value was carried on board their barges. Procopius records how the statues were taken from the Temple of Jupiter in the Capitol, the gilded bronze tiles from the roof, all destined for the king's palace at Carthage. He stripped the palace of the Cæsars of its treasures, while from the Temple of Peace he obtained possession of the holy vessels of Solomon's temple, the historic spoils of Jerusalem which had adorned the triumph of Titus, and some of which Belisarius rescued at a later day from the Vandal Palace and brought to Constantinople. For five hundred years, as Gregorovius remarks, the Jews had watched over these sacred treasures, and all that remained to their descendants was a mediæval tradition that in the Lateran basilica were kept the Sacred Ark of the Covenant, the Tables of the Law, the Golden Candlestick, the Tabernacle, and the vestments, ornaments, and rod of Aaron. Among the numerous prisoners on board the galleys anchored in the



Aurelian Wall with Pyramid of Caius Cestius

Tiber, waiting to sail for Carthage, were the twice widowed Empress Eudoxia with her two daughters, one of whom, Eudocia, became the unwilling wife of Hunnerick, son of Genseric.

. . . . . .

Between the year of Constantine's death and the accession of Julian, Pope Liberius (352-356) built a church on the Esquiline, known for nearly a century as the Liberian basilica. A charming legend told in the supplement to the "Mirabilia," or guide-book for the mediæval traveller to Rome, recalls its other name, that of Sta. Maria ad Nives. "Johannes Patricius, senator of the city, let make the church of Saint Mary Major; likewise also did Pope Liberius. For on the same night while they slept, Our Lady Mary appeared unto them, saying, 'I lay upon you this commandment, that ye build me a minster.' And when as in the morning they were come together, taking counsel concerning the marvel by them seen . . . there came messengers which showed unto them how that the snow had fallen in one place, the season being in May-time."

A marble bas-relief in the apse by Mino da Fiesole, and pictures by Sienese, Florentine and Spanish artists, represent Pope Liberius tracing the plan of the new church in the miraculous summer snows which lay thick upon the Esquiline, while John the Patrician, with a crowd of Romans, looks on.

Sta. Maria Maggiore is the church of mosaics: it contains, besides the finest examples of the thirteenth century, a whole gallery of mosaic pictures belonging to the third century,[1] which Liberius must have taken from some earlier building to decorate the nave and triumphal arch of his new

[1] In ascribing these mosaics to the third century, which are usually attributed to the fifth, I am following the opinion of Dr J. Paul Richter and Miss Taylor, whose monumental book on the subject ought to receive warm welcome from visitors to Rome. See Miss Taylor's articles in the May and August numbers of the *Monthly Review* (1904), from which I have quoted a few sentences. She shows that the theology set forth in the series of mosaics is pre-Constantinian.

basilica. It has hitherto been thought that this series illustrated the glory of the Virgin, to whom especial devotion was paid after the Council of Ephesus (431) when Sixtus III. built his church of Mary Major on the old site. But the true inspiration of the cycle is "the reception of the Incarnate Redeemer by the people of God," the plebs Dei of the inscription. The figure of the Virgin in the few scenes where she is represented, is kept entirely in the background. In the time of Sixtus III. subjects from the Bible would have been treated more as allegories, while here the incidents are treated "independently, as actual historical facts—of which the inner significance, however, was prophetic and prototypical." As decoration they can hardly be called successful, and one feels that they were intended to be regarded more as individual pictures, and were better suited to the much smaller building of Liberius. Originally an open arched colonade, "possibly glazed with thin sheets of alabaster set in ebony," ran above them, which must have helped in the general scheme of decoration. Most of the subjects are taken from the Apocrypha, and they give a good idea of the illustrated Bible of the first centuries. They have been compared with the Joshua-roll of the Vatican. Some of the scenes have a certain dramatic feeling, and are yet full of a naive character which is delightful. Notice particularly the capture of Jerusalem in the nave, and the child-like figure of Joshua who stands on a mound imperiously commanding the sun to stand still. Thanks to the admirable reproductions in colour in Dr Richter's book, we can realise how fine are the details of these mosaics, which otherwise, seen from the nave, are impossible to distinguish. Especially striking are the angels appearing to Abraham in the Triumphal Arch.

While these are the earliest Christian mosaics in Rome, Sta. Pudenziana owns the first apsidal mosaics, placed there by Leopardus, titular presbyter of the church in the time of Siricius (384-398). Had they not been cut down and

maltreated in the sixteenth century they would rank with the finest left in Italy. But they still have power to inspire enthusiasm. The bold and original grouping of Christ and Apostles with the two women holding wreaths, who symbolise the Church of the Circumcised and that of the Gentiles, comes both as a surprise and relief after seeing the lifeless apsidal decorations of the seventh and ninth centuries. Lowrie tells us that in the background we have a picture of Jerusalem as it looked after Constantine had enclosed with a wall the churches he had built over the holy places. Christ is seated in front of the staircase leading to Calvary, while a covered colonnade, marking the central street, runs at right angles to it. Above the crenelated walls rise the churches of Constantine, and for the first time the Cross is represented as the dominant note in the picture.

After the death of the Emperor Julian, the imperial patrons of the Christian religion began to build far more sumptuous churches, with costlier decorations, than had arisen during the dawn of the Christian power. The zeal of S. Ambrose and Pope Damasus I. had much to do with the new movement. The basilica of S. Paolo fuori le mura, as we know from the inscription above the triumphal arch, was begun by Theodosius, finished by Honorius between 395 and 404, and decorated with mosaics by the pious Galla Placidia.[1]

The name of Siricius, under whose pontificate Theodosius conceived the idea of rivalling the basilica of S. Peter, is seen on one of the columns in the north vestibule; while a more living inscription has been deciphered on the brass label of a dog's collar: "[I belong] to the basilica of Paul the Apostle, rebuilt by our three sovereigns [Valentinianus, Theodosius and Arcadius]. I am in charge of Felicissimus the Shepherd." Though S. Paolo in the rebuilding after the fire in 1823 was deprived of the interest attached to a

[1] Owing to their having been restored after the fire of 1823 the mosaics are only of interest from historical association.

church where decorations had kept pace with the centuries, its restoration gives an idea of the impressiveness of a spacious five-aisled basilica, and the inspiring harmony produced by vast design and long lines of classic columns.

But if in S. Paolo we realise the bolder aims of the new movement, it is especially in Sta. Maria Maggiore that we feel the full charm and beauty belonging to this type of church. Although it has been repeatedly decorated by many patrons during the Renaissance with chapels, often beautiful of their kind, with innumerable statues, with an altar of jasper and lapis lazuli, and with a richly coffered ceiling, its early character has not been altered, and a feeling still abides there of imperial magnificence. The effect of grandeur has not been brought about merely by fine proportions, but also by the noble white colonnades and by the pattern in the pavement laid out in long slabs of marble, carrying the eye up the broad nave direct to the high altar. This stands between four massive porphyry columns encircled with gilded wreaths, and rests on splinths of verde antico. Seen in the early morning from the choir end near the Cosmati tomb, the whole church seems to be bathed in ethereal radiance. With sunbeams playing across the far end of aisle and nave, the marble pillars from Hymettus soar up and lose themselves in a pearl-tinted haze. In other Roman churches we feel ourselves in the atmosphere of a Christian oratory; while here our thoughts wander to the basilicas Giulia and Æmilia of the Forum, and we realise that the bold conceptions of the classical golden age still held the minds of a Roman pontiff and the weak Valentinian III. beneath their spell.

When the spacious basilica arose in place of the humbler church of Pope Liberius, the people named it the Greater S. Mary's. The idea suggests itself that the legend of Our Lady of the Snow always associated with Liberius, really belongs to this century when the triumph of Mariolatry became firmly established. Certainly Sixtus III. began to

build only a year or two after the Council of Ephesus, and the dedication to Theotokos ('bearer of God') was to the Christian world an open proclamation of the new cult. The mosaic he placed at the back of the triumphal arch has unfortunately disappeared, but we know that it represented the Madonna enthroned, with martyrs offering her their crowns, and differed in character from the mosaics of the Liberian basilica. It was significant of the change that had come about, that while in the days of Constantine columns were especially quarried for a church, it had now, one hundred years later, become general to rob the ancient temples of any marble that might be needed. There are few facts to glean about Sta. Maria Maggiore, but we know that Sixtus III. built an arcaded apse, of which we obtain some idea from an illustration in Mr Lowrie's book of a fifth century bronze lamp, made in the form of a basilica. In the legend of Pope Paschalis I. (817-824), it is said that the women stood in this gallery behind the pontifical chair, and could overhear anything he said to his assistants.

It was also in the reign of Valentinian III. that Sta. Sabina was built on the Aventine by one Pietro, a priest from Illyria, who is described in the fine metrical inscription over the door, as 'rich for the poor, and poor for himself.' Sixtus V. (1590), by turning the apsides of the lateral aisles into chapels, destroyed much of its beauty, and only a portion of the marble incrustation work which once covered the whole of the archivolt now survives of classical decoration. Fortunately he also left the fifth century mosaic inscription of gold letter on blue ground with the figures of two women who, as at Sta. Pudenziana, personify the two Churches. The cyprus wood doors of Sta. Sabina, perhaps the most ancient in Europe, are among the most precious things in Rome, and have not always been given their due place of honour. The border is of a later date and of different wood, but the panels which remain (unfortunately thickly varnished over) belong to the fifth century. They are of unique importance both with

reference to primitive art and to the treatment of religious themes. It is suggested by Mr Lowrie that the subjects were chosen from both the Old and New Testament, forming a parallel which in literature is found in the dittochoen of Prudentius. Some of the subjects, such as Christ before Caiphas, and the Crucifixion, are for the first time treated in art; others are very difficult to interpret. The early artists felt that the Crucifixion was not a suitable subject to illustrate, and certainly this first attempt is curious.[1] There is no cross indicated, but the Christ and the thieves, represented as still living, stand against the walls of Jerusalem, their hands held up in the attitude of prayer, and nailed to small pieces of wood. Very original and striking in composition is the panel where the apostle holds a crown cut through by a cross, which ends in a tongue of fire, above the head of a veiled woman, who symbolizes the Church. She looks up towards Christ, who stands encircled in a great wreath above the stars, the sun and the earth. While this scene typified the Church, the one usually called 'The Angel and Zacharias in the Temple' is really emblematic of the Empire. The Emperor stands at the door of the Christian basilica wearing the Imperial dress, and, as the Protector of the Church, is represented as being under the escort of a guardian angel. Beneath are nobles, clad in the toga, and on the lower platform the plebs, clad in the *poenula*, who acclaim the Emperor. Just as in the great basilicas of this time we pass into a wider sphere of thought, so with the doors of Sta. Sabina we reach the work of artists who breathe new life, depict fresh scenes, and try to view the world with their own eyes. The art of the catacombs, where an older tradition lingered on in its decline, is already left far behind.

The last Church built at this period was S. Pietro in Vincoli, founded by the Empress Eudoxia, wife of two Roman

[1] We can hardly reckon the mocking representation of the Crucifixion scratched by a page to tease a Christian companion, on the walls of the Domus Gelotiana, now in the Kircheriana museum.

emperors. Although rebuilt by the Della Rovere popes, and breathing the atmosphere of the Renaissance, it is still called the *Basilica Eudoxiana* and is closely connected with a legend half pagan, half Christian. It reveals to us the age when the Romans were being weaned from pagan relics and ancient rites, when the Madonna was taking the place of Venus or Diana, when S. George and the two Apostles of Rome were replacing Mars and the Twin Brethren, while S. Cecilia became the Christian Muse of Music, and out of the ancient festivals were arising so many picturesque ceremonies of the Church.

The legend begins with the story of Antony, and how all the mischief came about when he "took to wife Cleopatra," Queen of Egypt, "mighty in gold and silver and precious stones and people." Octavian wages war against them in Epirus, and when in a great battle the Queen's ship, "which was all gilded, began to give way," Antony fell in his steel and died, while, to escape a Roman triumph, Cleopatra decked herself with gold and jewels, "and would have bewitched Octavian with her beauty, but she could not. Finding herself scorned, she went decked as she was into her husband's tomb, and put to her breasts two asps . . . and they so sweetly sucked that she fell asleep and died. Octavian took away vast sums of money from the victory, and triumphed over Alexandria and Egypt and all the country of the East, and so victorious came back to Rome."

The Romans, according to the legend, gave him the name of Augustus, because the victory had taken place in the month of Sextilis, and ordained that every August the whole city should rejoice in commemorating his triumph. The Empress Eudoxia, coming to Rome on the calends of August, saw performed by the people this ancient rite, which no pope had been able to suppress. In a great speech to the people, before Pope Leo the Great and the senators, the Empress besought them, saying: "I pray you give me up the worship of the dead Emperor Octavian for the

worship of the heavenly Emperor and his Apostle Peter, whose chains, lo! I have brought from Jerusalem, and like as he delivered us from Egyptian bondage, so may that heavenly Emperor from the bondage of demons." She expressed her great desire to build a church to be called S. Peter at the chains, but, says the legend, the proposal was received by the people with small favour; yet, when the Pope instituted the feast of the chains of S. Peter, they no longer regretted the ancient Feriales.

OUTSIDE THE PORTA MAGGIORE

We cannot close this chapter without a few words concerning the walls of Rome, so intimately connected with every period of her history. Of the earliest walls we have only a little scattered information gleaned from classic authors, and — if we except the so-called Romulean fortifications on the Palatine -the first of which we have definite knowledge are those of Servius Tullius. In both these the masonry and style are similar. Unlike the cyclopean walls of Segni, Ferentino and Alatri, they are built of finely squared blocks of tufa, laid without cement in courses lengthwise and across, and fitting so closely that, until near them, the joints are difficult to perceive. Built around the hills of Rome, with the Palatine in its centre, the Servian wall enclosed and protected the famous city of the four regions. We come upon fine examples of it in many parts of the modern city—as in the goods-yard of the Central Railway Station; at the bend of the Via Merulana near the Arch of Gallienus; at Sta. Balbina, and in the

A Sweet Drink Shop

Viale di Porta S. Paolo. The style and the mason's marks resemble those of the walls of Ardea, Civita-Castellana and Anagni. The most impressive example is seen on the pseudo-aventine, where, from out of the white walls of the old refectory of Sta. Balbina, emerge the massive tufa blocks of the Servian wall. From here it descended direct to the Porta Capena of the Appian Way. Judging from the fragment left below Sta. Sabba and in the Station-yard, they must have risen to a height of some fifty feet. As early as the reign of Augustus they had for the most part been dismantled, and, being built over by the ever-growing city, were difficult to trace. In recent years interesting discoveries were made in the gardens of monasteries, as when Mr Parker found remains of the Servian Porta Capena in the vineyard of S. Gregorio. Owing to the threat of Barbarian invasion during the third century, the Emperor Aurelian built his mighty walls, girdling the city with twelve miles of brickwork.[1] Sixteen gates gave on to the great roads, besides numerous smaller ones or posterns; a covered gallery ran within the wall for the sentinels to pass around; winding staircases led up to the sentinel's path behind the parapet; and the whole was defended by three hundred and eighty-one square towers. A splendid portion of wall, with its inner gallery still complete, runs for about half a mile from the Porta S. Sebastiano toward S. Paolo. Here a faded fresco of a Madonna, painted by some early artist in an arch of the sentinel's passage, arrests us with her gentle smile.

Aurelian swept into his fortifications every building occurring on the circuit, from the pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius to the Amphitheatre Castrense, where some of the brick pillars with their moulded capitals of first-century work are still preserved. The Porta Maggiore, originally erected to carry the Aqua Claudia and Anio Novus over the consular roads leading to Labicum and Preneste, became the Porta Prænestina of the Aurelian wall. The pillars are decorated

[1] The Servian wall was only some six miles in extent.

with a design, perhaps suggested by the joints of palm-trees, and it remains a grand example of rustic work of the reign of the Emperor Claudius. The closed gateway built on the circumference of the Augustan 'Regiones' is an example of the more classical brickwork of the time of Nero. The arch with its beaded cornice and scroll pattern is still intact.

The terror of the Goths, at the close of the fourth century, caused Arcadius and Honorius to repair the Aurelian walls. In places some ten feet were added to their height, and several new towers and gateways were built. The sixth tower from the Porta Pinciana toward the Porta Salaria is the only perfect one remaining. Some of the gateways as at Porta S. Lorenzo still bear inscriptions with the names of the two Emperors.

It is no uncommon thing to find blocks of marble thrust into the brick-work of the Aurelian wall, showing the feverish haste of work accomplished while the enemy was approaching by the southern road. Honorius repaired the Porta S. Sebastiano with marble taken from a dismantled temple of Mars on the Via Appia.

Theodoric, in A.D. 500, was the next restorer of the Roman walls. "It is important to preserve as well as to create," says Cassiodorus, expressing his master's wishes. He gives his directions for the work of preserving the walls, "that thus we may deserve the thanks of ancient kings to whose works we have given immortal youth." Both he and Belisarius built huge semi-circular towers of brick, such as we see at Porta Pinciana and Porta S. Sebastiano, which make the gates look like entrances to some great fortified castle. The repairs of the Greek General, while expecting the advance of Vitiges and his Goths, were even more hastily and roughly carried out. The tradition is that Belisarius was prevented by the Romans from repairing a part of the Aurelian wall near the lower entrance of the Villa Borghese, still known as Muro torto. They believed that it had bowed to S. Peter on his way to death, and that the apostle

still guarded it with a flaming sword. The net-work brick of this great fragment of masonry shows the expert that it belongs to the first century.

Thus in the walls of Rome, 'beautifying,' as the poet Claudian says, 'her venerable countenance,' we have a visible record of her history from earliest times right down to the present day. There is the cross-hatched brickwork to recall the Flavian age; we find the gateways of many emperors, the hasty restorations of Belisarius, and slabs of marble and handfuls of rubble thrust into weak parts; and then we find the arms of Renaissance Popes set into the midst of imperial work, and in place of the Aurelian wall above S. Paolo, the bastion-shaped fortifications built by Sangallo for Paul III. Across the Tiber we can follow outside the wall of Urban VIII. (1623), who, enlarging the Leonine City, enclosed the Janiculan as well as the Vatican hills; for Aurelian had fortified only a small portion of the Janiculan and Trastevere on the right bank of the Tiber.

Nothing brings so vivid a picture of old Rome before us as walking outside the walls, and to glean even a few facts concerning them is a help towards the understanding of her bewildering history. On coming to Rome for the first time it is well for the traveller at once to make some acquaintance with the Mura Antiche. The storms of every kind which have swept over them, leaving scars and ruin in many places, he feels almost as a personal grief, and thus having gained a friend, the endless and confusing medley of sights in the heart of the city, assumes a familiar aspect even in the earlier days of his visits.

## CHAPTER IV

*Theodoric* (A.D. 500)—*Rome besieged by the Goths* (A.D. 537)—*The Ponte Nomentana—Tomb of Hadrian—Pagan shrines as Christian churches—S. Gregory the Great—S. Lorenzo fuori le mura*

"How doth the City sit solitary that was full of people."

In the year 476 an ambassador from the Roman Senate arrived at the Byzantine Court, bringing with him the diadem and crown jewels, the symbols of the Western empire. His strange petition was that Odoacer should receive the title of Patrician, and the right to govern Italy under the suzerainty of the Eastern Emperor. Shadowlike, Odoacer passed away, and in his place stands Theodoric the Great, King of the Ostrogoths. He came to Rome in A.D. 500 and received a triumphal welcome from the Romans, Senate and Pope. Though an Arian, his first care was to visit the shrine of S. Peter, where he knelt 'with great reverence like a Catholic,' and left a gift of massive silver candlesticks. He dwelt on the Palatine, and sought to identify himself with the Rome of imperial days, even adopting the name of Flavius. A gilt statue was raised to him by the senate in recognition of his wise government, and the people stamped their tiles with the name of "Our Lord Theodoric, the benefactor of Rome."

"If the people of Rome will beautify their city, we will help," writes Cassiodorus for his royal master, and he adds this instruction to the overseer of the works, which might have been written by an Italian of to-day: "See that we are receiving money's worth for the money spent." We

have already spoken of the great towers he added to some of the gates in the Aurelian wall. He also repaired several of the churches, and the coarse brickwork of his age can be traced in the Forum. He commended the plan of erecting workshops above the Porticus Curba, near the Arch of Septimus Severus.

THE ANIO

"The range of private dwellings will thereby be extended, a look of cheerful newness will be given to the old walls, and the presence of residents will tend to preserve it from decay." The Romans showed little respect for their ancient works of art, and often mutilated or carried off the statues, so that Theodoric instituted a band of watchmen "to guard that abundant population of statues and mighty herd of horses which adorn the city. . . . Nor are the statues absolutely dumb; the ringing sound which they give forth under the blows of the thief seems to admonish their drowsy guardian."

Under the wise rule of a Gothic king the city bore, for the last time, the title of 'Roma Felix.' A hundred years had passed since the poet Claudian, coming in the suite of Honorius, had described the glory of her buildings, and now it was an African abbot who tells us of her wonders. Theodoric had assembled the Romans in the Forum to declare to them his intention of ruling according to imperial law, and the people hailed him as another Trajan. The monk Fulgentius looked wonderingly around him; at the King

standing at the 'Golden Palm' by the arch of Severus surrounded by warriors, the Roman Curia ranged hard by according to their rank, and the great Boethius addressing Theodoric in a Latin oration. Temples, basilicas with sculptured friezes, marble columns and giant palaces, met his gaze on all sides, while he listened to "the shouting applause of a free people. . . ." "The splendour and pomp of this world became suddenly revealed to him," says his biographer. "The poor fugitive,[1] shocked at his own emotions, turned his glance from the magnificence of Rome toward Heaven, and astonished the surrounding crowd with the sudden ejaculation: "How beautiful must be the heavenly Jerusalem when earthly Rome shines in such splendour."

When the small Gothic garrison which Vitiges, successor to Theodoric, had left to guard Rome, marched out of the Porta Flaminia, Belisarius entered by the Porta Asinaria in the name of the Eastern Emperor. Thinking a peaceful time might still be in store for them, the fickle Roman crowd welcomed the change of rulers. But the Greek general knew a period of fighting was to come if he was to win Italy back to the empire. From behind the Aurelian wall a small army might defy a nation; so, taking up his quarters in the palace of Sulla on the Pincian hill, he set about fortifying the city and preparing for a siege. Soon five Gothic camps lay entrenched round Rome; roughly speaking they were by the gates Flaminia, Pinciana, Nomentana, Tiburtina, and Maggiore. Their first act was to cut off the water supply; and then Belisarius sounded the doom of the aqueducts, those mighty guardians of the health of Rome, when he ordered their channels to be built up to prevent the enemy from finding a secret entry within the walls. The mills by the present Ponte Sisto, hitherto worked by the rush of water from Trajan's aqueduct, became useless. "The time was now come: the mills stood still," says Procopius, which reads

[1] He had escaped from the persecutions of Vandals and taken refuge in Rome.

like a death-knell to the prosperity of the people. Belisarius, never at a loss, taught the Romans how, by fastening two boats to a bridge, with a mill upon them, they could still grind their corn by means of the Tiber current.

Every Roman turned soldier, and from sunset to sunrise they watched in turn on the ramparts with the Isaurian guards. Music roused the drowsy, the captains called each sentinel by name, and the barking of fierce dogs, who crouched in the trenches by the side of Moorish soldiers, filled the night with ghostly sounds, which travelled round the circuit of the walls, while the city lay silent within.

PONTE NOMENTANO

Two scenes, immortalised by Procopius, who dwelt with the general on the Pincian, makes 'the most memorable siege in history' alive for us.

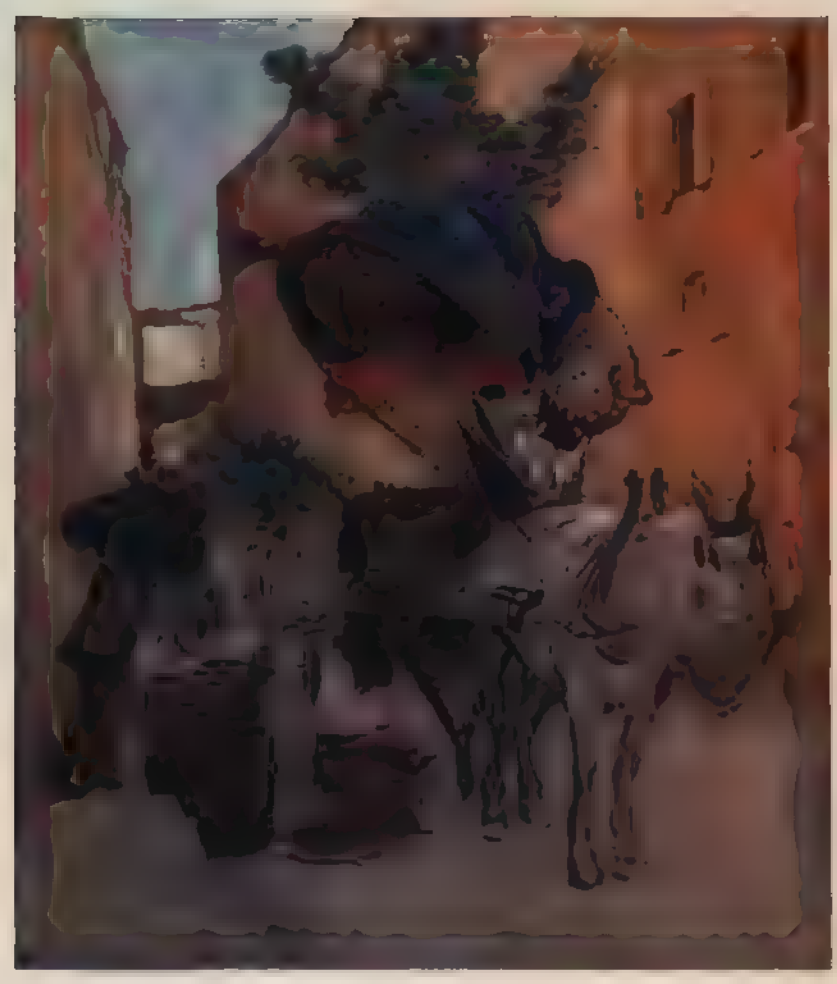
Belisarius is the hero, Greek soldiers are his brave defenders, and Romans the audience, who look on and applaud. The general had fortified the Ponte Nomentano, a strong position on the Anio, and one morning had sallied forth with a small following to inspect the garrison. He found they had been driven out by the Goths, who now held the bridge.

The Greeks, overwhelmed in numbers, engaged in a Homeric battle; Belisarius, mounted on a bay horse, well known to the Goths by the white star on its forehead, rushed into the thick of the fray, and cut down with his sword many of the enemy. Fearing for his life, the little

bodyguard of Greeks pressed after him to protect him with their shields. By evening, the Goths were driven back, and Belisarius and his little band turned swiftly towards Rome. When they reached the Porta Pinciana, the Goths were at their heels and the gates closed. The sentinels, peering down from the ramparts, failed to recognise Belisarius in the twilight, and refused admittance. For a brief space they crouched within the trenches, then made a sudden rush upon the Goths, who, thinking a fresh detachment had issued from the gate, made straight for their camp. From this incident may have arisen the legend of Belisarius begging for alms at the Porta Pinciana.

We cannot leave the ancient Mentana road without a few words on other scenes which it recalls.

An indescribable sensation of quick pulsing life, something of ancient days, is mysteriously communicated to us by the very air breathed; the turreted bridge speaks of war and peril, while the surrounding hills hold varied memories. The campagna spreads out on either side in soft undulating curves, like a sea with a heavy swell, and fortified farms and watch-towers rise up on different heights, whence no sound comes save the singing of a hundred larks. When the mist of an early June morning lies in the shallow hollows of the hills and dew on the smooth, short grass, a bloom, such as we may see on white grapes, covers the pasture lands. Far away is Rome, her domes and statues seen in miniature against a cloudless sky. The Anio, which had borne the cradle of the Twin Brethren on its swift current, flows past the Sacred Mount, where nearly five centuries before Christ, the Romans set up an altar to Jupiter. Those were the days when the plebeians were gaining power, and their going out of Rome could produce consternation among the patricians. Then came Menenius Agrippa with overtures of peace, and won them over by his famous parable of the belly and its members. A different memory lingers here. Nero, fleeing for life, was galloping towards the bridge when the horse



Roman Wine Cart

shyed at a corpse in the road, causing a handkerchief to fall from his face. A pretorian guard recognised the fugitive and saluted him as emperor, and rode away to summon his companions. A thunderstorm was raging as Nero turned off by the Vigne Nuove, and though he sought refuge at the neighbouring villa of Phaon, he knew that he must die. He tried to take his life, but had not the courage to strike hard enough. His enemies were close upon him, and the miserable man implored a freedman to kill him.

But to return to the siege of Rome. The next encounter between the troops of Belisarius and Vitiges took place round the tomb of Hadrian, which, for the first time, is described in the pages of Procopius. "The tomb of the Roman Emperor is outside the Porta Aurelia, distant from the wall about a bow-shot, a memorable sight. For it is made of Parian marble, and the stones fit closely one into another with no other fastening. It has four equal sides, each about a stone's throw in length, and in height overtopping the wall of the city. Above, there are placed statues of men and horses, made out of the same stone, marvellous to behold. This tomb, then, the men of old, since it seemed like an additional fortress for the city, joined to the line of fortifications." The Goths, soon discovering that Hadrian's mole was the key to that side of Rome, determined to make a desperate effort to take it by assault. They crept up to the Æmilian bridge under cover of the colonnade, which reached from S. Peter's to the castle, and had placed their scaling ladders against the walls before the garrison had become aware of their danger. They were unable to use catapults at such close quarters, and the quadrangular shape of the lower part of the building prevented their acting in concert against the wily assailants. The enemy was within

PORTA PINCIANA

the glamour of her past yet filled men's minds, though endless wars and the removal of the seat of empire to the East had reduced the population of the vast city to a few thousands and left her desolate. Even to our own day, there has been little real municipal life, no commerce, no industry. The past has always paralysed the present.

The sixth century found Rome sunk too low by war and pestilence for many churches to be built; but at this time took place the transformation of ancient buildings into Christian shrines. Instead of despising the relics of paganism, the Roman priesthood prudently gathered to themselves all that could be adopted from the old world. Gregorovius remarks that the Christian religion had grown up side by side with the empire, which this new power was ready to replace when the Emperor withdrew to the East. The Bishop of Rome assumed the position of Pontifex Maximus, priest and temporal ruler in one, and the workings of this so-called spiritual kingdom, with bishops as senators, and priests as leaders of the army, followed on much the same lines as the empire. The analogy was more complete when monasteries were founded and provinces were won and governed by the Church. The first temple usually said to have been adopted for Christian service was S. Stefano in Rotondo on the Cœlian; but its style and brick-work declare it to date no earlier than the beginning of the fifth century. Simplicius (A.D. 468-483) dedicated it to S. Stephen, proto-martyr, who was received with especial veneration in Rome. Judged from the picturesque point of view, S. Stefano, uniting the somewhat austere character of a pagan building with the charm of Roman Catholicism, is one of the loveliest of Italian churches. The double circular row of columns, and the two more massive ones with fine capitals, which support the roof, give a wonderful feeling of space, together with a certain virile gracefulness. When shafts of silvery light pour through the upper windows, slanting across the centre

of the silent and deserted church, the spirit of the place is drawn forth in all its beauty. Unfortunately the walls have been desecrated by terrible frescoes, coarse in treatment and repulsive in conception. Here, as in so many churches where late decorators have almost destroyed the charm of a purer age, one is tempted to exclaim 'how blessed are the short-sighted in Rome!' Simplicius also transformed the aula of a palace which the Consul Junius Bassus had built on the Esquiline, and richly set with marble, in A.D. 317, into a basilica. Its destruction during the eighteenth century was an irreparable loss, as with it we should now possess a unique example of the blending of pagan with Christian art. In the apse were mosaics of the Roman bishop, and on the walls of the hall had been left the decorations of the Roman Consul, portraits of Roman emperors, and scenes such as Hylas stolen by the nymphs, and Diana following the chase, in opus sectile marmoreum.[1] The church, while dedicated to S. Andrea, was called Cata (= Ad, or juxta) Barbara Patricia, as the property had been given to Simplicius by Flavius Valila, a Gothic general in the Greek army, who became known to posterity as the 'Patrician Barbarian.'

It was on the death of Simplicius that Odoacer, as representative of the Eastern Emperor, obtained from the Roman clergy and people the right of ratifying the papal election, which led to so much contest in later days.

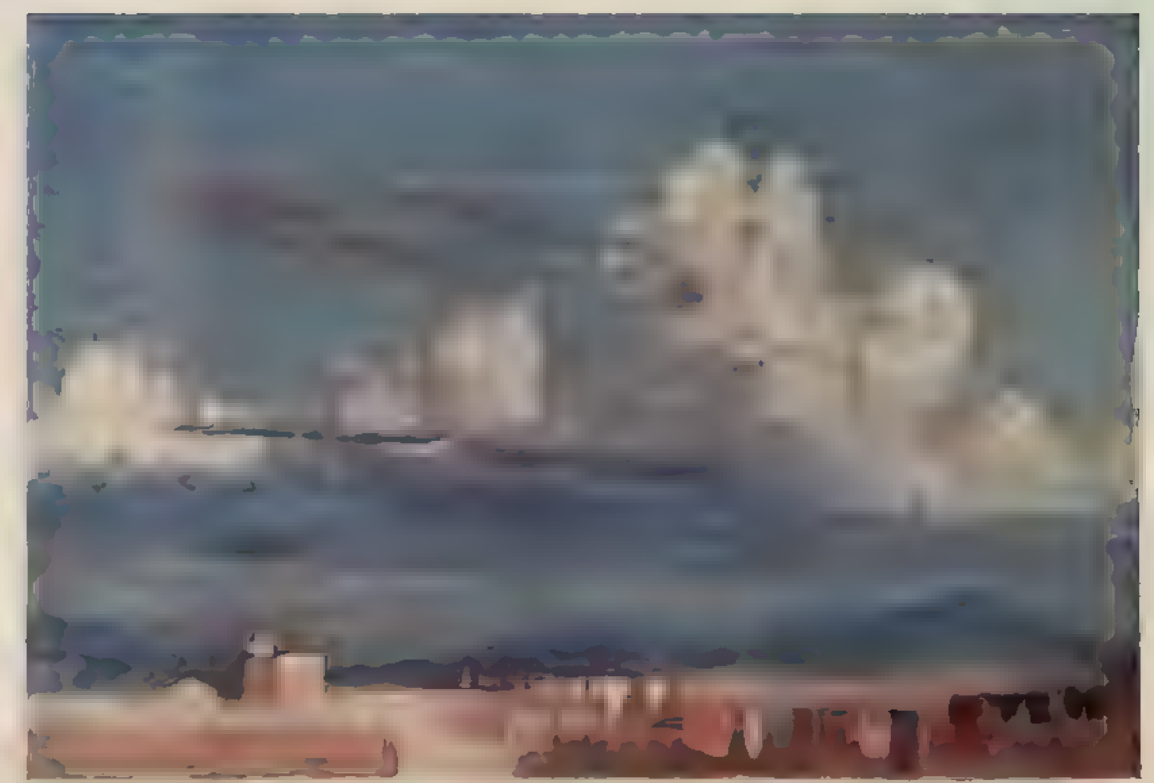
Up to the end of the fifth century pagan festivals still continued to be celebrated by the pleasure-loving citizens. Every February the clergy witnessed with wrath the mad frolics of the Lupercalia (see p. 82), which were followed by

[1] Opus sectile marmoreum, a sort of Florentine mosaic. This unique set of intarsias was destroyed in the sixteenth century by the French Antonian monks for a reason worth relating. They believed that the glutinous substance by which the layer of marble or mother of pearl was kept fast was an excellent remedy against the ague. Two are now preserved in the Church of S. Antonio in the chapel of the saint, two in the Palazzo Albani del Drago alle Quattro Fontane, on the landing of the stairs. See Lanciani, p. 30, Pagan and Christian Rome.

the Februatio, or the purification of the city from evil spirits. Finally, Gelasius (A.D. 492-496) induced the Senate to modify the pagan form of these rites, while a new interpretation was given to the festivals which were adopted in the service of the Church. Now the carnival, which preserved the tradition of the Lupercalia, has gone with its fun and character, though street boys, ignorant of the ancient meaning, still strike the passers-by with bladders, etc.

The Februalia survives in other customs. At the beginning of Lent the parish priest comes round to every house and sprinkles each room with holy water to chase away evil spirits and bring prosperity to the owners. 'Viene il prete per benedire la casa,' explain your Italian servants if you ask the meaning of the unusually thorough scrubbing which is taking place. It is without the intervention of the priests that the Tuscan peasant blesses, as it were, his own fields, invoking the protection of pastoral spirits to preserve his crops from hail and blight, and increase the measure of his corn. As night creeps over the land, bonfires are lighted in every *podere* until the hills and valleys twinkle with flame-lit eyes. Then the peasants with their children rush dancing down the grass alleys of their fields and vineyards, and each one holds aloft a flaming torch and sings a chaunt-like invocation. The feast of Pales described by Ovid when animals were brought to be blessed at the temple, was replaced by the festival of S. Anthony Abbot, the friend of the four-footed beast. Hare refers to a bas-relief in the Pio-Clementine museum of the Vatican, where a peasant is seen bringing his cows to the temple, and "the priest delaying to come forth, a calf drinks up the holy water." A modern bas-relief might represent fashionable ladies holding out their lap-dogs for a blessing at the altar, followed by peasants with their horses, pigs even, and oxen whose horns are decorated with ribbons.

On the 24th of June the Romans celebrate the feast of S. Giovanni in a way which is reminiscent of the festival of



ATLAS MOUNTAINS FROM A RIDGE

the Summer Solstice. The Via Merulana and Lateran piazza, even as far as to Sta. Croce in Jerusalemme, are covered with booths and crowded with people. Pigs and wild boars are roasted, snail-soup eaten, and with these odours of cooking mingles the scent of rosemary which crackles in the flames round these savoury meats. The women wear gilli-flowers, and all ring little clay bells. Every hour sees the revel grow fiercer until, worn out, the Romans lie about the quiet piazza in Bacchic sleep.

In many parts of Italy pagan memories live on in the feast of All Souls. It was the Etruscan custom to lay articles de toilette in the graves, money for the passage to the shades and toys for the dead children, while each year the bereaved relations visited the family tomb and spent the night in dreary communication with the departed. A curious transformation took place in Christian times. As the light fades out of the sky on All Soul's Eve hundreds of small lanterns, hung at the head of every grave, twinkle in the Campo Santo; for that night the souls leave their tombs, men say, and must have light to guide their groping footsteps to the chapel where a mass is said for them alone. Then gliding through the narrow streets to their homes they find within the door some food, water, and a shift, which are always prepared for the ghostly visitors of the year.

A small circular temple at the foot of the Palatine near the Lupercal, was dedicated to S. Teodoro (perhaps) by Felix IV. (526-530). These words were engraven in the Roman era, which, until the eighteenth century, supported the church altar: "On this marble incense was offered to the gods." Roman mothers were wont to carry their sick children to receive a blessing at the temple of the Twin Brethren which tradition associates with this church. One Sunday morning we saw a dying child brought in to be blessed by the priest with 'bell, book and candle.' The doctors had been unsuccessful and so the parents no longer went to the hospital, but they never failed in their weekly visit to S. Toto, as the

saint is familiarly called. His feast in the Middle Ages was especially kept by nurses because of the tradition that the fabulous nurse of Romulus and Remus was buried near. Innumerable are the delightful superstitions and ceremonies which can be traced back to some poetic origin, and volumes could be written about them. Of these we have only been able to choose a few on which to touch. Felix IV. also carried Christianity into the precincts of the Forum when he appropriated the circular Heroön built by Maxentius to the memory of his son Romulus, and the Templum Sacrae Urbis, on the walls of which was fixed the great marble plan of ancient Rome (see p. 37). The first became the vestibule, the second the main body of the single-naved church which Felix dedicated to SS. Cosma e Damiano, two brothers who, after the third century, took the place of Æsculapius in the popular mind. These doctors from Arabia became the patron saints of the Medici.

In the seventeenth century SS. Cosma e Damiano was modernised and divided into an upper and lower church, the one being on the level with the modern street, the other opening on to the Forum through the beautiful bronze doors of the ancient temple flanked by pillars of porphyry. Felix IV. decorated the broad apse with fine mosaics which were in their first beauty when Belisarius entered Rome to begin the Gothic war. After those of Sta. Pudenziana, they are the best mosaics left in Rome, even recalling the superb art of Ravenna, which also belong to the reign of Justinian. There is a great freedom of design throughout, and the figure of Christ standing on flamed-tinted clouds, is full of movement and impressive dignity. Much space is left all round Him, and then come the white figures of the two apostles, SS. Cosma and Damiano, and S. Theodore with a lovely design on his mantle. The figure of Felix IV. holding the model of his church is modern, and also some of the sheep to the left, which form a frieze below. Those that have been left intact are wonderfully modelled and the

attitude of each one is slightly varied. Felix IV. also may have decorated the apse of S. Teodoro with mosaics, but owing to restorations when Nicholas V. rebuilt the church, they have a curious Renaissance look about them.

Later the Forum became a Christian centre. S. Lorenzo in Miranda usurped the temple of Antoninus and Faustina with its glorious columned entrance; the Mamertine prison became dedicated to S. Peter, the temple of Concord to SS. Sergio e Bacco, its belfry, rising from the Arch of Severus, and the Senate House to S. Adriano (see p. 33, *seq.*). On the opposite side of the Forum, about the year 560, a church rose up from the halls behind the Templum Divi Augusti, and was dedicated to S. Maria Antiqua (see p. 1331), perhaps from a Byzantine image of the Virgin venerated here. When this basilica fell to ruin the cult of the Mater Dei passed to the east end of the Forum. The Temples of Venus and Rome, built by Hadrian, stood back to back, and the name of either, read in a reverse way, spelt that of the other, Amor—Roma. In 850 Leo IV., taking possession of the vestibule of the shrine of Venus, dedicated his new church to Sta. Maria Nuova, which is now known as Sta. Francesca Romana. Lanciani locates it east of the Arch of Titus, mentions S. Cesareo in Palatio (A.D. 603), which took the place of the Lararium, and contained the images of the Byzantine emperors who thus represented their rights over Rome. Greek monks guarded the images, and their monastery became, in a way, the official residence of envoys from the East.

During the following centuries a veritable city of churches and chapels rose up within the shelter of the giant walls of the Coliseum which, in the eyes of the Romans, was holy from the blood of martyrs. Four were dedicated to the Saviour, one to S. Agatha, and another to S. James, while at a much later date (eighteenth century) there were fourteen shrines with the stations of the Cross. On the outer walls we may still see a bas-relief with the Saviour's head between two

candelabra, the Arms of the Lateran Canons, to whom the Senate gave part of the ruins to use as an hospital in the fourteenth century. Who has not described the Coliseum by moonlight and been haunted by the vision of Cellini's ghosts? When Goethe visited it in 1787, a hermit dwelt in one of the chapels and "beggars were roosting amid the ruined vaults. They had lighted a fire on the bare ground, and a gentle breeze drove the smoke across the arena. The lower portion of the ruin was lost, while the enormous walls above stood forth in the darkness. . . . Gradually the smoke moved through the chinks and apertures in the walls, and the moon illuminated it like a mist."

While enumerating some of the pagan shrines converted into Christian sanctuaries, we cannot leave out the hill-set chapel of S. Urbano alla Caffarella, which stands on pasture lands between the Appian and the Latin Ways. It presents one of those delightful medleys so frequent in Rome. Dedicated originally to Ceres and Faustina, it received the name of S. Urbano in the ninth century in honour of the martyred friend of S. Cecilia. Without we find 'stucco and brick of the time of Marcus Aurelius,' while within, the same donors of some frescoes in the lower church of S. Clemente, had the panels between the pilasters of the *cella* decorated with scenes from the lives of the S. Urban, S. Cecilia, and S. Valerian in A.D. 1011. In the seventeenth century the Barberini Pope (Urban VIII.) gave a somewhat fortress-like appearance to the dainty building by the addition of buttresses, and he also filled up the spaces between the columns of the vestibule. The brick walls, toned down into soft shades of brown and red, form a beautiful picture seen as a silhouette against ilexes of the Sacred Grove, and the far-off Alban and Sabine hills bathed in lights of limpid blue.

The grandest monument of antiquity which became a Christian church was the Pantheon, the queen of Roman buildings. In the 'Mirabilia' we read the legend of its

building. The bell of the image of the Persian kingdom that stood in the Capitol had rung, and informed the Romans that they must prepare for war (see p. 254). This was in the time of Augustus, "and the senators did lay the ordering of this war upon the prefect, Agrippa." Fearing so great a responsibility, he "asked leave to take counsel for three days . . . and one night, out of too much thinking he fell asleep, and there appeared to him a woman, who said unto him: 'What doest thou, Agrippa? forsooth, thou art in great thought; . . . comfort thee and promise me, if thou shalt win the victory, to make me a temple such as I show unto thee.' And he said, 'Lady, I will make it' . . . and he asked, 'Lady, who art thou?' She answered, 'I am Cybele, the mother of the gods. Bear libations to Neptune . . . that he help thee; and make this temple to be dedicated to my worship and Neptune's, because he will be with thee, and thou shalt prevail.' Agrippa then arose with gladness, and rehearsed in the Senate all these sayings; and he went with a great array of ships and with five legions, and overcame the Persians, putting them under a yearly tribute to the Roman Senate." The Mirabilia relates what history also reveals, that Boniface IV. (in *c.* 610), seeing so marvellous a temple dedicated to a heathen goddess, begged the Emperor Phocas, whose column had but lately been dedicated in the Forum, to grant it as a gift for Christian worship. In the preceding pontificate the same emperor had settled the dispute concerning the supremacy between the Bishop of Rome and the Patriarch of Constantinople by decreeing that Rome was henceforward the apostolic head of Christendom. The gift of the Pantheon sealed the verdict. Boniface came with all his clergy to sprinkle the walls with holy water, and so chase away the evil spirits who were believed to have made the Pantheon into their stronghold. The polished marble panellings and the *cesette* with metal rosettes adorned the dome, while some of the pagan statues still stood in the niches. The roof shone with its

SAN STEFANO IN ROTONDO

covering of gilded bronze tiles, "so that from afar it seemed as a mountain of gold." The great 'eye' of the Pantheon open to the heavens impressed the mediæval Romans as deeply as the modern traveller, for over this circular window of the cupola was believed to have stood the golden statue of Cybele. Just as Sta. Sabina replaced the worship of Diana on the Aventine, the Blessed Virgin, mother of all the saints and martyrs, received the dedication of Cybele's temple, and some thirty waggon-loads of bones were brought from the Catacombs to sanctify the Christian Church. The consecration took place in the day of the Calends of November, when Boniface (we quote the legend) ordained that each day mass should be sung by the Roman pontiff,—"and that on the same day all saints with their mother, Mary, ever-

virgin. and the heavenly spirits should have festival, and the dead, throughout the churches of the whole world, should have a sacrifice for ransom of their souls." Thus from earliest times the spirit of mourning took possession of the Pantheon, abiding there to this day, when on the feast of All Souls prayers rise up from her altars for many an unknown departed spirit, for Raphael and his affianced bride, and for the kings of modern Italy.

No sooner had the fear of the Goths passed away than the Lombards appeared in Italy, and their king, Alboin, desired to rule from the Palatine as Theodoric the Ostrogoth had done. The enemy never actually entered the gates of Rome, but they ravaged the country round and kept the citizens in a state of suspense. The Eastern Emperor was too occupied with a Persian war to aid them, and it is thought that now arose the first military organisation of the people. Pestilence raged in the year 578, and the Lombard Duke of Spoleto was laying siege to Rome; yet we have records of a builder Pope. Pelagius II., a Roman of Gothic descent, proudly inscribed on the triumphal arch of S. Lorenzo fuori le mura, how he had built this shrine to the martyr Lawrence, under the swords of the enemy. Pagan temples were not well suited as Christian churches, and as quickly as vitality returned between onslaughts of disease and war, churches began to be built on the old basilican design. S. Lorenzo was the first important building raised since the days of Leo the Great and the Empress Eudoxia. It is believed by some writers that Pelagius found some fluted columns standing, which had formed a colonnade round a small shrine erected in earlier days, perhaps by Sixtus III., over the venerated tomb. These he used for the nave of the church. Their capitals are finely ornamented, two of them with trophies; they carry an uneven frieze of richly sculptured fragments taken from various imperial buildings, and above, divided by smaller fluted columns, rises a triforium, which breaks the monotony of wall space. The

only mosaics remaining, with which he decorated the whole of the church, are those of the triumphal arch, where one of the earliest representations of an ascetic Christ is seen, enthroned upon the globe, between Pelagius, SS. Lawrence and Peter, SS. Paul, Stephen and Hyppolitus. On either side are the lattice-work windows of alabaster, which are now only used as decoration. Early in the thirteenth century Honorius III. turned the church completely round by building on a nave to where the apse had been, and converting the church of Pelagius into a choir. He raised the level of the floor, and formed a sort of crypt, whence we can see the whole height of the great columns. If upon entering S. Lorenzo we are careful to look straight ahead, and so avoid seeing the sham decorations, a fine impression is obtained of a church paved with mediæval marble work and flanked by ionic columns and amboines inlaid with serpentine and porphyry; while beyond a glimpse is caught of the columns of phrygian marble belonging to the earlier church. The whole atmosphere vibrates with a white and dazzling light. There is a charm too in the way that pagan works of art have been made use of. In the portico a pope of the eleventh century was buried in a sarcophagus ornamented with a thickly-set pattern of vines, cupids gathering grapes, and peacocks feeding, while within the church a cardinal, nephew of Innocent IV., lies in an ancient tomb, on which is sculptured a bridal procession. The Gothic canopy surmounting it and the fresco representing pope and cardinal being presented to Christ by Saints, completes the quaint medley. A crypt, opening out of the left aisle, leads into a dark passage, where a grating shows the winding labyrinth of the catacombs of S. Ciriaco, wherein the body of S. Lorenzo was said to have been found. Three sculptured heads, belonging perhaps to a pagan road-side tomb, loom out above an altar where mass is said for the departed. They are labelled with the names of saints. Coming suddenly upon them in the deep stillness of the place, the candle-light

SAN STEFANO IN ROTONDO

showing their features in strong relief, they produce a deep impression, like that of meeting some living thing in a land of ghosts and memories. A Lombard incursion up the valleys of the Anio and Liris, which left the monasteries of S. Scolastica and Monte Cassino a heap of ruins, caused the benedictine monks to take refuge in Rome. Pelagius II. gave them a convent near the Lateran, the first of this great Order established in the city. The first convent had been founded by Leo the Great near S. Peter's. But the great monastic movement took place early in the sixth century, when the young Benedict, sick at heart with the wickedness of the Roman world, fled away into the Sabine mountains, and founded his twelve hermitages in the valley of the Anio, even where Nero had built a villa and fished in the torrent-river

with a golden net. Thence, driven by the persecution of a jealous neighbour, he crossed the mountain with his monks and founded the monastery of Monte Cassino, which became the refuge of learned and pious men during the dark ages. S. Benedict has not a very close and personal connection with Rome, having paid only one visit to it after he left at the age of fourteen. But his memory lives on in the small church of S. Benedetto in Piscinula, in the Trastevere where his parents had a house. He is believed to have been a scion of the great Anician family, which had given an Emperor and many senators to Rome. To this family also belonged Silvia, the mother of S. Gregory the Great.

The last-named carried on the work of S. Benedict, and on the death of his father, turned the family mansion on the Cœlian into a monastery dedicated to S. Andrew, and dwelt there as a humble monk beneath the abbot's rule. He records that some 3000 nuns lived in Rome at this time, supported by the Church. "The lives of these women are passed in such tears and self-denial, that but for them none of us would have been able to survive the swords of the Lombards for so many years." His charity embraced every one who was in distress. Daily he fed the poor with his own hands, and many a celestial visitor came to him for alms. Once, there being no more money in all the abbey, he gave a poor man "a dish of silver in which his mother was wont to send him his pottage"; and the angel took it 'with joy' and vanished away.

With pestilence abroad, famine in the land, and the Lombards ever at the gates of Rome, it is not surprising that people thought the promised end of the world was approaching, and while some hastened into monasteries, others gave their wealth and lands away to the Church for the salvation of their souls. In eloquent and melancholy sermons, S. Gregory, like a prophet of old, pointed a moral in this 'sea of troubles' through which the 'hoary world' was moving, and the people listened spellbound.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

LUCA SIGNORELLI — PAVILION OF PRINCE ROSPIGLIOSI.

When Pelagius died of pestilence, the clergy and people elected S. Gregory, who had been prefect of the city, but he fled from them, and was taken secretly out of Rome by some merchants 'in a tun upon a cart.' He hid in a ditch, and while the citizens sought him, a pillar of light descended from heaven and showed them where he lay concealed. Before consenting to his election, he organised a great procession to call down the mercy of heaven on plague-stricken Rome. Groups of penitents, the clergy, abbots, monks, nuns and all the laymen with their families came from the different churches on the hills and in the valleys of the city, and, forming in double file, wended their way in a great surging concourse to Sta. Maria Maggiore. For three days they assembled at dawn, and, led by S. Gregory carrying the Cross, walked through the streets, singing the Kyrie Eleison. On the last day, as they crossed the bridge of Hadrian on their way to S. Peter's, the people looked more than ever like spectres, and men fell dead of the pestilence as the procession moved on. S. Gregory and all the people, raising their eyes to heaven in earnest prayer, saw the archangel Michael descend upon the battlements of S. Angelo, and as a sign that the plague had ceased, he sheathed his flaming sword. In memory of the legend, the tomb of Hadrian received the name of Castel S. Angelo, and the statue of S. Michael appears above it as the winged genius of Christian Rome.

"S. Gregory," says the Golden Legend, "was ever busy to convert sinners; he made and compiled many fair books, by which the Church is greatly illumined. He was never idle, how well that he was always sick." The famous dialogues which he wrote, a compilation of saints' legends including the story of S. Benedict, are the product of an age of superstition and of belief that in the Church alone was salvation. He recorded marvellous and fantastic miracles performed by others, but worked none himself, though his biographer says that he could easily have done so had he so

wished. On his death the fickle Romans, believing some slanderous tales, rushed to the monastery and tried to burn all his books. His friend, Peter the deacon, besought them to spare these treasured manuscripts, saying he had often seen the Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove, flying above S. Gregory's head while he wrote. "Swear to this till death," cried the people, "and we will not touch his books." Peter, mounting the ambo in the church, swore to it upon the gospels, and "breathed out his spirit amid his true confession."

S. Gregory, in many ways, may be considered as the greatest of Roman bishops. He founded the mediæval papacy, and he made known his power when he entered into a treaty with the Lombards without awaiting the imperial sanction.

In the general distress, with Rome falling to ruin, the bishop was closer to his people, and ruled, while he protected them, as a temporal and spiritual lord. Hobbes gives the feeling of the change that has come about when he described the Papacy as the "Ghost of the Roman empire seated on the throne thereof." To English people S. Gregory will always be remembered as the Pope who sent S. Augustine to convert England. His church in the Cœlian, adjoining the monastery he founded in honour of S. Andrew, has been much modernised, but its peaceful surroundings are reminiscent of ancient times. The paternal mansion was built within sight of many great monuments of classical Rome above the Via Triumphalis and to the right of the Clivus Scauri, where Father Grisar sees in some ruined walls the design of a spacious hall which may have been the library of S. Gregory. Through a door in the cortile and across a little garden there stand three buildings joined together by a colonnade—the whole arrangement of them seems strange, and the present form may recall the plan of the ancient palace. One of them is still shown as the banqueting-hall where he was wont to feed the poor at the long marble table. One curious relic of

S. Gregory is said to be preserved at the Lateran, the little scourge with which he used to admonish the choir boys. For it must be remembered that he founded a school of singing at S. Gregorio and at the Lateran, and was the originator of the Gregorian music. Frankish monks came hither to be taught, but a chronicler says that they never learnt to trill their notes.

## CHAPTER V

*Old S. Peter's—The Saxon Colony in Rome—The Lateran —Ceremonies of Imperial and Papal Coronations*

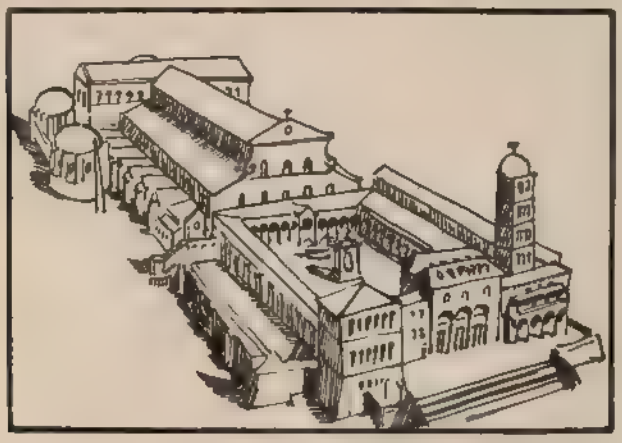
OLD S. Peter's must have been historically the most interesting church in Rome, and the one most full of character. The popes of the Renaissance who so ruthlessly pulled it down were brought into touch with the past when their workmen reached the level of innumerable tombs. Round the sepulchral chamber of S. Peter, several of his successors had been buried, ranged "like bishops assisting at a council," within the sacred enclosure, and each body was swathed in narrow bands of linen, dipped in aromatics. Close by, but at a lower level, were several pagan tombs buried on the ancient Via Cornelia which, skirting Caligula's circus, ran beneath the whole length of the basilica. In 1458, while digging a grave for a priest in the chapel of S. Petronilla, "where the story of the Emperor Constantine was painted in ancient times," they discovered a marble sarcophagus enclosing a smaller coffin of cyprus wood wherein was the body of a little child.[1] All thought that they looked upon the bodies of Constantine and his son, and great reverence was shown by the people. But Calixtus III., in want of money for crusades, sent the clothes of gold in which they were wrapt, to the mint.

The Emperor Honorius and his two wives, the daughters of Stilicho, were buried in a circular chapel known during the Renaissance as the temple of Apollo. A similar chapel adjoining it, Sta. Maria della Febbre, was pulled down

[1] The site of this chapel is enclosed within the left transept of the present church.

The Lateran from the Amphitheatrum Castrense.

in 1777 when the present sacristy (the first entered) was built. Both had their foundations on the spina of the Circus, and one or other covered the traditional spot of S. Peter's martyrdom. In the reign of Paul III. his workers came upon the tomb of the Empress Maria. She was still clothed in imperial robes, with a shroud of gold about her, and a golden veil covering her face, and her wedding gifts lay by her in two caskets. There were smelling bottles of cut crystal, goblets of agate, vases studded with gems, finely set



OLD S. PETER'S

jewels, a silver hair-pin and a large emerald engraved with the bust of her husband Honorius. The Farnese Pope sent all the gold to the mint, and sold the rest for the building of his new basilica.

A great feature of old S. Peter's was its marble-paved atrium which the pilgrim entered by bronze doors, inlaid with silver niello work, representing all the cities and castles within the domain of the Holy See. Stephen II. (752) added a bell-tower to it, the first of its kind in Rome, and a little later Adrian I. placed great bronze doors at its entrance which had come from a temple at Perugia; while Leo. IV.

adorned one of the windows with a small column, having a Greek dedication to Serapis. On festival days, during the Middle Ages, the colonnade of the atrium would be filled with stalls covered with medals and objects of devotion; vendors of fruit and salt fish plied a brisk trade, and even a physician and drawer of teeth might be found by the pilgrim. In the centre stood the famous fountain of Bishop Symmachus (498-514) who had all the ancient Roman's love of baths. Its roof of gilded bronze, supported by six porphyry columns, was enclosed by small marble screens on which griffins were carved, its corners ornamented by gilded dolphins and peacocks of bronze. The water flowed into a square basin from out of a bronze pine cone, which may have come from Hadrian's mausoleum. Dante describes a face in the Inferno as being as long and big as the "pigna di S. Pietro." Most of the fountain was melted down by Paul V., to cast the Madonna on the column by Sta. Maria Maggiore; only the pine cone and two peacocks stand in the courtyard of the Belvedere.

Across the great atrium through the crowd of pilgrims, the Pope, clothed in pontifical vestments, passed out on his way to mass from the small basilica-shaped vestry which opened on to it. The religious life of Rome centred here for it was the goal of every Christian. Beneath the columned vestibule of the basilica lay the dead: Leo and Gregory the Great, the Saxon pilgrim kings, Ceadwalla, Offa of Essex, Coenred of Mercia, and near by Otto II. Believing that Honorius III. and Theodosius II. also rested here, S. John Chrysostom wrote: "Emperors were proud to stand in the hall, keeping guard at the fisherman's door." After the seventh century the popes were buried in the church, which soon was crowded with their effigies and memorials. Now, with two exceptions, their tombs lie in the dark crypts of the vatican. Among them is the sarcophagus of Junius Bassus (A.D. 350) ornamented with sculptured scenes from the Old Testament which are

framed within small columns. The artist aimed at realism when he represented Job's wife holding her handkerchief to her nose.

In the eighth century old S. Peter's was seen in all its glory, before the Saracens had robbed it of so much treasure. Its façade, on a larger scale, seems to have resembled that of S. Maria in Trastevere. Five doors opened from the vestibule or portico into the five aisles of the basilica. Funerals passed under the Porta Judicii; men entered by the Porta Ravenniana (the origin of the name is obscure); and pilgrims and strangers by the Porta Giudonea. The principal entrance, opened only for a Pope or Emperor, was called the Porta Argentea from the silver ornaments and figures of the apostles, whose halos were of precious stones. Within the church, the old world and the new met together in the strangest medley of pagan and Christian ornament. The pavement had been laid partly with marble slabs taken from the circus, on which were ancient inscriptions; and the walls, built of fragmentary tiles, were covered with mosaic pictures of saints, set between pilasters. The frieze of the architrave, pieced together with antique sculptures, rested on capitals of marble and granite columns, of which hardly two could be found to match. On many the inscriptions in praise of the Emperors Titus, Trajan and Gallienus had been left, and on the capitals of two columns near the altar, Hadrian's bust was seen framed in a design of acanthus leaves. The early bishops seldom destroyed pagan works of art for they had no stone carvers to replace them. With holy water they conscientiously chased away the demons, and the Roman people, looking up admiringly at these relics of the great classical world, felt them to be intimately connected with their own lives. Their attitude of mind is expressed by S. Jerome, who read his classical authors with delight, but then, feeling the wrath of the apostles upon him, did penance for the act.

But these details were seen at leisure. The pilgrim on

first entering only realised the great space about him, the four long rows of closely set columns, and the great triumphal arch which framed the mosaics of the apse where Constantine stood in the clouds offering his basilica to the Saviour and S. Peter. Then he looked towards the sacred shrine above the apostle's grave, where lamps burnt unceasingly, and cast a dazzling halo about the high altar, for they were reflected in the silver paving of the presbytery, and on the golden gates and images of the Confessio. Immediately behind the altar stood a long panel of gold studded with gems, and ornamented with figures of Christ and the Apostles, a votive offering from the Emperor Valentinian III. The high altar and its brilliant surroundings were seen from the nave between a double row of twisted marble columns, 'white as snow.' A beam covered with plates of silver united them and supported great silver images of the Saviour, the Virgin and Apostles, with lilies and candelabra. Six were those of Constantine, and one, wreathed round with a delicate pattern of vine-leaves, may still be seen in the Chapel of the Pietà; the others were placed there by Gregory III., who sought still further to adorn the Church at the time of the Iconoclastic persecution. S. Gregory of Tours records a visit paid to the shrine of S. Peter by his deacon at the end of the sixth century, which brings the mediæval pilgrim very vividly before us:

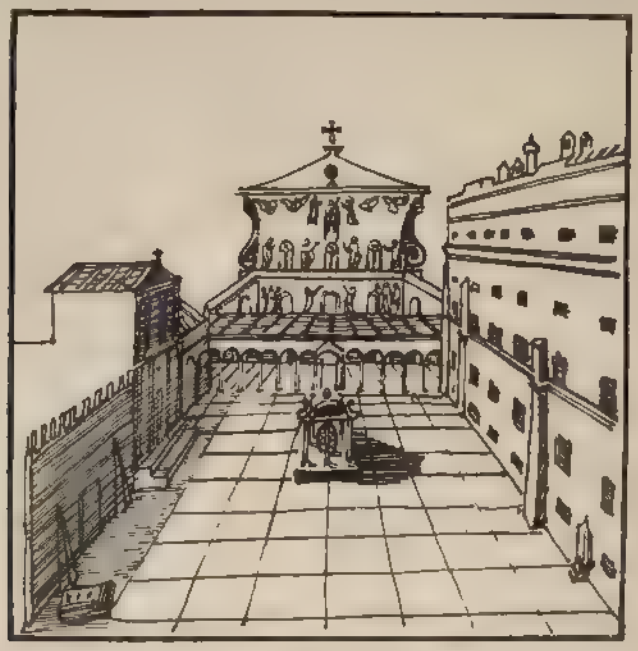
"St Peter is buried in a church which in ancient times was called the Vatican. . . . His sepulchre, which is placed under the altar, is exceedingly rarely entered. However, if anybody desires to pray, the gates by which the place is fenced are opened, and he goes in above the sepulchre, and then having opened a little window, puts his head within and makes request concerning his needs. Nor if, on the petition being a just one, is the result delayed. If he desires to carry away with him some blessed memorial, he throws within a little handkerchief that has been carefully weighed, and then, watching and fasting, he prays most fervently that

the apostle may give an effective answer to his devotion. Wonderful to say, if the faith of the man prevails, the handkerchief when it is raised from the tomb is so filled with divine virtue that it weighs much more than it did before, and then he who has raised it knows that he has obtained the favour he sought. Many also make golden keys to unlock the gates of the blessed sepulchre, and then they take away those that were used before as a sacred treasure."

Two chapels in S. Peter's were also of especial interest to pilgrims. Where now the north transept of S. Peter's extends, Damasus I. in A.D. 366 had built a baptistery adorning it with mosaics, which, later, the poet Prudentius described with enthusiasm. Here he placed the traditional episcopal chair of S. Peter, which was said to have been the Sella Curialis of the Senator Pudens. Gregorovius saw it in 1867 when it came out of its case, the first time for two hundred years. Originally entirely of oak, the chair had undergone many restorations, and was patched with acacia wood. Panels of ivory engraven with centaurs, animals in combat and the labours of Hercules, ornamented the front. Also much honoured was the chapel built by John VII. (705-707), for the safe custody of S. Veronica's handkerchief which, a legend tells us, had cured Tiberius of leprosy. In consequence of the miracle the Emperor had wished to place Christ among the gods, but the Senate refusing he "became suddenly transformed from an amiable prince into a cruel tyrant." Pope John, the decorator of Sta. Maria Antiqua, covered the walls of this chapel with mosaics which, at the time, were considered the wonder of Rome. The history of Christianity unfolded itself to the unlettered pilgrim in a series of scenes taken from the lives of Christ and the Apostles. The mosaic of the veiled virgin with the child was taken to Sta. Maria in Cosmedin, when they pulled the chapel down in 1639.

Of the innumerable visitors to Rome, the most interesting to English people are the Saxon kings, who came soon

after the conversion of England by the envoys of Gregory the Great. The earliest mention of a royal visit to Rome is found in Bede in 670. Oswy, King of the Northumbrians, wishing to end his days at the holy places, begged Bishop Wilfrid to conduct him on his journey. But death overtook him before he could set out. The first Saxon pilgrims we



OLD S. PETER'S

know of were Bishop Wilfrid and Benet Biscop, who went there to study as well as to pray.[1] The movement had probably been set on foot by the Irish pilgrims. Caedwalla, King of the West Saxons, made the first royal pilgrimage to Rome, and quitted his crown for the sake of our Lord and

[1] I am indebted for most of these facts relating to the Schola Saxonum to Dr W. Croke, whose work among the Roman archives is well known.

His Everlasting Kingdom. Sergius I., baptised him on Holy Saturday in the year of our Lord 689,[1] and being still in the white garments of a catachumen, he fell sick and departed this life on the twelfth of the Kalend of May, and was associated with the blessed in heaven. The inscription on his tomb was found in the vestibule of old S. Peter's, but has not been preserved.

Coenred, King of the Mercians, "quitting the throne of his kingdom, went to Rome, where being shorn and made a monk at the relics of the apostles, he continued to his last hour in prayers, fasting, and almsdeeds. With him went the son Sigher, King of the East Saxons . . . whose name was Offa, a youth of most lovely age and beauty, and most earnestly desired by all his nation to be their king. He with like devotion quitted his wife, lands and kindred and country . . . he also, when they came to the holy places at Rome, receiving a tonsure and adopting the monastic life, attained the long-wished for sight of the blessed Apostles in Heaven." A visit to Rome, Bede tells us, was a thing then held to be 'of great virtue.' Even Macbeth, in the garb of a penitent, is said to have made the pilgrimage. More historical is the visit of Ethelwulf in the middle of the ninth century, who was crowned and anointed by Leo IV. With him came his son Alfred. Besides bringing many gifts to S. Peter's he made by will a perpetual charge upon his lands of three hundred crowns to be sent every year to Rome, of which one hundred was to be used to illuminate the basilica on Holy Saturday and Easter Day. In 1883 were found many hundreds of Anglo-Saxon silver coins of this Peter's Pence in the atrium of the Vestals, and among them were pennies of the time of Alfred the Great and Athelstan.

The record of visits, says Dr Croke, continued until the year 1070, when Archbishop Lanfranc came to Rome. The last king to come was Canute the Dane, at the time of the Coronation of Conrad II. in 1027.

[1] In the baptistery of B. Damasus.

William of Malmesbury gives a delightful letter of his:

"Canute, King of England, Denmark and Norway, to Aegelnoth, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Aelfric, Archbishop of York, and to all bishops and primates and all the English people, both nobles and people, health. This is to let you know that I am lately arrived in Rome, to pray for my sins and for the welfare of my realms and all my subjects. For a long time had I vowed this journey to God; but affairs of state and other causes preventing me, hitherto I had not been able to perform it. But now to God Almighty do I very humbly return thanks that He has allowed me in person to visit the sanctuaries of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and all the shrines both within and without the city of Rome, where I had longed to worship and adore. More especially did I accomplish this because I had learnt of the wise that S. Peter the Apostle received of God the great power of binding and loosing the keys of Heaven; therefore was I most desirous to solicit his mediation with God Almighty.

"But rather let me tell you of the crowd of nobles in Rome present for the Feast of Easter with our Lord Pope John and the Emperor Conrad, as if all the princes of the peoples from Mount Garganus even to this sea, all of whom received me with honour and bestowed on me great gifts.

"Most of all am I honoured by the gifts I have received from the Emperor himself, vessels of gold and of silver, rich and rare apparel. I spoke with the Emperor and our lord Pope, and the princes who were there, how urgent it was that they should grant greater protection and safety for all my people, both English and Danes, on their way to Rome; that they should not be let or hindered by the way, nor harried by unjust tolls; and the Emperor granted my request, and Rudolf, King of Arles, who is chiefly responsible for such hindrances, and all the princes signed the edict to give my subjects, merchants as well as pilgrims, free pass without

let or hindrance, and in all safety, both going and returning from Rome ; and I complained again to the lord Pope personally that it caused me great displeasure that my archbishops are so impoverished by vast sums of money which are expected of them when they come to the Apostolic See, according to custom, for the confirming of their office. All which things on behalf of my people were freely granted by the lord Pope and the Emperor and King Rudolf and the other princes, through whose territories lies our way to Rome; and they sealed it with a solemn oath, to which four archbishops were witness, and twenty bishops and an innumerable host of princes and nobles who were there. Wherefore I return grateful thanks to Almighty God that all I had desired of purposed I have satisfactorily performed and fulfilled the vows I had at heart."

In very early days was founded a Schola Saxonum. Dr Croke thinks that it may have owed its origin to S. Wilfrid in 650.

It grew into a great settlement, extending over the district now known as the Borgo Vecchio. The Saxons lived in wooden houses set close together round their hospital church of Sta. Maria in Sassia, and were buried in their private cemetery. There was probably a more spacious dwelling where the Saxon kings lodged during their visits. Offa, coming to Rome in 793, entered the Schola of the English, and "he gave from his royal munificence for the maintenance of his people during their stay in Rome, a silver penny for every family for ever."

That the Schola had grown into a settlement is shown by a contemporary account of a fire under Pascal I., 817. "Diabolic fraud and the slothfulness of certain people of the English race caused the destruction of their entire place of residence, which in their language is called Burg."

Thus there was a Saxon borgo within the Pontifical area. The great fire in the time of Leo IV. again destroyed "the dwelling-houses of the Saxons and Lombards, and came very

near to the basilica of the Blessed Peter." Sta. Maria in Sassia was burned, and Pope Leo IV. rebuilt it for the Saxons.

In the reign of Sergius II. (844-847) when a Saracen invasion threatened, the Saxons had developed a civil and military co-operation, and together, with the Frisians and Franks, were called out to defend the city against the pirates.

But in the end the Saracens, forcing an entrance, sacked the borgo and ransacked the basilica of S. Peter's. To avoid a repetition of such a disaster, Leo IV. (847-855) undertook the great work of surrounding the Vatican district with a wall. Built of tufa and tiles, and defended by forty towers, it started from Hadrian's mausoleum and enclosed the basilica of S. Peter's in a horse shoe girdle ; the gate which connected the Leonine city with the Trastevere received the name of Posterula Saxonum as it stood in the Saxon Quarter on the site of the present Porta di S. Spirito. Papal Rome now bid defiance to barbarian hordes, and on June 27, 852, Leo IV. blessed the new city of the popes. Clergy and Cardinal-Bishops walked with him barefoot round the walls, ashes strewn on their heads, and chaunting as they went. Every gate was sprinkled with Holy Water, and the ceremony ended, Leo gave gold and silver and divided silken raiment among the nobles and people, and the foreign settlements.

The Schola decreased during the troubled centuries which followed, and in 1204 King John gave their property over to Innocent III., who built the hospital of S. Spirito beside the church of Sta. Maria in Sassia. Sixtus IV. rebuilt it in 1471, and during the Renaissance the confraternity of S. Spirito became very famous, and every distinguished visitor to Rome was anxious to sign his name in the parchment scroll of the hospital.

In 1204 the English Colony in Rome migrated to the Region of the Parione, the centre of mediæval Rome by the Piazza Navona. Their church, administered by English priests, was S. Pantaleo, called also a Pasquino, because of its proximity to the well-known statue. On one of the bells was the

Old English Cemetery

THE ARMS OF THE LATERAN

following inscription: D. Preaesbiteri Angli A.D. 1243. The first historical mention we have of their hospital of the Holy Trinity and S. Thomas of Canterbury, now the English College, is in the reign of Eugenius IV., who is said to have built the church. The French destroyed much of it, but fortunately a copy of interesting inscriptions on the English tombs had been taken, and the beautiful Renaissance tomb of Bishop Bainbridge escaped their vandalism, for it stood at that time in a corridor of the hospital. Of the fifteenth century church, now entirely rebuilt, there is one Gothic window remaining, placed in the wall of the college garden.

As Dr Croke remarks, we thus have in Rome the record of eleven hundred years of English life. Space does not allow me to say anything about the other colonies which dwelt in Rome and there had their churches and hospices. For instance, Sta. Maria in Cosmedin was the centre of an ancient Byzantine settlement known as Sta. Maria in Schola Græca, and the left bank of the Tiber in that part as the Ripa Græca; it was only after the time of Adrian I., who adorned it afresh, that the church became known as Sta. Maria in Cosmedin.

No quarter of Rome is so sad, so oppressively peaceful,

or laden with papal memories as the Lateran hill. For nearly a thousand years it was the Capitol, Palatine and Forum of the religious world. Bounded on one side by the Aurelian wall, and entered by a double arch formed by the Neronian aqueduct, whose waters fed the baptistery, it remained a city apart, complete with a basilica, a bishop's palace, prisons, monasteries, hospital and private dwellings. The inscription inserted in the walls of an ancient trattoria still there, records that none were taxed within the circuit. Vivid contrasts showed in the lives of these Romans. They walked in procession devoutly praying; more than once they dragged their pontiff from the altar to leave him half-dead in the streets, and then sought pardon, kissed his ring, and came to receive of his bounty at the Lateran. The bishops walked barefoot through Rome on feast-days, said their mass, and often with a dagger at their side and spurs on their feet mounted a horse to fly the falcon. Their drinking vessels were of gold, their beds inlaid with gold; and they gave rich offerings to the altar of a patron saint, and saw that a lamp was ever burning before his shrine.

As the Lateran became the important centre of life, its piazza was soon adorned with some of the most venerated works of antiquity. Benjamin of Tudela (A.D. 1170) saw the statue of the Sun-god which S. Sylvester brought here when he destroyed the Coliseum.[1] The bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius also stood here, and was greeted by the Romans as that of Constantine, to which we owe its preservation. A block of mediæval masonry which has made way for the obelisk was part of a tower which held in a niche at its base the bronze wolf of the Capitol. It was connected with a terrible event recorded by Infessura, which shows that the Lateran 'city' was also the scene of executions. When the popes departed to Avignon, fearing for the safety of their treasures, they pronounced a solemn excommunication

[1] The bronze head in the court of the Palazzo dei Conservatori is said to be the same which was once at the Lateran.

against any who should steal them, and left them in the charge of the Lateran clergy. The people seem to have respected the order; but in 1438 a Canon of the Basilica, his nephew and another cleric, stole the gems from the caskets which enclosed the heads of SS. Peter and Paul. The robbery was traced to them by means of a pearl which had been sold to a jeweller, and had attracted attention by its magnificence. The treasure was discovered and brought back to the Lateran by the senators and clergy in procession; while the thieves were placed during four days in wooden cages set up on poles in the Campo dei Fiori. As a reminder of apostolic punishments, their imprisonment and subsequent fate were depicted on the walls of the Lateran basilica.[1] The Canon rode backwards on a mule to the piazza followed by the presbyters, who were dragged along on a board. First they cut off their right hands and nailed them to the tower by the bronze wolf; and then they hanged the Canon on an elm tree, while they burnt his companions at the stake, close to the tower. The long Via Merulana leading to this mother church of Christendom, the wide and silent piazza and now deserted palace gives the feeling of the aloofness and rigid coldness of a certain side of ecclesiastical Rome. But from a distance we realise the charm which the late renaissance laid upon the Lateran. Its white statues seen against the sky from every part of Rome and the Campagna gleam, fade, and shine forth again in the ever-changing light. They rise above and from amidst the classical world, and share the same personal fascination with the dome of S. Peter's.

In olden days, within the walls of the Lateran buildings, the history of the papacy could be traced in every stone of their decorations. Only one historic mosaic and the copy of another now remain to us. When the Dalmatian Pope John IV. (640-642) turned the vestibule of the baptistery

[1] See the outline copy of the frescoes printed in Tommasi's edition of Infessura's Diario.

into a chapel, he dedicated it to S. Venantius, Bishop of Salona, who had been martyred on the destruction of the town by the barbarians. The Istrian schism had just ended, and now in the mosaic picture of S. Venantius and eight Slavonic warriors, the Church offered her citizenship to the saints of a province regained. The art shown in these mosaics is rude, but the effort was sincere, and sought for something more than the mere decoration of the beautiful scroll decorations in the other chapels.

During the eighth century the power of the papacy made a great stride forward, and the mosaic workers were called in to immortalise the event. Pope Zacharias (741-752) began by enlarging the Lateran buildings. Among other things he built a great tower in front of the papal dwelling, which the people called the Casa Maggiore.

Entering the tower by a portico, decorated with frescoes, a triclinium was reached, on the walls of which were depicted in mosaic the cities of the earth. "Thus," says Gregorovius, "was continued once again the great world-embracing idea of Rome, out of which had originated the *Orbis pictus* of Agrippa, and the plans of the City of Imperial Times." The papal palace, called the Patriarchium, became a labyrinth of chapels, halls, colonnades and banqueting halls, coming out right in front of the Basilica. The chief entrance was opposite the present Scala Santa. The narrow street, called Via Celemontana, ran through the buildings; and over it, on an arch adjoining the entrance, stood the tower of Zacharias. This street led to the Porta Asinaria, which was then open. Zacharias, this pope of imperial ideas, was the first to realise that Rome could expect little from Constantinople, and must look to the new Frankish power. When Pepin, son of Charles Martel, appealed to him to settle whether the Franks had the right to depose their effete Merovingian king and elect him in his place, Zacharias seized the situation at a glance. While declaring that in the will of the people lay all source of

power, he claimed that their right should be subject to papal sanction. What a vista of future possibilities this opened out for the Church. On his accession to the papacy in A.D. 796, Leo III. sent the banner of Rome and the keys of the Confessio of S. Peter to Charlemagne, King of the Franks, asking in return that he should send a representative to receive the allegiance of the Romans. Leo III. had need of protection from his own subjects. One day, while going in procession from the Lateran to S. Lorenzo in Lucina, he was set upon by two nephews of the late pope and nearly killed. He fled to Spoleto, and, begging for aid from Charlemagne, only returned to Rome in company with a trusted minister of the King's. The relations between the Pope and the King grew ever closer. In about A.D. 799 Leo. III. completed the building of the Triclinium major in the Lateran palace. It was used chiefly for the distribution of palms after they had been blessed by the Pope in the basilica, and for the great banquet which closed the solemn ceremony of 'Il possesso.' Panelled with marble, adorned with porphyry and white marble columns, supporting vases full of lilies, and the upper part of its walls covered with mosaics, this banqueting hall filled the Romans with wonder. A copy of the historic mosaic, which sets forth the connection of the Frankish Kingdom and the Church, is seen by the façade of S. John Lateran.[1] In the centre Christ sends out His disciples to preach the gospels. On the right He gives to S. Sylvester the keys of heaven and earth, and to Constantine the symbolic banner with the cross. On the other side S. Peter sits enthroned grasping his keys, while he gives Leo III. the pallium and Charlemagne the gonfalon. It was the first time that popes and princes were represented in art in company with the saints of heaven. The inscription runs: "Beate Petre. dona. vita. Leoni P.P. et. Victoria. Carulo. Regi. dona." From this it is evident that

[1] The Triclinium of the Lateran palace occupied the ground where Benedict XIV. re-erected the mosaic of Leo III.

Charlemagne had not been crowned Emperor by Leo III. when the mosaic was erected. In earlier times the popes called themselves 'bishops and servants of God,' but above the square nimbus of Leo III. the title Dominus is used. As a complement to these mosaics were those of Calixtus II. (1119-1124), a strong pope of the royal house of Burgundy, who battled against his enemies on all sides and died after a noble triumph. When the Concordat of Worms ended the long quarrel for Investitures, Calixtus ratified the peace in the first general Lateran Council. He then recorded the spiritual triumph of the papacy over the German emperors on the walls of a small chapel which he built in the Lateran basilica, to the glory of S. Nicholas of Bari. There were seen the mosaic portraits of the several great champions of the Church: Alexander II., Gregory VII., known better as Hildebrand, Victor III., Paschal I., and the unfortunate Gelasius II., who all lived in stormy periods of Roman history. Calixtus II., in the new audience chamber of the papal palace, proclaimed his own victory over the anti-popes in other mosaic decorations. The popes just mentioned, together with Calixtus II., were represented seated upon thrones and using the anti-popes, whom they had successfully conquered, as their footstools, while the Treaty of Worms was inscribed on the wall above. The painting was not of a high order; art in Rome remained a lifeless thing for two centuries longer, till Giotto came and immortalised Boniface VIII. announcing, from the loggia of the Lateran, the famous jubilee of 1300.

The only part remaining of the ancient palace of the popes is the Chapel of S. Lorenzo in the Sancta Sanctorum, which they used as a private chapel. No layman may enter it, but looks through a grating into this exquisite building of the Orsini Pope (A.D. 1278). There is a vista of marble walls, spiral columns, and mosaic incrustations, the work of the Cosmati, and the silver tabernacle of Innocent III., which encloses an image of the Saviour 'not made with hands.'

From the Porta Asinaria.

The Lateran basilica, the most ill-fated monument in Rome, has often been linked with the dark events of papal history. During a period of seven years at the end of the ninth century, no fewer than nine popes reigned, who were no sooner elected than they 'sank into a bloody grave.' Their spiritual power remained at a low ebb, while their energies, when they had seized on the coveted prize, were chiefly devoted in the interests of party strife. Few events are more characteristic of the time than the ambitious struggles of the Archbishop of Portus to reach the papal chair, and the persecutions of his enemies. In life, Pope Formosus I. had kept them well under, but their vengeance was wrecked upon his corpse. The reigning pope, a victorious rival, in diabolical mockery summoned him to a trial in the Lateran council chamber. His body was dragged from the grave and set up before his enemies, with a counsellor standing by to answer the accusations hurled at him by the Holy Father. Pronouncing him guilty, they tore off his papal vestments, cut off the three fingers by which he had given papal benediction, and finally dragged the mutilated corpse from this 'synod of horror,' and threw it into the Tiber amidst the yells of the crowd.

That year the Lateran basilica fell to the ground; for seven years it lay in ruins, and the Romans rifled it for treasure, carrying off, among other things, many historic gifts of Constantine and the golden cross of Belisarius. To Sergius III. who, as a bitter foe, had assisted at the trial of Formosus and gained the tiara by the influence of his mistress Marozia, we owe the rebuilding of S. Giovanni between the years 904-911. Using the ancient columns, he enlarged it into a basilica of five aisles, and added a portico. During two hundred years it now replaced S. Peter's as a burial place for the popes. The first time its fall was caused by age and bad building, but in 1308, during the Avignon captivity, a fire half destroyed it. People again saw the hand of judgment, and wailing, they walked

through Rome in endless processions, and called aloud for mercy. For awhile no fighting took place in the streets, and enemies joined together in rebuilding the Mother Church. Another fire occurred in 1360 when the ruined Lateran was mourned over by Petrarch. Urban V. (1362-1370) rebuilt it, and in the following century it again underwent restorations. Misfortune has surrounded it even down to our own day. In the seventeenth century, Borromini entirely disfigured it by burying the ancient columns in plaster piers, two in each pier; only the marble floor laid down by the Colonna Pope, whose tomb lies in the Confessio, and the fine coffered ceiling were spared. Vespignani, the modern vandal, destroyed the vaulted ambulatory of Sergius III. replacing it by the present ugly corridor; and when Leo XIII. altered the choir and threw back the apse, an eternal farewell might have been said to the beautiful mosaics of Turriti. Restored and put up again, they now look like the product of a modern worker who tried to imitate the art of the thirteenth century. The temper of a visitor to the Lateran basilica is ruffled at every turn. His peace of mind is only restored if, ignoring the work of vandals, he quietly visits the few things remaining of the old basilica: there is the suggestive marble figure of the kneeling Nicholas IV., donor of Turriti's mosaics; the bronze columns over the altar of the sacrament, their capitals fashioned out of the spoils of Etruscan tombs; Giotto's fresco of Boniface VIII., and the Colonna tomb. Above all, there yet remains the beautiful cloister of Vassalectus which alone escaped the fatal fires.

Although the Vatican, as centre of the religious life, remained distinct from the Lateran, the seat of ecclesiastical government, both took part in the two great events which recalled back the days when Rome was a real capital. The ceremonies surrounding the coronation of pope and emperor

which filled the Romans with pride, were carried out with the splendour and pomp of an Eastern Court. It is strange to picture these cavalcades of gaily clad nobles and priests escorting either an emperor or a pope through a city half in ruins, where a street would suddenly end in a heap of rubble, or pass between a fortress-tower of a baron and the triumphal arch of a Roman emperor. The past and the present clashed together in the buildings of Rome, in her ruins and the mediæval structures that rose upon them, but over all was cast the spell of sympathy because the men of the Middle Ages clung to the past and tried, though they understood so little of its true spirit, to make it their own. On the surface, throughout her history, things perpetually changed, but beneath has always been a strong feeling of continuity, drawing the Romans of to-day in touch with their ancestors who deliberately set forth to conquer the world. The first coronation of modern history, which carried on the traditions of the Imperial City, was curiously enough performed with simplicity and directness. It was given the character of an act of sudden inspiration, for as yet the Eastern emperor had not manifested his approval of the new scheme entered upon by a Frankish king and the Pope of Rome. The Holy Roman Emperor dates from Christmas day, A.D. 800, when Charlemagne, kneeling at the high altar in S. Peter's, heard the shout of the acclaiming multitude as Leo III. crowned him with the diadem of the Cæsars, and invested him with the imperial mantle. "Life and victory to Charles, the most pious Augustus, crowned by God, great and peace-giving Emperor of the Romans." The new Cæsar, elected by the people and crowned by the Pope, became the defender of the Apostle's grave and standard-bearer of Holy Church.

The coronations, for example, of Otto the Great in 962 and of Henry III. in 1046 were far more splendid spectacles. The flower of the German court and army took part in it. The emperor-elect, clad in white satin, rode a white palfrey,

and was preceded by a judge carrying a parchment scroll containing the laws of the empire, and the city prefect, who held the naked sword. Escorted by dukes, knights, warriors, and Roman nobles, he was met at Sta. Maria Traspontina by the bishops, abbots, and clergy.[1] At the Porta Castella, by S. Angelo, the King took the oath to maintain the laws, and the procession moved on, the senators walking at his side, the chamberlain scattering gold to the crowd. The Pope awaited him on the steps of S. Peter's, where he dismounted. Kneeling, he swore to protect the Church, then kissed the Pope's foot and received the salute of peace. Hand in hand, the spiritual and temporal heads of Christendom thence walked across the atrium, and entered the basilica through the silver doors. On the porphyry disc, still seen in the pavement of S. Peter's near the entrance, they both knelt down while the King made his confession of faith, and the Cardinal-bishop of Portus delivered an oration.

In the sacristy the emperor-elect received the tunic, dalmatic, mitre, and sandals of a cleric, and in the chapel of S. Maurice was anointed King. The crown of Charlemagne lay upon the altar of S. Peter, but before crowning him, the Pope gave him both ring and sword, the symbols of his high office. After the coronation he served the pope's mass, clothed as a simple deacon; and later, the Count Palatine replaced the sandals with imperial boots of red leather, to which were fastened the spurs of S. Maurice. Henry III. received the further honour of being crowned Patricius in S. Peter's and, by gift of the Roman people, received a green chlamys, a ring, and gold diadem. Thus both pope and people acknowledged the authority of a German emperor. After receiving the greetings of the various scholæ and the homage of the Jews, the Emperor went to the Lateran,

[1] From early times S. Peter's was connected with Hadrian's mausoleum by a portico, and was entered by Porta S. Pietro in Hadriano close to the Church of Sta. Maria in Traspontina. The covered gallery of the Renaissance popes running above it can still be traced.

where, so long as the popes dwelt there, he was entertained at a banquet in the Triclinium major.

He dwelt either at the Lateran palace or else in the papal palace of Sta. Maria Maggiore; Charlemagne had stayed in the papal residence by S. Peter's. The popes shared the taste of Roman nobles of possessing several dwellings, and moved their court from one to another as safety required. Only twice a coronation had taken place in the Lateran basilica, and it was always considered illegal without special sanction from the Pope. The most memorable occasion was when Henry VII. came to Rome in 1312 to receive the imperial crown. Dante looked to him as the regenerator of Italy, 'the Sun of peace'; and Beatrice showed the poet the throne prepared for Henry in the Celestial Rose of Paradise. Tumult and revolt met him in Rome, and entrance to the Leonine City being denied him, and the Lateran in ruins, he was obliged to dwell in the Savelli fortress, by Sta. Sabina on the Aventine.

In the absence of the Pope, Rome was divided in fierce warfare between the Guelf or papal party, headed by the Orsini, and the Ghibelines, who fought for Henry VII. under the standard of the Colonnesi. The way to the imperial crown, Henry VII. found, had to be gained by the sword, street by street. Would S. Peter's ever be reached? Fighting went on all through the regions of the Field of Mars and Piazza Navona towards the Tiber; and "mail-clad bishops and clergy fought sword in hand round the barricades." Having captured some of the principal Orsini fortresses, victory seemed to be with the Germans and Colonnesi, who were pushing on to S. Peter's, when a Guelf garrison made a sortie from S. Angelo, and drove them back with great slaughter The Abbot of Weissenburg was among those who fell fighting that day. His gravestone is at Sta. Sabina, and several German knights lie buried in Ara Cœli.

Without papal sanction the cardinals refused to crown

Henry VII. in the Lateran, so that at last he appealed to the people who stormed their houses and forced them into submission. The great Emperor, given his crown under protest, without even a message from the Avignon pope, and in presence of only a scanty gathering of nobles and senators, knelt at the altar of S. John with the June sunshine pouring into a roofless basilica.

After the days of Charlemagne the popes gradually put aside the people's right to elect the Emperor, but when the Senate was restored in 1143 the Romans, feeling new life within them, insisted on their rights. Sometimes they invited him to Rome to receive the honour, other times shut the gates against him, as in the case of Frederick I., who was crowned in S. Peter's and never passed beyond the circuit of the Leonine city. In 1328, the Pope still at Avignon, Louis IV. was not only elected by the people, but received the crown at the hands of Sciarra Colonna, who had been the great enemy of Boniface VIII. The event filled his contemporaries with wonder. "In this manner," says Villani, "was Louis the Bavarian crowned emperor by the people of Rome to the great disgrace and offence of the Pope and the Holy Church. What presumption in the accursed Bavarian!"

The papal coronation was a double ceremony connected both with S. Peter's and the Lateran. Its magnificence increased during the ninth century until it became a triumphal display through the flower-decked city. After his consecration the Pope, enthroned upon the platform in front of S. Peter's received the mystic tiara of S. Sylvester. In early times, adorned only with white peacock's feathers, it later became covered with jewels, encircled by a gold rim and three diadems and surmounted by a carbuncle. "Take the tiara," said the archdeacon, "and know that thou art the father of princes and kings, the ruler of the world, the vicar on earth of our Saviour Jesus Christ whose honour and glory shall endure through all eternity." Lest the new

RAPHAEL — SCHOOL OF ATHENS. — THE VATICAN.

PORTA S. BASILEO

Pontiff should feel too exalted by such proud words, a priest burnt a piece of tow beneath his nose, saying "Holy Father, thus passes the glory of the world." Then came the historic progress to the Latern, of which he took possession by a special ceremony. If an emperor were present he held the stirrup while the Pope mounted his white palfrey at the steps of S. Peter's; on other occasions a Roman noble or senator came forward. The pageant was led by one of the papal horses in scarlet trappings. There rode the cross-bearer, twelve outriders holding red banners, two cavaliers bearing gold cherubims on lances, judges, notaries, deacons, the abbots of the twenty abbeys in Rome and the cardinals. The Pope, escorted by senators and nobles, was followed by the prefect of the city, civic guilds, and Roman

knights and nobles clad in armour, bearing the colours of their houses. Crossing the Tiber by Hadrian's bridge he passed beneath the arch of the Emperors Theodosius, Valentinian, and Gratian on his way to the tower of Stephen Cencius a city prefect, which stood near the present Palazzo Pio on the ruins of Pompey's theatre. Here the Schola of the Jews, robed in long black gowns, a pointed pileus on their head, awaited the Pope. The Rabbi handed him the 'veiled roll of the Pentateuch,' and glancing at it, the Pope said, "We acknowledge the law, but we condemn the principle of Judaism. . . ." The Roman hooted the despised race, the chamberlains scattered money on all sides, and the procession moved on along the new sacred way. It passed between the stadium of Domitian (Piazza Navona) and the theatre of Pompey (the region by S. Andrea della Valle and the Campo dei Fiori) on its way to the Pantheon and passing close to S. Marco, ascended the Capitol by the Salita di Marforio. It went across the forums Nerva and Cæsar and beneath the arches of Severus, along the Via Sacra, past the basilica of Constantine and S. Cosma e Damiano, and through the triumphal arch of Titus and Vespasian, to the Meta Sudans which stands by the arch of Constantine. Leaving the Coliseum on its right, the procession followed the Via di S. Giovanni past S. Clemente, and entered the piazza of the Lateran by the Porta di S. Basilio.[1] Arrived in the portico of the basilica, the Pope sat on an ancient marble chair called the 'sella stercoraria' from which the Cardinals hastily raised him, saying, "He taketh the simple up from the dust, and lifteth the poor out of the mire." After this curious ceremony the Pope, while throwing money to the people, repeated (in this case) the hypo-

[1] The coronation procession had reached S. Peter's on the morning of this day by much the same route by which it now returned, the chief difference being that the Via Sacra of the Roman Forum was avoided, and Hadrian's bridge was reached by the Pantheon and the Field of Mars, near the mausoleum of Augustus.

critical words: "Gold and silver are not mine, but what I have I give thee." He took solemn possession of the Lateran palace when he cast himself upon the porphyry seat in the chapel of S. Sylvester. He then received the pastoral staff, the keys of the church and of the Lateran, symbolic of spiritual and temporal power. He was given "a girdle of red silk, from which hung a purple purse containing musk, and twelve seals of precious stones, emblems of the apostolic power and the Christian virtues." The clergy kissed his foot, and the senators tendered their oath of homage. A great banquet closed the day, the Pope sitting alone at the marble table, served by the greatest among the nobles, while the rest of the company filled the hall. "Kings, if present, carried the first dishes to the Pope, and modestly took their place at the table with the cardinals."

## CHAPTER VI

*Theodora and Marozia—Alberic the Great—Sta. Maria in Aventino—Otto I.—S. Adalbert—Otto III. and S. Alessio —S. Bartolomeo on the Tiber Island—Sylvester II.—Gregory VII.—Henry IV.*

Amid the ruin of cities and the din of strife during the tenth century, darkness closed in upon the Romans, while the figures of strange despots emerged from obscurity only to disappear as quickly into the night. We know little about them as individuals, only that they ruled popes and people often with merciless severity, and that the first of them was a woman. The beautiful Theodora was wife of Theophylact, consul and chief noble in Rome, but the permanence of her power seems to have been due entirely to her own personality and fascinations. Her daughter Marozia, with even greater gifts of character, played a more conspicuous part. She married Alberic of Spoleto, and their son was Alberic the Great, whose descendants, the Counts of Tusculum, gave popes and mighty citizens to Rome. One of their palaces is said to have adjoined the church of the SS. Apostoli, and came later into the possession of the Colonnesi. Alberic of Spoleto soon died, and Marozia, the mistress of one pope, mother of another and bitter enemy of a third, continued as the "temporal ruler of the city and the arbitress of papal elections." The seat of her government was Castel Sant' Angelo. In John X. (he had gained the tiara in 914 through Theodora) she found a man of character, who wished to be master of Rome. By the bribe of an imperial crown the Pope gained Hugo of Provence to his party, but Marozia outwitted him by marrying his more

powerful half-brother Guido, Margrave of Tuscany. John X., after trying for two years, in spite of his enemies, to rule from the Lateran, at last fell into their hands, and was either strangled or starved to death in the dungeons of S Angelo. A monogram, bearing the name of the ill-fated Pope, on the choir rail of S. Clemente, reminds us again of the double life led side by side in Rome all through the darkest periods of her history.

After the death of Guido, Marozia married his half-brother Hugo. The strange wedding took place in Hadrian's mausoleum, where a "bridal hall and nuptial chamber" had been adorned for them. From the fortress-tomb Hugo ruled Rome imperiously, thereby earning the hatred of the people, and especially of young Alberic, his ambitious step-son. The proud youth, forced to serve him as page one day, with intentional awkwardness, splashed some water over him and in return received a blow. Wild with fury, Alberic rushed from S. Angelo to rouse the people to arms. The alarm bells rang, and the fortress was surrounded by a blood-thirsty mob. In a moment the actors in the drama changed places: Hugo escaped by a rope from a window and returned to Lombardy, "leaving behind him his honour, his wife, and an imperial crown," while Alberic became master of Rome, cast Marozia into prison, and kept his half-brother, John XI., a close prisoner in the Lateran.

He married a daughter of King Hugo, and for over twenty years governed the Romans with wisdom, and tried to make them independent of foreign protection, earning from posterity the title of Alberic the Great. A new era opened when a Roman despot, leagued with a Benedictine abbot, set himself to reform society, and raise the fallen virtue in the monasteries of Campagna. Odo of Cluny became the honoured friend of Alberic, and among other buildings and lands, he gave him the family dwelling on the Aventine, which soon became famous as Sta. Maria in Aventina, and is now the priory of the Knights of Malta. Alberic died in

the year 954, after having made the nobles swear on oath at the tomb of S. Peter's that they would elect his son to the See of Rome. Pope John XII. proved altogether unworthy, and in a short time destroying the life-work of the great Alberic, found himself forced to seek the help of Otto I. The people were ready to rise against the Pope or Emperor, and an uneasy time now began for anyone who dared pass through the gates of Rome. Whatever welcome an emperor received at this time from the fickle populace, he took his precautions, feeling somewhat like the knights of legend, who, entering enchanted gardens, found they had to deal with the crafty dragons which guarded them.

"When I kneel to-day at the grave of the apostle," Otto told his armour-bearer, "hold thy sword above my head, for well I know that my ancestors have often experienced the faithlessness of the Romans." The people soon had cause to murmur, for Otto I. deprived them of their right to elect the Pope. Rome became divided between the adherents of the Pope, who, while seeking to reign over them as a despot, yet stood forward as the representative of liberty, and the Ghibelline party, who favoured the Emperor, because in him they saw a deliverer from the priestly yoke. To both sides this position brought endless trouble.

It often happened that the Romans joined in a body against the Pope, who was thus driven to seek aid from the Emperor; and then as quickly regretting their act, there would be a general insurrection against the imperial troops which filled the city. When Otto the Great, in 966, marched on Rome for the third time to quell the rebels, he showed no mercy. Some were blinded, others hanged, while Pietro di Vico, the city prefect, the head of the conspiracy, was cast into the dungeons of the Lateran. In this attempt to shake off the chains that were coiling themselves round their liberty, Pietro had appeared to the Romans as a champion against a foreign foe. When, therefore, it was

The Aventine.

ordered that the prefect should be hung by his hair from the horse of Marcus Aurelius, the act brought home to them their humiliating position. Besides this, the legend had arisen that the statue represented a "certain squire of great beauty and virtue, bold and subtle," who in the days of the Republic had delivered Rome from a great peril. While an army from the East was besieging Rome by the Lateran gate, the squire rode out alone at midnight, and, guided by the hooting of an owlet, captured their king and brought him back a prisoner to the city. The army was quickly put to flight and great booty taken. So they honoured the squire with a statue of bronze, and the mediæval Roman, recounting the tale, pointed to the tuft of hair between the horse's ears as being "a memorial of the owlet, upon whose hooting he had won the victory." The captive king was also figured, with his hands bound behind him, beneath the hoofs of the horse.[1] So this statue became to the people the emblem of their freedom from a foreign foe.

In the middle of the tenth century many new families were rising to power in the city. The Crescentii belonged to the popular party against the Pope and his ally, the German Emperor. Crescentius de Theodora, who owned great lands in the Sabine country, and also had possession of S. Angelo, dethroned a pope, strangled him in the dungeons of the castle, and set up Boniface VII., 'a terrible monster,' in his place. Stained with crime, Crescentius finally took the cowl in the monastery of S. Alessio on the Aventine which he had enriched with gifts and farms.

Giovanni Crescenzio, the idol of the people, was probably his son. Under his leadership the Romans began to tyrannise over the popes, and twice the young Otto III. had to come to establish peace. Once he pardoned the rebel patriot who, in the absence of the Emperor, had called himself Patricius; but in the year 998 Otto besieged his stronghold. S. Angelo,

[1] It is thought by some that the figure of a prisoner was originally represented as described in the legend.

VIA CASSIA, VILLA MADAMA AND MONTE MARIO

with all the wooden towers and gigantic machines of the German army. The Romans, who had thought it an impregnable fortress and under the special protection of heaven, now saw it fall for the first time without the aid of treachery. Crescentius was beheaded on its battlements, and his body dragged in a cow's-hide to Monte Mario, where it hung from the gallows in sight of the German army encamped below. Pilgrims had called it the hill of joy, Mons Gaudii, because from there they first looked on Rome; now, the legend says, it received the name of Monte Male or Mario.

At this time the personalities of two northerners cast a peaceful atmosphere over Rome. First to come was S. Adalbert, who many times left his bishopric in uncongenial Prague to visit the holy shrines of the apostles. He dwelt with the monks of S. Alessio on the Aventine, which had

been founded in 900 by Greeks of the order of S. Basil. The names of these friends who welcomed him among them bring them before us better than many a biography. There was John the Wise, Theodosius the Silent, John the Innocent, and their abbot, Leo the Simple. From their ranks issued quite an army of apostles who went forth to preach the gospels to northern people. After the noble end of S. Adalbert, killed by the Prussians whom he had come to convert, S. Alessio became a veritable 'martyr colony.' Otto III., coming to Rome a year after the martyrdom of S. Adalbert who had been his friend, established his court in a palace close to S. Alessio, which, out of love for the saint, he endowed with many gifts. Among other things he gave, for the service of the church, the embroidered mantle he had worn at his coronation in S. Peter's. More than three hundred small gold bells, like pomegranates, hung from its fringe, and the figures of the Zodiac were fashioned upon it in precious stones. He determined to build a church in honour of S. Adalbert, and the site chosen was the Tiber Island, known as the Isola Lycaonia, which he could look down on from his palace on the Aventine. After the great plague in B.C. 292, Roman envoys had brought the statue of Æsculapius from Epidaurus, and, as their ship sailed up the Tiber, a serpent glided out from beneath it and disappeared among the reeds of the island. They hailed it as a message from the god that his temple should be built on this spot, and gave to the end of the island which looks towards the Aventine, the form of a ship on which they set a sculptured image of the god holding a sceptre, round which was wound the serpent. People came here to be cured of their ills, and, in gratitude for the cures obtained, innumerable ex-votos were hung in the temple. To this day it is the resort of the sick, who are tended in the hospital of S. Giovanni Calabita. And so "Æsculapius, son of a god, received a successor in the canonised barbarian Woytech or Adalbert."

S. Adalbert's body, having been bought for its weight in gold, by the Duke of Poland, Otto determined to enrich his new basilica with other relics. He ordered the people of Benevento to send the body of St Bartholomew, but, while consenting, they gave him the body of S. Paolino of Nola, whom they held to be an inferior saint. Devotion to the German martyr never gained ground among the Romans, and ignoring the fraud which was soon discovered, they continued to call the church S. Bartolomeo. Besides the marble columns, one record remains there of German piety in the shape of a well head with the figures of S. Adalbert, S. Bartholomew and Otto III. rudely sculptured upon the marble panels. It stands on an altar step, and communicates with the Tiber water below. Otto III. had the mystic tendency of a northerner; he had knelt at the feet of S. Romualdo the hermit of Ravenna, and like a hermit himself, he dwelt for several days in a crypt of S. Clemente, doing penance for his sins. While Crescentius had tried to play the Roman hero, and Adalbert wished to die like a Roman martyr, Otto, caught also within the spell of the great past, dreamed that Rome was again to be the seat of a universal dominion, ruled over by an emperor who would be surrounded by symbolic rites and splendour. The 'Graphia' which belongs to his day, describes the coronation robes of this dream Emperor. There were to be crowns of ivy, olive leaves, oak and laurel, "the mitra of Janus, the Trojan Frigium of Paris, the Iron Crown (in token that Pompey, Julius, Octavian, and Trajan had conquered the world with the sword), the crown of peacock's feathers; lastly, the golden crown set with precious stones, which Diocletian had borrowed from the Persian kings, and on which ran the inscription, "Roma caput mundi regit orbis frena rotundi." While Otto was planning out a scheme for imperial greatness, Pope Sylvester II. had conceived the same idea only with the difference that universal dominion would be reserved for the papacy. The two were great friends, and Otto died before

he realised the divergence of their ideals, and in the meantime had, like another Constantine, given over to Sylvester great possessions in the Romagna. Both are surrounded by a web of legends. Sylvester, a Burgundian of real genius and great learning, was regarded by the Romans as a magician who cast strange spells from out of his books. The devil, they said, had given him the Tiara as a price for his soul, and told him he should reign a long time if he never entered Jerusalem. He died while celebrating mass at Sta. Croce in Jerusalemme and the devil claimed his bargain. The end of Otto III. is also veiled in a curious romance. He was taken ill with fever at Paternò, on the slopes of Soracte. His German subjects were in rebellion, the Romans insolent, and the widow of Crescentius is said to have seized upon the opportunity of revenging her husband's death. Stefania had already enslaved the young Emperor by her beauty, and now, pretending to cure him of his fever, some say she wrapped him in the poisoned skin of a stag, while others speak of a poisoned ring which she gave him as a love token. He died the 'wonder of the world,' at the age of twenty-two.

A few years after these events a youth was dwelling at Sta. Maria in Aventino, with his uncle, the abbot, and while he watched the degradation of Rome, of the Church and the growing ambition of the Emperors, he was forming great designs for the future. He is equally famous in history as the monk Hildebrand or as Pope Gregory VII. By enforcing the law already passed that no priest should marry, and further by ordering those already married to put aside their wives, he organised a body of men who could work with undivided interest for the Church. His next step brought down the wrath of the Emperor upon him. The papal decree went forth that no ecclesiastic might receive a benefice from a layman, and as the German bishops and abbots owned half the lands in Germany, authority would now rest with the Church instead of with the Emperor. The struggle for investitures was taken up by the Roman nobles, siding as their own

interests lay, one party with the Pope and the other ever stirring up sedition in favour of the Emperor. At this time Cencio Frangipani was leader of the Imperialists. On Christmas Eve of the year 1075 Pope Gregory, during a great storm which men declared foretold the end of the world, was leading a procession to Sta. Maria Maggiore, and amidst the sounds of whistling winds, down the narrow streets and across the open spaces of the Esquiline, arose the litanies of praise and supplication. They filed into the basilica and reached the altar of the Presepio just as another procession, but of armed men, followed down the aisle with quick, echoing steps. In a moment Cencio Frangipani had wounded the Pope, dragged him from the altar by his hair, thrown him across his horse and mounted behind him. It was a strange gallop through the city to the Frangipani tower by Piazza Navona. The noble behaved like a brigand, trying to force the promise of treasure and Church lands from his prisoner. But Gregory stood unmoved beneath the uplifted sword of Cencio, and deaf to the mockery of the women and adherents of the Frangipani clan who flew about him like hawks. Soon the Romans were storming the tower, and Cencio knowing his chance had passed, threw himself at Gregory's feet to implore both forgiveness and protection. He vowed to make a pilgrimage which he never accomplished, and Gregory nobly protected him from the fury of the people. Leaving his prison, still bleeding from his wounds, the Pope went straight to Sta. Maria Maggiore to finish the Christmas ceremonies.

Two years later began the great struggle between Henry IV. and Gregory VII. over the selling of spiritual offices and the feudal nomination of bishops. "Descend from the apostolic throne which thou hast usurped," . . . wrote the Emperor, "I, Henry, by God's grace king, with all our bishops call on thee: Descend, descend."[1] Gregory

[1] Hildebrand had been elected by the unanimous voice of the people and the clergy of Rome.

The Tiber Island.

replied by hurling such a thunderbolt from the Lateran fortress that, as a chronicler said, the entire Roman empire was shaken. For the first time the Emperor lay under the ban of the Church, and his power became as naught because his subjects were absolved from their allegiance. His people rose against him and he was forced to humiliate himself before the Pope. Then followed the immortal scene amidst the snows at Canossa. For three days and nights, barefoot and in the woollen frock of a penitent, the Emperor stood in the court-yard of the Countess Matilda's fortress, until the Pope admitted him within and gave him absolution. Whatever might happen later the papacy had gained one imperishable victory by the might of her spiritual arms.

Six years later Henry IV. came for his revenge. After a severe fight, the Leonine city fell to him, and while the Te Deum rang out from the aisles of S. Peter's, Gregory awaited his doom in S. Angelo. But the king's triumph was small, for there was no pope to crown him, and the Romans hooted at him from the Aurelian gates, which they barred against his army. A year later, the citizens tiring of their loyalty to Gregory and the hardships it entailed, betrayed his cause to the Germans. "On the day of S. Benedict," writes Henry, "we entered Rome; this fact seems a dream to me." Gregory remained at S. Angelo while an anti-pope gave Henry the Imperial crown in S. Peter's, and the Romans conferred on him the title of Patricius. Then the Emperor laid siege to the different quarters of the city wherein the adherents of Gregory lay strongly entrenched. The Capitol, Septizonium on the Palatine, and Tiber Island were stormed, while Gregory watched his fate from the battlements of S. Angelo. Messengers had been sent to seek the aid of the Normans, the papal allies in southern Italy, and Pope Gregory at last sighted an army, headed by Robert Guiscard, hastening to his relief. The Emperor, hearing of their approach, told the Romans that the affairs in Germany called him away,

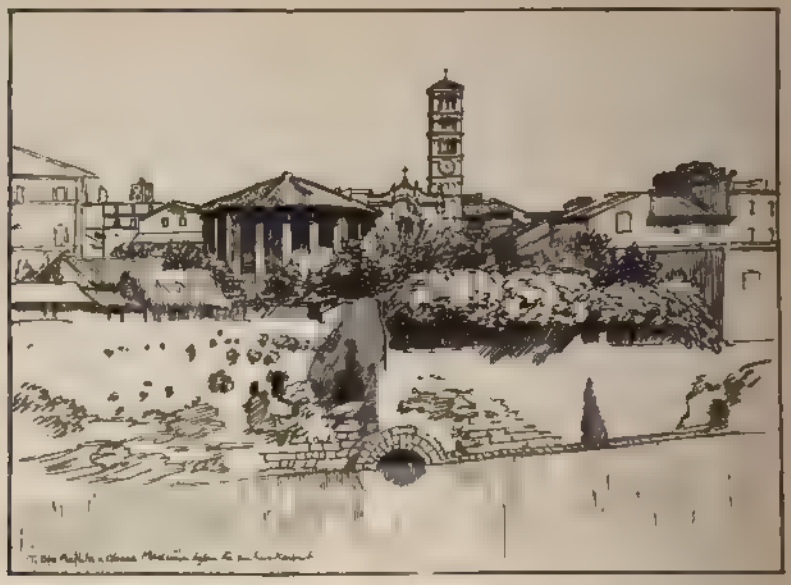
and marched out of the Flaminian Gate accompanied by the anti-pope. The touch was given to the tragedy when Gregory realised the price of his freedom. The Normans, with their Saracen followers, sacked the city, and whole streets and many classic and mediæval buildings were burnt to the ground. Not daring to meet the vengeance of the Romans, Gregory left with the Norman army, and looking back, he saw the ghost of imperial and papal Rome shrouded still in smoke, flames, and the dust of falling buildings. He died in exile; and only an inscription in a chapel of Sta. Pudenziana, which he restored, recalls the name of the 'Czar Peter of the Church,' as Guizot called him.

## CHAPTER VII

*Mediæval Rome—Casa di Crescenzio—The 'Rise' of Roman Families—Baronial Fortresses and Towers—Boniface VIII. and the Colonnesi—Giotto—The Cosmati*

"Le torri superbe al ciel nemiche."—*Petrarch.*

MANY Italian towns like Siena and San Gemignano have remained much as they were in mediæval days, but Rome, which the citizen has disfigured and reduced to ruin far more than the barbarian, may be visited often without the traveller realising the old town of Hildebrand of the Colonnesi and the Caetani Pope. The spirit of Rome, ever evasive and capricious, may sometimes vanish at the sight of a guide-book, or if sought for in the full glare of sunlight. At the magic hour in Rome when the sun has set, colour lingers on Tiber waters, domes rise darkly against a golden sky, a rose hue, like the flush in a shell, lies across the church and bell-tower of Sta. Maria in Cosmedin, and shadows creeping through the narrow streets spread a kindly veil over intruding modern buildings. Then, it is not so difficult to see the Rome that Benozzo Gozzoli painted in one of his frescoes at San Gemignano. And because we remember only the things that have appealed to the imagination, we see it as he did, with classic and mediæval buildings huddled together, its hills tightly enclosed within the Aurelian wall. The big-domed Pantheon, the column of Trajan, Castel S. Angelo, and the pyramid of Caius Cestius dominate the scene; Sta. Maria in Cosmedin showing a clock tower, S. Peter's, the double-colonnaded façade of the Lateran crowd the hills whereon rise also Ara Coeli, the palace of the



THE TIBER BEFORE THE NEW EMBANKMENT

Senators, and the convents, churches, and houses of the wooded Aventine. What a city of towers it was.[1] Those built for defence arose by every baron's dwelling, unadorned, strong, and square shaped, or with battlements at the summit. Some say relics were enshrined in the roof; a madonna's statue, with a lamp ever burning, still guards the Torre della Scimia, of Hawthorne's 'Transformation.'

The Campanili even now form the chief mediæval feature of Rome, decorated with crosses and discs of porphyry and serpentine, and the upper tiers of the square tall towers divided into arches by slender marble columns. In the days of Benozzo they appear to have ended in a tapering pinnacle.

[1] Rome bristled with towers. The Aurelian wall alone possessed 365; then must be added those of the Leonine wall, of S. Angelo, of the barons, and the Campanili of her 1000 churches. Even a small town like Perugia owned 300 towers.

Casa di Crescenzio

In between the vast multitude of churches, pagan buildings and fortresses lay the low, brown-roofed houses of the citizens, each with an open loggia and an outside staircase; you may see them still at Viterbo. In places the dwellings crowded together, in other parts were large fields where the sheep and cattle pastured. Often in the populated quarter a narrow street ended in a heap of ruins of some fortress-tower pulled down in city warfare. Perhaps a wooden tower would be hastily set up by its side, the rival faction hurling stones at the men as they worked. A few days and that too would be gone from the sky line. People groped their way among the ruins, lighted by the stars or moon, or on dark nights found their home in a narrow lane by the sign of the flickering oil lamp, burning, pagan-like, before the household shrine.

Standing on the bridge between the Aventine and the Tiber Island we cannot see all the entrancing city of Benozzo's picture, or the city traced out in the old maps by men who also loved the classical buildings best. But there is much around us which is characteristic of Rome, and a great stillness is in the air. The island, poised there in the sunset glow, seems to float out on the river towards the sea, and held by the two bridges an unwilling captive to the land. As the evening fades away, its church, belfrys, tower and houses stand up darkly against the lights of Rome, and the form of a ship emerges from the river, the water lapping round the poop of travertine, where the builders of the ancient temple had sculptured the bust of Æsculapius. From here our eyes fall only on what is beautiful. The temple of the Mother of Dawn, bathed in violet lights, rises against the pale sky, and the little temple of Fortuna Virilis stands close by, a building which always seems to express what is noble and sincere of Roman thought.

Although just out of sight, our thoughts are carried to the church of S. Giorgio in Velabro, standing by two Roman arches in the 'golden valley' by the Palatine. Something of the

calm beauty and restraint of ancient Rome lingers in the old Christian church, which so perfectly harmonises with its surroundings. It was too humble a shrine to attract the notice of the Renaissance patron, and the antique columns, some fluted, others plain, are seen against the cool, cream colour of the undecorated walls. A beautiful ciborium, with a roof supported in tiers by columns, like the old prints of Hadrian's mausoleum, rises over the confessio, and a small mosaic picture of a Madonna gleams from it like a jewel.

Close to the temple of Fortuna Virilis, to which it presents a most striking contrast, is the only example in Rome of domestic architecture of the eleventh century. Its owners probably built it at the head of the Ponte Rotto (now Ponte Garibaldi!) in order to levy toll on all who passed. It combined the strength of a fortress with the magnificence of a palace. The decorations were made up of fragments taken from other buildings. The flat and curved brick pillars of its walls supported a frieze of small marble mensolæ, with winged beasts upon them, children holding animals in their arms, or a Cupid and Pysche embracing. Half-way up the tower a loggia of round brick arches seems to have opened, and on the street side, above the large vaulted doorway, was once the bust of Nicholas Crescentius, the builder of what was, for that day, a real palace. The rhymed inscription, translated by Gregorovius, gives a unique insight into the mind of a prosperous Roman nobleman, tinged with bourgeois self-complacency, anxious for the earthly splendour of his house, and yet strongly beneath the sway of religious feeling:[1] "Nicholas to whom this house belongs, well knew that the glory of the world was vanity. He was induced to build this dwelling less by vanity than by the desire to restore the splendour of ancient Rome. Within a beautiful house be mindful of the grave, and remember that thou hast not long to live in thy dwelling.

[1] Opinions are divided as to whether this Nicholas belonged to the great family of Crescentii or not.

Death travels hither on wings. No man's life is eternal. Our sojourn is brief and our course light as a feather. Whether thou mayst escape from the wind, lock thy door a hundredfold, and surround thyself with a thousand guards, death nevertheless sits beside thy pillow. Even if thou shuttest thyself in a castle that almost approaches the stars, death will only the more rapidly carry thee—its prey—away. The lofty house towers to the skies. From the foundation to the summit it was raised, by the first among the first, the great Nicholas—in order to restore the glory of his fathers. Here stands the name of his father Crescentius, and of his mother Theodora. This famous house was built for his beloved child, and given to David, by him who was his father."

The Roman barons, for the most part, instead of building themselves fortified dwellings like the Casa di Crescenzio, took possession of classic buildings, and from within the rock-like walls of ancient theatres, baths and mausoleums, watched and hovered over Rome like birds of prey.

Rome became divided into so many cities within itself. The Frangipani, whose power was supreme from the middle of the eleventh century to the time of Innocent III., ruled over the Coelian hill from the Coliseum, which became the home of bloodthirsty barons and their adherents, and later, the haunt of monks and pilgrims and hermits,—belfrys of churches rising in the place of fortress towers.[1] Close by, the Frangipani had also entrenched themselves in the ruins of the temples of Venus and Rome, behind Sta. Fancesca Romana. They fortified the Septizonium and built towers within the Circus Maximus, the entrance to their possessions on the Palatine being through the Arch of Titus, their highway, the Sacra Via. Within, and close to the triumphal arch stood a brick tower, the donjon-keep of this network of

[1] The name, signifying bread-breakers, originated from a legend that in a time of famine the family had generously provided the Romans with food. Their arms show two lions rampant, holding a loaf of bread in their jaws.

fortifications. It was called the Turris Cartularia, because the papal archives were kept here while Urban II. dwelt under the protection of the Frangipani in 1093, during the period that an anti-pope held the Lateran and Castel S. Angelo.

TORRE DELLA SCIMIA

Their rivals were a Jewish family, the Pierleoni, whose rise to power is of a curious nature. The Jews had chiefly come to Rome as slaves of war in the days of Pompey, and lived in the Trastevere. Always hated and despised, they throve amid the ruin of cities and the fall of kingdoms. They had their own synagogue and schola, and in the reign of Tiberius numbered some ten thousand. In the eleventh century one of their number was baptised with the name of Benedictus Christianus. His son, throwing in his lot with the papal party, took the name of Pierleoni, after Pope Leo IX., and founded the fortunes of his house. He died in 1128. In the cloisters of S. Paolo fuori le Mura his sarcophagus stands adorned with the figures of Apollo, Marsyas and the muses, and on it we read that he was "a man without an equal, immeasurably rich in money and children." One son became a senator, the other pope.

TORRE DE' CONTI

Anacletus II. (Pierleoni) being wealthy, was elected by the popular party, and ruled as Pope from the Leonine City and S. Angelo, although the Frangipani had succeeded in electing Innocent II. a few hours previously.[1] Very soon the Jewish descent of the Pierleoni was forgotten, and their power became such that emperors were proud to acknowledge the fable of a Pierleoni, Count of the Aventine, having founded the house of Hapsburg. About the middle of the eleventh century the Pierleoni had possessed themselves 'by fraud,' we know no more, of Castel S. Angelo, laid hold of the Tiber Island and entrenched themselves within the teatro Marcello. Under their protection the Jews crossed over from the Trastevere, and circumstances brought them to settle by the portico of Octavia (a bow-shot from the Pierleoni fortress), the actual spot whence Titus, carrying with him the spoils of Jerusalem, had started on his triumphal progress through Rome.

Under the narrow-minded dominican, Paul IV. (1555-1559) the fanaticism against the Jews increased. The men were forced to wear yellow hats and the women yellow veils, and a wall was built round the ghetto. A church now stands where one of the gates opened into the Jewish quarter by the Ponte Quattro Capi. On the façade is inscribed in Hebrew and Greek the verse from Isaiah: "All day long I have stretched out my hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people." A little beyond rises the immense modern synagogue, whose ugly shining dome, seen from every part of Rome, seems to bid a triumphant defiance.

In the thirteenth century new families had arisen, and we hear very little of the Frangipani or the Pierleoni. Innocent III. was the first of a long line of popes belonging to a ruling family of barons. Under him the Conti set up their fortresses in the Forums of Nerva, Augustus and Cæsar, and the Pope's brother built, to guard their quarter,

[1] Anaclete II. conferred the title of King of Sicily on Duke Roger the Norman.

the great Torre dei Conti, which, after centuries of warfare, is still the strongest tower in Rome. Petrarch, who saw it before the earthquake of 1349 had somewhat shattered it, said nothing could be compared to it. Torre del Grillo, just above the Forum of Augustus, also belonged at this time to the Conti. Innocent III., who added to the family possessions both by lawful and unlawful means, also greatly increased the temporal power of the Church. A new army formed in its defence when he ratified the Orders of S. Francis and S. Dominic. Under the first of the Pope-Kings of Rome, the people realised the fierce contest for liberty which lay before them. Civil war raged in the City, and once the Pope had to fly before the triumphant people. But in the end they failed. They had lost the rights of the Papal and Imperial election, and now Innocent III. claimed the right to name the Senate. In 1205 he placed the government under the rule of one Senator or Podestà, with the result that a more peaceful time followed for the Papacy.

Nicholas III. (1277-1281) was another strong ruler of Rome, and his power seems to have been acknowledged more because he belonged to the great Orsini clan than to his spiritual position as head of the Church. He stood forth as something of a patriot, for he freed the city from the tyranny of Charles of Anjou and gave back to the people their right to elect the Senate. One Orsini fortress called Monte Giordano, after Giordano Orsini, lay near the Tiber, and in 1334 was surrounded by a strongly fortified wall. Since those days it has become the peaceful Palazzo Gabrielli, which resembles a country house built in a city by mistake. In the time of Nicholas III. they also held S. Angelo. Their other strongholds were built on the immense ruins of Pompey's theatre. The place even now is a labyrinth of twisting streets and houses standing on the curve of the ancient theatre, and a small Orsini church, Sta. Maria in Grotta Pinta, a name telling of frescoed vaults, stands in the midst.

Honorius III. (1216-1227) belonged to the Savelli clan, who succeeded the Pierleoni in the possession of the Teatro Marcello; and, toward the end of the century, Honorius IV. built a family palace, by Sta. Sabina, on the Aventine, whence he ruled the city. The tombs of the Savelli are seen in Ara Cœli. Their power was soon overshadowed by that of the Orsini, who finally inherited the palace they built on the part of the ruins of the teatro Marcello, still known as the Palazzo Orsini. Another war-like Trastevere family, the Anguillara, was finally amalgamated with the Orsini. Their castle, guarding the Tiber by S. Crisogono, has lately been restored, and so lost its battered and dusky appearance. With the Orsini, their leaders, they held with the Pope against the Colonnesi. In S. Francesco a Ripa lies the stone effigy of a warrior Anguillara, who, having entered the third Order of S. Francis, is habited as a friar. His grandson was Everso, a celebrated robber-baron of the fifteenth century, who stamped his own coins, filled his donjons with prisoners, and gave some of his ill-gotten gains for the good of his soul to the Lateran hospital. Their armorial bearings, "two crossed eels, surmounted by a helmet, and a wild boar holding a serpent in its mouth," might have been seen on the walls of many holy places which this family had endowed.

During the Renaissance the battle cry in Rome was Colonna or Orsini; while the Homeric feud between the Colonnesi and the Caetani belongs to mediæval times. In 1101 we hear of Peter Colonna taking part in the great struggle between Pope and people. One Pope proved their powerful friend and patron. Nicholas IV. had been bishop of Palestrina, their chief stronghold, and in the Turrita mosaics of Sta. Maria Maggiore, the Franciscan Pope kneels with a Colonna Cardinal, behind fluttering groups of angels, at the throne of Christ and the Madonna. Within the city their chief strongholds were the baths of Constantine and the

mausoleum of Augustus. On the right side of the Via Nazionale, on the ascent to the Quirinal, stands the Torre de' Babele. Three fragments of classical ornaments are set in the mediæval wall of the tower, and, one bearing the column of Trajan with wreath and crown, marks the property of the Colonna family.

A glance at a map will show that the Capitol, the seat of a struggling Republic, lay amidst a veritable network of baronial fortifications. Their own towers rose menacingly on the slopes and on the heights of the hill. The Romans, in these continual efforts to free themselves from the tyranny of the powerful, fought in the city walls under the banners of their captains, the Banderisi, who each ruled over one of the thirteen mediæval regions of Rome. Every region had its device, in most cases illustrative of its name, and many of these tablets bearing their crest can still be seen in the wall of a house or church. Every three months the people elected new captains, and all went in procession to Sta. Francesca Romana, where the choice was made between the two men whom each region had named as candidates. Their names were dropped into an urn, and one was picked out at random. Then the procession proceeded up to the Capitol, where the Senator ratified their choice. The Prior of all the regions was the Captain of Monti, which comprised the three hills of the Quirinal, Esquiline and Cœlian. Some of the regions, following old traditions, fought for the Emperor, and others for the Pope They helped to keep the balance of power, and prevented a powerful baronial family from gaining possession of the city like the Malatesta of Rimini, the Sforza of Milan, and the Medici of Florence. The Borgo only became a region late in the sixteenth century, when there were fourteen official regions. The Leonine City was too important to be classed under an ordinary division. Often a foreign enemy broke through the wall which Leo IV. had built around it, and many times the citizens

THE REDEEMER.

GIOTTO. SACRISTY S. PETER'S.

rushed in when an Emperor came to be crowned, and fierce battles were waged on the steps of the Basilica. Sometimes the great doors were forced by the foe, and the Pope's partisans slaughtered almost at the altar of S. Peter. Just as Pagan temples had become Christian churches, a holy basilica served as a fortress, and the mausolei of emperors as the dwellings of Popes and Roman nobles.

Under Boniface VIII. (1295-1303) the struggle between the Pope and the people lay dormant for awhile, and the feud lay with the Colonnesi, whom he strove to crush out of the land His family, the Caetani of Anagni, are believed to descend from the ancient Dukes of Gaeta. Count Pietro, nephew of Boniface VIII., added to their power by buying up half the Campagna. Ninfa alone had cost him some £600,000, with its marshlands, lakes and woods stretching for miles towards the sea. Their possessions in Latium were guarded by some twenty fortresses, harbouring an army of retainers, without counting those in Tuscany and near Naples. From the mausoleum of Cæcilia Metella on the Via Appia they watched the movements of the Colonnesi. We may still get a good idea of the fortified borgo they had made on the crest and slope of the hill. They brought the Circus of Maxentius into communication with the tomb, and extended their walls on the other side of the road, where a ruined chapel, with French-Gothic windows, brings up a curious picture of this lair of wild warriors, crowding round the altar at the morning mass before they sallied out to meet their enemy. The sarcophagus of Cæcilia Metella remained untouched through all the storm of war. In Rome the Caetani obtained possession of the torre delle Milizie built a century before by Peter Alexius, a powerful baron. The mediæval tower on the Tiber Island by the bridge of Quattro Capi was built by them, but otherwise they do not seem to have taken firm root within the city, so that after the days of Boniface their power depended more upon vast possessions in the campagna. Boniface VIII. and

his nephew in the full flush of triumph began their unholy crusade against the Colonnesi, who had dared to criticise the papal election because Celestine V. was still alive. The story was current that this holy hermit, who had been dragged from the Abruzzi mountains to be crowned, made himself a little cell within the Papal apartment where he passed the day and night in devotional tears. Cardinal Caetani arranged an ingenious system of communication with the cell by means of tubes, and a voice kept ringing in the ears of Celestine: "Resign, resign, it is God's will." Only too eager to abdicate, he soon returned to the Abruzzi, gained Dante's withering scorn, and left the Papal chair vacant for the owner of the mysterious voice. Boniface VIII. then filled it more as a Cæsar-Pope than as the Shepherd of the Church.

TORRE DELLE MILIZIE

Powerful as were the Colonnesi they could not stand against both Pope and Caetani. Their great stronghold, the ancient Palestrina, full of beautiful Roman buildings, was the last town to fall into the Pope's hand, and was levelled, like Carthage, to the ground and the citizens driven homeless into the campagna. Dante sealed the popular verdict that Boniface had acted treacherously in destroying the ancient town, and while his enemies for the moment were reduced to beggary, the Pope earned the hatred of all.

The triumph of Pope Boniface was supreme when the

new century opened, and a revival of devotion towards the shrines of Rome awakened throughout the Christian world. In the February of 1300 Boniface issued his famous bull which, giving "form and sanction to the growing impulse," promised remission of punishment of sin to all who should visit the basilicas of the apostles during the year. The Pope who had answered to the envoys of Albert of Austria, "It is I who am Cæsar; the Sovereign Pontiff is the only king of the Romans," rode through the city, preceded by his heralds, again proclaiming the fact, and carrying sword, sceptre and globe in the sight of all the people. Pilgrims flocked to Rome, and such was the general enthusiasm that priests stood by the altars gathering in their offerings with rakes. A corner house in the Via Banco di S. Spirito, facing the bridge of S. Angelo, where the columns of an open loggia are seen embedded in the wall, was the Bardi residence at this time, and it is very probable that Dante stayed with these Florentine bankers when he came with Villani and Giotto to the Jubilee. From these windows he may have watched the crowd he described in the eighteenth canto of the Inferno, who with their faces toward S. Angelo crossed the bridge, while those returning from S. Peter went towards 'il monte,' which is identified with Monte Giordano, the Orsini stronghold.

Dante's hatred of Boniface, due partly to his having been instrumental in bringing about his exile from Florence, comes out all through the Inferno. He places him with Nicholas III. among the simonists three years before his death. Nicholas in the vision mistakes Dante for Boniface, and asks him why he comes before his time; was he weary of the power he had usurped by deceitful means?

Giotto besides painting Pope Boniface proclaiming the Jubilee from the loggia of the Lateran had a year or two previously worked for another patron in Rome. Cardinal Jacopo Stefaneschi, of a noble Trastevere family, commissioned him to design the mosaic entitled the Navicella, a copy of which is now in the portico of S. Peter's. The

paintings he did for him in S. Giorgio in Velabro have long since disappeared. The Cardinal was the author of a treatise on church ceremonies and other works, and Giotto is said to have illuminated his manuscripts. For him he also painted the beautiful polyptic altar-piece in S. Peter's sacristy. On the central panel Christ is represented enthroned amid a choir of angels, and the Cardinal kneels below, his hand resting on a step of the throne. For the first time in a votive altar-piece we find the donor, but in contrast to later examples, he is here seen very small as if, unknown to the heavenly assemblage, he had crept into the picture. Both in this picture and in the death of S. Peter, we trace the broad conception of Cimabue's work at Assisi, even to the use made of the two Roman pyramidal tombs; but it is in the grouping of figures, their reality, and in the colouring that the genius of Giotto shines forth. How stiff in any other hands would be the picture of the Virgin seated between winged angels; but Giotto's is a masterpiece of subtle arrangement glowing with colour, which rests, delights and satisfies the eye. Besides being a great artist who was the first for many centuries to feel the reality of the human form in art, he tells a story with the directness and freshness of a true poet. Giotto's visits to Rome coincided with some of the last works of the Cosmati, of which we shall speak further on. The reign of Boniface was full of promise for Rome, but the splendour of the Jubilee and the train of great people it brought soon passed away. The Caetani had become too powerful and the Pope too arrogant. He had gained the enmity of Philip IV. of France, who, rebelling against his pretensions, sought his downfall. Boniface had gone to Anagni, resolving to excommunicate the king from the cathedral whence the ban had been declared against Frederic I. and Frederic II. But the plot ripened just before he hurled his thunderbolt. The Colonnesi, thirsting for revenge, and the partisans of the French king, stormed the town and after fierce fighting with the Caetani, reached

the papal palace. The Pope, who in the triumph of the Jubilee had thought the whole world lay at his feet, now found himself alone; his nephews were prisoners, his retainers had fled, and the burghers deserted to the enemy. Hastily donning the pontifical vestments, Boniface seated himself on the papal throne, crowned with the tiara, and resolved to die with the insignia of power. It would have been better had his enemies killed him; instead they humbled him to the dust. When a revulsion took place in his favour, and the fickle burghers drove Sciarra Colonna and his followers from the town, Boniface, after a degrading imprisonment in his own palace, returned to Rome a broken-hearted old man. He sat in the Vatican brooding on revenge. Rome was delivered up to anarchy, and the Orsini, taking advantage of his plight while they pretended to protect him from the Colonnesi, treated him as a prisoner. The chroniclers relate that in a frenzy he beat his head against the walls of his rooms in the Vatican, and died out of his mind at the age of eighty-six. A simple stone effigy laid out in ponti-

TORRE DEL GRILLO

fical vestments on the sepulchral monument, the Caetani arms sculptured on the pall, stands in a dark corner of the Vatican crypt . . . "it is the gravestone of the mediæval papacy, which was buried with him by the forces of the age."

Fighting for liberty, striving for the mastery among themselves, and heaping up riches, this, we sometimes feel, was the real life of the Romans. Occasionally they turned aside to endow or decorate a church for their soul's good or the glory of their house. Private citizens inscribed their names to votive frescoes or on a Cosmati pavement, but the great patrons of art were wealthy popes and cardinals. All through the history of Roman buildings it is impossible to say definitely that any church belongs especially to a particular century, for each generation added something to what had been done before, and often half pulled it down and rebuilt it, preserving perhaps only a window, the tribune or the columns of the older church. . The work of transformation never ceased for long together. Among the many buildings belonging to the eleventh and twelfth centuries the most striking are the fortress-like church and monastery of the Quattro Incoronati, due chiefly to Paschal II. (1099-1117), the patron of mosaic workers; and the beautiful basilica of Sta Maria in Trastevere, built in its present form by Innocent II. and Innocent III. The wide choir, raised tribune and massive columns observe the simple plan of an ancient basilica, and it is the most impressive of the lesser Roman churches. Under Nicholas III. Sta. Maria Sopra Minerva, the only Gothic church in Rome, was founded, but probably it was only completed about 1370. The northern architecture never laid any hold on Rome, as we may see from the plastered pillars, thin outlines, and tawdry decorations of Sta. Maria. More imbued with true Roman character is the Cosmati work which we meet with in nearly every church. The art of mosaic, derived from Greece, had long been familiar in Rome, but the mediæval polychrome mosaic united

S. Giorgio in Velabro.

COSMATI CLOISTER, SAN PAOLO FUORI LE MURA

with sculpture decoration had probably an Arabian origin. Cosma, his sons Luca and Giovanni, made it their own and introduced it into Rome. From about the year 1226 to the death of Boniface VIII., 1303, Rome became their quarry and work-shop. Slabs or columns of porphyry, serpentine, giallo, and rosso antico, which once had adorned imperial buildings, they cut into every shape for the decoration of tabernacles, paschal candlesticks, pulpits, episcopal thrones and sepulchral monuments. Their most famous work is the cloister of S. Paolo fuori le mura, begun under the abbot Peter at the end of the twelfth century. It is of small and beautiful proportions, with some variety in its columns picked out with shining marbles and golden glass tesseræ, and in the decoration on one side of stone reliefs showing quaint designs of heraldic plants,

and an Eve standing by Adam, who holds the Adam apple in his throat. Another family of stone-masons worked side by side with the Cosmati; their most famous work was the Lateran cloister. "I, Vassalectus, in my profession a noble and skilful master, have finished alone this work which I began in company with my father," was the inscription found during a recent restoration. This school, rising in 1153, lasted for a hundred and fifty years. The sculptured candelabrum of S. Paola fuori le mura belongs to it, and the canopy over the altar of S. Cosmae Damiano, which is one of their earliest works. The arches of an eleventh century cloister rested on single marble columns of severe simplicity, such as we find at S. Cosimato and Sta. Cecilia. The new school of decorators sought to encase the ancient structures with incrustations of jewel-like brilliancy, which added grace and richness to buildings of somewhat solid type. It is a decoration curiously characteristic of the practical Roman mind, for it proved as durable as it was lovely. The Sancta Sanctorum, already mentioned, remains a complete example of their work executed for the Orsini pope, Nicholas III. For Cardinal Francesco Caetani, the Cosmati decorated the church of Sta. Maria in Cosmedin, which bears the impress of their art to the exclusion of earlier decorators. Some say that the great Arnolfo del Cambio of Florence designed the tabernacle of S. Paolo fuori le mura and Sta. Cecilia, which no doubt influenced Adeodatus and Giovanni Cosmati to desert the round Roman arch and adopt the Gothic style.

We have already seen how dead are the mosaic pictures of the ninth century, though as flashes of colour in the old basilicas they have a strong hold on the imagination. With the Cosmati new life enters into this side of art. Well spaced and drawn with a firm, yet delicate touch, is the medallion group of the Saviour redeeming the black and white slave which ornaments the arched doorway in the Cœlian of S. Tomaso in Formis. Their finest works are the mosaics in the lower part of the arch and tribune in Sta. Maria in Tras-

tevere. The votive mosaic of the Virgin holding the Child, who looks down on the kneeling figure of the donor, Cardinal Bertoldo Stefaneschi (1290) shows that Byzantine influence had passed away and a new dawn broken for Italian art. But though individuality is strongly felt in later mediæval mosaics, we find the artists still carried away by classic traditions. In the loveliest mosaics in Rome, those in the big apse of Sta. Maria Maggiore, Jacobus Torriti, the Florentine (1295), remembered the broadly conceived scroll pattern in the Lateran baptistery, when he traced out the pattern of leaves, stiff flowers with birds resting on the thick stems, against a golden sky. The figures of saints stand, as on duty, amid the flowering scroll, and the donors, Nicholas III. and Cardinal Colonna, kneel on the banks of the Jordan. But the delight of the artist has lain rather in depicting the fairy-land of Promise, where pine-cones and pomegranates are held by naked genii, and swans, watched by the river gods, float on the Jordan amid sailing boats, and stags come to drink at the water's edge.

One of the most striking features in Rome is the vast number of monuments erected to the dead, among which we move as in a new world wrought out of marble and stone. The only mediæval portrait statue preserved in the city is that of Charles of Anjou in the Palazzo dei Conservatori. It was erected by order of the Senate after he had been named Senator of Rome in the year 1264. He founded the University and patronised the Romans, who saw in him the enemy of the Hohenstaufens, for whom they shared his bitter hatred. The figure of the King, clothed in a tunic and royal mantle, is roughly sculptured, and sits stiffly on the throne-chair, but the face is so full of character, and the shape of the head so unusual, that probably it was an actual portrait for which he sat to the sculptor. In most cases the more famous prelates and citizens of Rome were not honoured by any monument, and only a slab, with a simple inscription, records their deaths, and sometimes even that is wanting.

The men who were immortalised by the Cosmati and their school we know very little about, but we get very familiar with their features, and their presence in the churches make the past more real to us. Sometimes the figure of a dead bishop lies out in quiet repose with no attempt on the part of the sculptor to relieve the stern aloofness of his art. Somewhat similar to the simple tomb of Boniface VIII. is that of his chaplain in Sta. Balbina, both attributed to the Cosmati. In the one of Cardinal Anchera in S. Prassede (1286), the sepulchral slab is supported on small pillars, and mosaic ornamentation is introduced. A little later the Cosmati, taking the central idea from the school of the Pisani, fashioned a type of monument to the dead which united nobility of design with religious sentiment breathing a dignified and gentle piety. In the tomb of Bishop Guilielmus Durantus in Sta. Maria della Minerva (1296), and of Cardinal Consalvi of Albano (1299) in Sta. Maria Maggiore, an acute-arched baldachino is raised above the monument, and two angels draw back the curtain and show the sculptured effigy of the dead. In the recess of the arch a pattern of mosaic figures gradually looms out in the half light, and dimly we see a Madonna enthroned, with saints and donor. All the world of strife raised up in the pages of history fades away again into mist as we look upon these calm and noble Romans, and for a space we feel that the real life of Rome lay in its art, while fighting and crime was all part of a great pageant. *Chi lo sa?* With these tombs (the last is at Ara Cœli, dated 1306) the art of the Cosmati vanishes from Rome. The Papal Court, with the advent of French popes, removed to Avignon, and left the city at too low an ebb to encourage the adornment of their buildings. Not only was no foreign artist called to Rome for over a hundred years, but a local school of promising workers wholly disappeared. Had the little spark of Roman genius been fanned into full life instead of being allowed to die away, who knows but that Rome might have had sculptors and artists to

rival those of Tuscany. As it is, throughout the long period of the Renaissance we can only recall a Paolo and a Giulio Romano. In no domain either of art or literature did Rome stand forth as leader, and yet no city in the world has inspired artists as much or called out greater works from others. Dante, Villani, Petrarch, and in our own day a host of poets and writers, have all received their message from the Eternal City; but it was always the classic past which spoke to them.

## CHAPTER VIII

*Champions of the People in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries—The Capitoline Hill and Ara Cœli*

THROUGHOUT the period when the cry of liberty resounded from the Capitol, the Roman people were never strong enough to act alone, but were always falling under the sway of various remarkable men who temporarily voiced for them their defiance of Pope, Emperor and Barons. The first to take up the people's cause had been Arnold of Brescia, who, "clad in the monastic habit, emaciated by fasting, stood like a spectre upon the ruins of the Capitol." A century later, Innocent IV., finding his flock like a pack of wolves to deal with, sought peace in Umbrian towns, and even journeyed to Lyons to escape his troubles, and from thence continued his warfare with the Emperor Frederick II. This foreshadowed the Babylonian captivity of Avignon, and the Romans, who quickly discovered their material losses during the absence of a papal court, haughtily commanded Innocent IV. to return to his See instead of "wandering about like a vagabond." Entering Rome, after a year's absence, he found the people grown more conscious than ever of their importance, though now beneath the strong rule of their chosen Senator Brancaleone, a Bolognese lawyer. It was the first time that a 'foreigner' had been called in by the Romans to govern their city, and the man proved himself a despot of heroic mould. While fostering the people's pride by taking the title of Senator and Captain of the Roman people, by the sternness of his government he caused evil-doers to tremble, and kept within bounds the feudal Barons, who were the source of endless violence. In consequence

he became for a time the idol of a fickle populace. But he was not deceived by the enthusiastic *Evivas*, and on his election he had accepted the Senatorship for three years on the condition that some of the sons of the leading nobles should be sent to Bologna as pledges for his safety. At the end of his term of office he fell into the clutches of the Barons, and only escaped death by the refusal of the Bolognese to give up the Roman hostages until he were released. The increasing independence of the people was shown by their having been able to recall their Senator and elect him on similar conditions for another term of three years. This time Brancaleone's measures showed more severity; he even forced Alexander IV., who had dared to lay him under the ban, to sue for mercy, while a communal army threatened to beleaguer the papal retreat. When he ordered many of the fortress-towers in Rome to be pulled down, he performed a yet bolder feat, for the feudal nobles resembled the dragon with a hundred heads. In the midst of his prosperity, however, and in the strength of his manhood, Brancaleone died of fever. The Romans, mourning their hero, enclosed his head in an antique vase and placed it on the Capitol in the sight of all Rome. The Pope, perhaps being afraid that the devotion might lessen that which was paid to the heads of the Apostles in the Lateran, had this destroyed. All that survived as a record of Brancaleone were some coins with his name engraven upon them—the

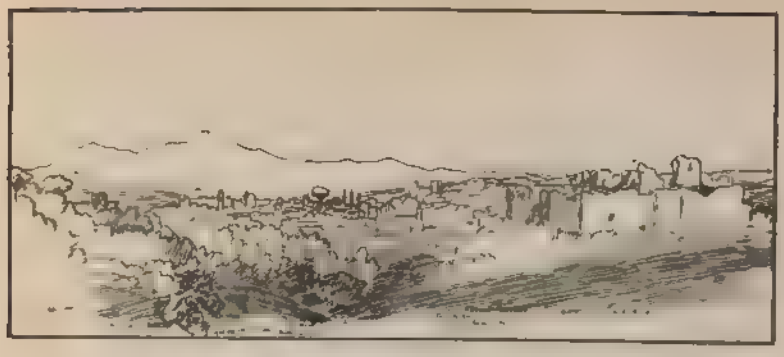
CANDELABRUM IN S. PAOLO FUORI

first Roman ones upon which the effigy of S. Peter was omitted, and which bore the name of a Senator.

The Mirabilia, better than any learned treatise, reveals to us the mediæval mind, so full of vague poetry which found expression in folk-lore. When the liberty and greatness of Rome had departed, her crumbling monuments, grand in their decay, remained to impress the people with awe of their mighty past. If these ruins are still able to bring a living image of ancient Rome to the modern traveller, what must have been the impression they produced in days before popes and nobles had built their palaces, towers and churches, out of ruined temples and triumphal arches, when the classical monuments were still clothed in marble? For a long time the old poetry of the place lived on in names of churches showing what hold the past maintained on the popular imagination. There was Sta. Caterina sub Tarpeio, S. Salvatore in Maximi, recalling the temple of Jupiter Maximus, and S. Niccolò in Statera, the temple of Jupiter Stator. The still existing churches of the Ara Cœli, S. Sergio e Bacco, Sta. Maria in Grotta Pinta, and S. Salvator dell'onda, are also names full of romantic suggestion.

When, about the middle of the thirteenth century, the legends contained in the Mirabilia were collected, many of the ancient churches must have been standing, undespoiled of their marble and sculpture; and it would seem that whole blocks of the temple of Jupiter optimus Maximus, 'wherein the golden image of Jove sat on a golden throne,' were above ground, where the Caffarelli palace now stands. In any case the pilgrim who wandered through Rome with his parchment scroll of the Mirabilia, the mediæval guide-book, felt that he had reached the Golden City, and looked at last upon its countless marvels. "The Capitol is so called," he would read, "because it was the head of the world, where the consuls and senators abode to govern the earth. The face thereof was covered with high walls and strong, rising above the top of the hill, and covered all over with glass

Sta. Maria in Cosmedin



VIEW FROM THE PALACE OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS

and gold and marvellous carved work. And in the Capitol were molten images of all the Trojan kings and of the emperors. Within the fortress was a palace all adorned with marvellous works in gold and silver and brass and costly stones, to be a mirror to all nations; the which was said to be worth the third part of the world."

But neither the citizens of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries who spoke arrogantly of Roman prerogative and citizenship, nor the senators who sat in the Senate House in brocaded mantles and tall mitres, really knew much of the great past beyond mystic tales, and few could decipher a Latin inscription. Virgil was a favourite poet with the learned, and his eclogues became the Sibylline books of the middle ages, as they had surrounded him with a new personality, that of a wizard endowed with supernatural powers. There is a French story which probably had its origin in Rome, being a confused medley of legends about the palace of Octavian, the Tor' de Specchi and the temple of Jupiter. Virgil, ever watching over the welfare of the city, built a great tower on the Capitol, shining with gold and gems, and furnished with mirrors, wherein all the deeds of the world and the approach of enemies might be revealed. Statues adorned it, representing the nations subject to Rome,

wearing bells round their necks which rang if the province they symbolised happened to rebel; and through the night a wondrous lamp sent forth rays of light from the tower even as far as the sea. Although the Tor' de Specchi, which once stood in the street of that name near the Capitoline hill, possibly took its name from a family, there is reason to believe that it was linked in the popular mind, because of its name, "Tower of the Mirrors," with the marvellous tower of Virgil. There is also a beautiful legend, connecting the great Augustus with the Christian Church of Our Lady of the Capitol. A Greek story had already recorded towards the middle of the sixth century how Augustus Cæsar, asking the Pythian Sibyl who should reign after him, had received this answer:—

> "A Hebrew Child, that rules among the Blessed,
> Bids me forego my house, and seek the shades,
> Thou therefore henceforth from my shrine depart."

Going out from the oracle Augustus set up an altar on the Capitol, and on it he inscribed "This is the altar of the First-born God." The Mirabilia, enlarging upon the tradition, describes how the senators, seeing the emperor "to be of so great beauty that none could look into his eyes," and that he had made all the world submissive to his rule, declared the God-head to be in him, and desired to worship him. Telling the senators to delay these honours, Augustus hastened to consult the Sibyl of Tibur. After a three days' rigorous fast the oracle predicted the coming of a king, "and anon whilst Octavian diligently hearkened to the Sibyl the heaven was opened, a great brightness lighted upon him, and he saw in heaven a virgin, passing fair, standing upon an altar, and holding in her arms a man child." A voice from heaven proclaimed to the kneeling emperor the presence of the Queen of Heaven and the Son of God. "The vision took place in the chamber of the Emperor

Octavian, where now is the church of Saint Mary in the Capitol. Therefore is it called Saint Mary in Ara Cœli."

From this delightful realm of legend, full of vague and visionary records which yet bring defined and vivid pictures before our minds, we come to the historical description of the Capitol in mediæval times taken from a Bull of the Pierleoni Pope.

"Anaclete, Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God, to his beloved sons in Christ, John, Abbot of the Holy Mother of God and Virgin Mary, and of S. John Baptist in the Capitol, and his successors to be regularly promoted for ever . . . to the said monastery of the same Mother of God, to thee committed. We do grant and confirm the whole hill of the Capitol in entirety, with the houses, crypts, cells, courts, gardens and trees, both fruitful and unfruitful, together with the *porticus* of the Camellaria,[1] with the land before the monastery that is called the market-place, with the walls, stones and columns, and all things in general thereto appertaining . . . around the same hill we do grant and confirm to thee and thy successors the house, crypt, and shops in the market,[2] and all the Hill of the Capitol in entirety, and all other things that are in the hill, or about the hill."[3] This bull was again cited in 1252 by Innocent IV. when he gave the benedictine convent to the Franciscans; and to his reign probably belongs the present form of the church. Who knows how many temples he rifled in order to obtain the ancient columns of cipollino, nero antico, white marble and Egyptian granite? Though far from claiming to be a beautiful building in an architectural sense, S. Mary of the Capitol is unique among Italian churches for its

[1] Porticus of the Tabularium overlooking the Forum.

[2] The Piazza of the Ara Cœli was a market-place in mediæval times.

[3] Grant of the Capitoline Hill to the Abbey of S. Mary in the Capitol. Extract from a bull of Pope Anacletus II. (c. 1130) See Mirabiliana. Translated by F. M. Nichols.

atmosphere, recalling a time that was a strange medley of crime, heroic deeds, lost ideals, and rude poetry. Within the shadow of an aisle we can watch the afternoon light as it spreads a veil of ethereal splendour over the broken, uneven mosaic floor, and there comes to us a strange, delightful feeling of remoteness as of some hill-set shrine. The Forum lies far beneath us; white columns shine there in the setting sun, a sense of giddiness seizes us even at the remembrance of the steep marble steps we have climbed, and the name of Sta. Maria in Ara Cœli, Holy Mary at the Altar of Heaven, rings in our ears like a beautiful rhythmic chant. Around us we see the gradual growth of centuries, the truthful expression of each age of thought that has passed, and on all the blending touch of Time has been laid. Under our feet are worn monuments of dead warriors and of long-forgotten priests, and in a side chapel the sunlight falls on an Umbrian fresco of a dying Franciscan saint. There are Gothic tombs of the great Savelli family, of a pope, of his mother Vana, and of a senator—the last a strange example of mediæval art, placed above a pagan sarcophagus. Crossing the choir, we pass a sepulchral slab to Catherine, Queen of Bosnia, a chapel built over the ashes of S. Helena, and we see the legendary altar of the First-born God. A frieze of *putti*, holding garlands, fresh and full of life, gleams on the marble surface of a Renaissance tomb; and in a dark transept a fresco glows in fitful light above the effigy of a Franciscan general, once praised by Dante in the *Paradiso*. Even the colossal statues in the church of Renaissance Popes enthroned, seem to form an intrinsic part of this fantastic medley. As we wander round, someone murmurs vaguely concerning *il Bambino*. A small fair child had just run down the altar steps with a skirt held up full of flowers, and disappeared into an inner chapel. We found her gazing at a closed cupboard above an altar with an expression of great expectancy. A Franciscan friar came with keys, and out of the cupboard a glass case, enclosing a painted doll tightly swathed

in tinsel swaddling-clothes, glided forth towards the altar. The doll stood erect, and with the vibrating motion of the shrine, as the candle light flashed across its gold crown, diamond crosses, rings, and ornaments of precious stones, glittered like a hundred stars. He has become the miraculous doctor of Rome, driving out in a carriage and pair with many attendants to visit the sick. The round, wide-open eyes stared at the worshippers, and we were glad to escape into the sunshine again.

The later historical memories of the Capitol lie especially close together throughout the fourteenth century, and centre mostly round the Ara Cœli, whose fortified monastery often served as a meeting-place for the civic government. The mediæval Senate House, which rises in such a magnificent pile from its giant foundations of the Republican time, was, in the reign of Innocent III., crowned with battlements and flanked by towers. At the end of the thirteenth century it was rebuilt, and an open hall, supported on columns, was added for the sittings of the courts of justice. In 1328 it is represented on the gold bulla of Louis the Bavarian, and "occupies the central place in the panorama of the city as a building flanked by two towers, with two stories, no longer crenelated, but covered with a roof. The lower story has only two bow-windows, and the upper four are placed so close together as to resemble a portico extending along the façade."

While the French popes ruled in Avignon, the tools of a French king, the great families fought among themselves in lawless Rome, and people, untrained to arms, chafed against their oppression. Robbers in swarms watched the high roads so that no traveller could reach the city without a guard of a hundred men, while peasants followed the plough fully armed. Rapine and murder filled Rome and the country side. In the year 1336 things must have reached a climax, for even the Barons felt the need of a truce, and a new era was to open. Stefano Colonna the elder, with his

son and adherents, assembled in the convent of Ara Cœli, and, in the presence of friars, whose greeting was *pax et bonum*, met their hated rivals the Orsini and Savelli, and grasped hands in token of a peace sworn to for two years. This formed a fitting prelude for the coming of a poet to Rome. Petrarch, the friend of Colonna, of Anguillara and of the Roman people, had more than once expressed his passionate longing to visit the Golden City; but his friends had as often dissuaded him, describing the depth of misery and humiliation into which she was plunged; and warning him that the reality would dispel his poetical illusions. Yet such was the wonder of Rome, the vitality of beauty she possessed, that even in her woeful plight she still could cast a spell over Petrarch, and he declared that his mental picture of her had been far surpassed. He entered the city on April 6, 1341, bringing with him a rich and royal mantle given him by King Robert of Naples, and a sonnet he had composed in praise of the ancient Romans. He stayed at the Colonna fortress, the guest of Stefano Colonna, a man for whom he had an unbounded respect, for in him he saw the incarnation of a Julius Cæsar, or a Scipio Africanus, so intensely did he admire the "majesty of the man, his mind, his presence, and the vigour of an upright character in an aged frame." Another friend was Agapito Colonna. There is a vividly expressed note from Petrarch inviting him to dinner. It will be a meal, he warns him, in the manner of poets: ripe apples, soft chestnuts, cream, bread, and risotto; a crane too, which has just arrived from a 'far country,' a rare dish, he remarks with a touch of pride, and there may be wild boar, carefully pickled. Orso d'Anguillara, from whose castle at Capranica he came to Rome, he describes as the best of hosts, and as living more mildly than a lamb in a lair of lions and tigers. It is strange to think that this baron, bearing two names so formidable in the annals of mediæval warfare, likewise wrote poetry, and loved literature, and probably wandered over the city with Petrarch, helping him to decipher the

ancient inscriptions. Petrarch was now prepared to receive the poet's crown upon the Capitol, clothed in the blue and gold mantle of King Robert, who had declared him worthy of the poet's wreath. Heralds declaimed his verses to the Roman people, and after Petrarch had made a Latin speech, Orso d'Anguillara took a laurel from his own head and crowned his friend, saying, "Take this wreath, it is the reward of virtue," while the people shouted, "Long live the Capitol and the poet." The procession then wended its way down the Clivus Capitolinus to S. Peter's, where Petrarch laid his crown at the shrine of the apostle, and the day ended with a banquet at the Colonna palace.

Among the crowd of spectators of the coronation that day stood Cola di Rienzo. In a little while he would himself rule from the Capitol, and, as the champion of liberty, receive the dedication of Petrarch's fine ode, "Spirto gentil, che quelle membra reggi."

Rienzo's figure emerges out of this dark time with refreshing originality. He is whimsical, capricious, full of faults and absurdities, yet through it all, is felt to be a man who started with a sincere ideal, though the manner in which he sought it may appear grotesque to modern eyes. It must be remembered that, while in many ways a unique type of character, he belonged to an age full of fantastic idealism, and for that very reason gained his power over the Romans. Cola first appears rather in the light of an archæologist. His biographer, the Anonimo, who took part in most of the events of his career, describes how he used to spend his days among the Roman ruins, meditating on pieces of sculptural marble, and interpreting the inscriptions to the people. "Where are those good Romans? Where is their justice now to be found?" he would exclaim while he recounted to a group of citizens the "magnificent actions of Julius Cæsar." The writer completes the picture when he adds that Cola was handsome, and that "round his mouth played ever a certain whimsical smile." The classical monuments of Rome, over-

grown with ferns and ivy, and issuing out of gardens and vineyards like giants of another world, met in Cola, the son of a tavern-keeper by the Tiber, one whose mind and whole heart responded to the lessons they conveyed. It may have been on the Palatine, among the shattered columns of imperial palaces and basilicas, that he first dreamed of a return of greatness to Rome. Looking across the Forum, where the life of the city had pulsed with noble aspirations, to the Capitol, the symbol of Rome's dominion and her universal citizenship, the vision arose of mediæval Romans gathered upon its heights and once more ruling the world, with an Emperor, or a Pope, as the figure-head of their majesty. Sometimes, in the radiance of a June sunset, the shade of the Roman tribune seems to haunt the ilex grove which crowns the Palatine, and amidst those ruins of ancient splendour the thought of him is never out of harmony with the past, for in the fantastic schemes of a political dreamer met together the spirit both of the antique world and of reawakening life. From the first he came forth as the enemy of the Barons, and as the leader of the Roman people, who sent him as their envoy to Avignon to beseech the Pope for permission to celebrate the jubilee. Clement VI., won by his enthusiasm and power of eloquence, loaded him with favours, and made him a papal notary. It was characteristic of Cola that, filled with the sense of the dignity of his office, he always wrote with a pen of fine silver. On his return from Avignon he began his crusade against those 'dogs of the Capitol,' whose backslidings and injustice he openly reproved. To the people he spoke by means of an allegorical picture, which he had painted on the walls of the Senate House opposite to the market. A small boat tossed in a heavy sea, and a woman weeping represented the unhappy condition of Rome, while the nobles and their followers, the cause of all the evil, figured as lions, bears, eels, dragons, and wolves. In the ruins of the Lateran, Cola had discovered the Lex Regia, the decree of the Senate, conferring

Fruiterer.

the imperium on Vespasian, which had served as part of an altar since the time of Boniface VIII. This he placed in the choir of the Lateran, and had the Roman Senators painted in round it. Then he called all the Romans together, and among them came Stefano Colonna the younger, and his son Gianni, "the most cunning evil-doers and the most magnificent nobles in Rome." Cola ascended a tribune, clad in a toga, having a German head-dress and a hood of white linen, surmounted by crowns of gold, one of which was divided in two by a sword point of silver. He reminded them of the majesty which the Roman people had possessed in the days when they gave authority to an emperor; now, he said, they had lost it, and Rome lay in the dust. "Romans," he cried, "peace abides not with you; your fields are untilled; by my faith, the Jubilee is approaching, and no provision has been made for the nations who will flock hither: they will carry away the very stones of Rome in the madness of their hunger, and even the stones will not suffice for such a multitude."

It often happened then that Cola di Rienzo was invited to table by Gianni Colonna and other Barons, who took delight in his speech. And he would say to them, "When I am a great Seigneur or an Emperor, this Baron I will hang, this Baron and that I will cause to be beheaded"; judging them thus all in turn, while the company almost died with laughing.

There followed secret meetings on the Aventine between Cola and the leading citizens, and one day a bill was fastened to the door of S. Giorgio, in Velabro, which read: "In a brief space the Romans will return to the 'good Estate' of ancient days." Cola seized the opportunity in 1347, when the Barons, with their retainers, were absent in the Campagna, to issue a proclamation that the people should assemble unarmed at the sound of the bell. At midnight on the vigil of Pentecost, he heard thirty masses of the Holy Ghost in the Church of S. Angelo Pescheria, and

guarded his arms at the altar through the night. At dawn he issued forth bareheaded from the church fully armed, followed by a multitude of youths, while in front were carried the banners of Rome, S. Paul, S. Peter and S. George. Taking courage, "though still not without fear," he went, in company with the papal vicar, to the Palace of the Capitol. There, a great multitude of people being gathered together, he spoke of the servitude of the Romans, told them he was ready to expose himself to every danger for love of the Pope and the safety of the people. Then he caused to be read aloud from a scroll the decrees for the government, chiefly directed against the tyranny of the Nobles; and many and various were the wise enactments he proposed. When this bloodless victory had been gained, Stefano Colonna, returning with all speed to Rome, rode into the Piazza of S. Marcello, in the Corso, and openly declared that these deeds were not to his liking. When Cola sent him an edict with an order to quit Rome, he tore it in shreds. "If this fool angers me further," he exclaimed, "I will have him thrown from the windows of the Capitol." Cola di Rienzo ordered the bells to be rung, and the people assembled to meet the danger, and Messer Stefano, mounting his horse, rode away to S. Lorenzo fuori le mura, accompanied by a single page. The Barons were forthwith ordered to return to their castles; and when they had obeyed, Cola di Rienzo spoke to the citizens, and demanded of them that he and Pope Clement's vicar, whom he used as a figure-head, should be called Tribunes and Liberators of the Romans. Cola, ruling Rome with justice and severity, cast such terror into the hearts of evil-doers, that "the woods began to rejoice because robbers no longer dwelt in them"; oxen once more ploughed the fields, pilgrims visited the sanctuaries, and merchants journeyed abroad. He showed no mercy to the wicked. One of the Annibaldeschi was beheaded by his order, and he hanged a nephew of Cardinal Jacopo Cäetani on the Capitol. All praised

the Tribune's deeds, and the fame of his justice was said to have even reached the Soldan of Babylon. The Barons of Rome came humbly to the Capitol to do homage to the Tribune and swear to the 'good Estate,' standing before him with their arms bent and their hoods thrown back. Then the Tribune sent out couriers bearing silver wands, to announce to the Powers the return of peace to Rome. His scribes ceased not day or night from writing letters, and there came to him verses and letters in great number from poets, from rulers of cities, and kings. When the Tribune went to S. Peter's, he rode there on a white charger, clad in white silk fringed with gold. The armed militia accompanied him, and all the officials of the Capitol, with trumpeters blowing silver trumpets; and among the host of standard-bearers was one who bore the sword of justice. Another carried an apple-tree of silver gilt, surmounted with a golden cross enclosing a piece of the Holy Rood. When the Tribune reached the steps of S. Peter's the clergy came forth to meet him, swinging censers, and chanting "Veni Creator Spiritus."

Remembering the significance of the Feriales (see p. 164), Rienzo chose the vigil of the feast of S. Pietro in Vincoli on which to receive the honour of knighthood. The ceremony took place in the baptistery of S. Giovanni. He bathed in the green basalt font of the Emperor Constantine, which was full of rose water, and when he had dressed, Messer Vico Scotto, a Roman knight, fastened on him the sword and the golden spurs, and he lay down to sleep on a bed within the enclosure of the porphyry columns. The following day, clad in scarlet and adorned with the tokens of knighthood, he went up into the jubilee-loggia of Pope Boniface VIII., and in a loud voice, before all the people assembled, called on 'Messer Papa Clemente' to return to his See, and cited Louis, Duke of Bavaria, and many other rulers to account for their right to reign, as it is written that the Roman people alone have the power of election. Unsheathing his sword, he cut the air around

him into three divisions, saying as he did so, "This is mine," three times. The Vicar of Pope Clement witnessing these things, stood "like a man made of wood," without power to protest, till at last he found voice and commanded his notary to proclaim his disapproval to the people. Whereupon, the Tribune ordered the trumpets, tambourines, and drums to sound so that the greater noise should drown the lesser. That day Cola gave a banquet with many and varied dishes; so great was the choice of wines that there was only a dearth of water. He sat with the Pope's Vicar at the marble table, reserved for the Pope alone, in the ancient hall of the Lateran, while at other tables were ranged without order a great gathering of abbots, clerics, barons, knights, and merchants. From dawn to sunset, for the refreshment of the people, a perpetual stream of red wine and fresh water fell into a large basin out of the nostrils of the bronze horse of Constantine.

Two important events which have never been doubted, and cannot be ignored in the life of Cola, are not mentioned by the Anonimo. When, within a few days after the events described, he called together the Italian envoys on the Capitol, and gave to each a banner and a golden ring, as it were to symbolise their mystic marriage with Rome, he may be said to have celebrated the first festival of the union of Italy. Not long after, on the feast of the Assumption, Cola concluded his cycle of spectacles by being crowned with seven crowns in the Lateran as "Tribunus Augustus, Harbinger of the Holy Ghost." The wreaths were mostly made of weeds that grew on the arch of Constantine, and each, betokening some gift of the Holy Spirit, was placed upon his head by a different dignitary of the Church. The prior of S. Paul gave him a crown of ivy, saying, "Take the ivy because thou lovest religion," and last of all the prior of S. Spirito handed him the sceptre and crowned him with a silver wreath, saying, "Illustrious Tribune, take the gifts of the Holy Ghost, with the crown and sceptre, and receive

also the spiritual crown." We are reminded of Franciscan mysticism while reading of the ragged beggar-man who stood behind the Tribune's chair, and, like a demon of mockery, snatched the garlands one by one from his head. At his coronation, attaining the apex of his power, he likened himself to Christ and His thirty-three years of work. The ceremony was one of wild extravagance. Some of the people were carried away by his personal charm, most looked on in wonderment, and a monk who had until now thought him inspired, was seen to weep bitterly in a corner of the church. Cola's aspiration to revive national life in Italy, holding out the right of Roman citizenship to all, was a high one, and the seriousness of his aims must have been realised by the different Powers, who treated him as the ruler of Rome, for he was applied to as arbitrator between Queen Joanna of Naples and the King of Hungary. The cautious Florentines alone stood aloof.

THE LATERAN

His treatment of the Roman Barons was not always wise; his reputation would have suffered less had he beheaded the Colonnesi, the Orsini, and others, instead of treacherously imprisoning them on the Capitol, condemning them to death, and then theatrically letting them go free. They resented being made sport of by a plebeian, whom they had treated as a buffoon before this sudden rise to power. It was, however,

reserved for Cola to deal a deadly blow at the Baronial power. The battle by the gates of S. Lorenzo in 1347, between the nobles and Romans, has been called the "black day of the Fabii in the Middle Ages." Although neither Cola nor the people showed real courage or ability, fortune favoured them, and some eighty nobles fell in the skirmish. The Anonimo, echoing the feeling that had been awakened in Italy for beauty and noble manhood, which was later to find its full voice in the immortal chronicle of the Perugian Matarazzo, mourns especially the death of the two Colonnesi. Gianni rode rapidly down the street clad in his baron's armour, lance at rest, driving the people before him in flight, but when they found that he was alone they turned and slew him. The down was still upon his chin, says the Anonimo, and yet the fame of his glory and power resounded through every land. Stefano Colonna, galloping in at the gate of S. Lorenzo to search for his son, saw him lying there surrounded by his slayers, and, like one demented, turned to flee; but hardly had he passed the gates than a heavy stone from the guard tower felled him to the ground, and many swords did the rest.

So the victory lay with the people; Cola di Rienzo ordered his silver trumpets to sound, and, with a silver crown of olive leaves upon his head, returned in triumph to the Capitol. He laid his sceptre and wreath before the image of the Virgin in Ara Cœli, and wiping his bloodless sword, placed it in the scabbard, saying, "Thou last struck the ear from off a head which neither Pope nor Emperor was able to sever." The bodies of the slain Colonnesi were brought in the evening to the Ara Cœli, covered over with a golden pall. The noble ladies of their family, with dishevelled hair and rent garments, came to bewail their dead; but the Tribune would permit neither honour or burial to be given to "the three accursed corpses," as he called them; so they were carried secretly to the Church of S. Silvestro in Capite, and buried silently at midnight by the nuns.[1]

[1] The Colonnesi had founded the convent for the members of their house.

As usual, Cola entirely lost his head at his success, knighted his son in the blood of the Colonna, and let the moment for action slip by in folly. His fortune was on the wane, and the clouds that threatened to obscure his sky arose from Avignon. The Pope, worked upon by Cardinal Colonna, and ill-pleased by the accounts of the ceremonies observed at Cola's knighthood and coronation, by the licensing of his papal vicar and the autocratic tone assumed by the Tribune, now had recourse to the invincible spiritual arms of the papacy. The people, warned that Cola was about to be excommunicated, and that there would be no jubilee in Rome did they adhere to his party, hastened to desert him and become good children of the Church. When Cola had the bell of the Capitol rung for the people to assemble, and but five responded to the summons, he knew the day to be lost, and "owning then no more courage than a little boy," he hurried weeping to S. Angelo, while his wife escaped disguised as a friar minor. He fled via Tivoli to the Celestine monastery of Maiella, near Sulmona, and remained for a year among the hermits of the Abruzzi, still dreaming of universal dominion, and listening to the encouraging prophecies of a holy recluse.

In the meantime the black death of the year 1348, immortalised in the 'Decameron,' was devastating Italian cities, and the Romans appealed, not in vain it was thought, to the famous Madonna of Ara Cœli. The steps of pure white marble, which still lead up to the hill-set church as by a broad mountain road, were the offering of the grateful Romans. In the autumn of 1349 Rome was shaken to her foundations by an earthquake, which caused havoc among churches, towers and palaces. No mention is made of the ruin of classical buildings; perhaps their more perfectly constructed and massive walls bore the shock better. The pilgrims who came in 1350 for the jubilee found Rome half in ruins and no pope to bless them. Petrarch, on this, his fifth visit, mourned the loss of his Colonna friends and of

THE TIBER VALLEY FROM THE MONTICELLI

others, the collapse of Cola's schemes, and the sad plight of the city. "The holy dwellings of SS. Peter and Paul totter," he writes; "what was lately the temple of the apostle is a shapeless heap of ruins to excite pity even in a heart of stone." Lightning struck the crumbling churches, and so forlorn was their condition that we hear of goats wandering through the nave and aisles of the roofless Lateran. The horrors of anarchy returned, causing a distracted cardinal to exclaim, "In order to procure peace in Rome the whole city must be pulled down and rebuilt." Nature was carrying out his idea almost to the letter. Drunk with ideas of liberty the people shot at the papal vicar with arrows, so that he walked about clad in armour beneath his vestments, wearing a helmet concealed under his cardinal's hat. "It is better to be a humble priest in Avignon than a great prelate in Rome," sighed the cardinal, and returned to France panic-stricken from his pilgrimage.

MONTE CAVALLO ON THE QUIRINAL

The papal court blamed Rienzo for all this trouble. With unabated enthusiasm he had journeyed disguised from the Abruzzi mountains to lay fresh schemes for the redemption of Italy, before King Charles IV. of Bohemia, in Prague. Though he astonished the court by his eloquence, the visionary reformer found little favour. His disguise was discovered, and, after a year's imprisonment in the castle of Raudnitz, he was despatched to Avignon as a present to Pope Clement. There he lay chained in a dungeon. In 1354 Clement VI. died, and the new Pope, Innocent VI., seeing a useful ally in Cola, restored him to favour and sent him to Rome in company with the warrior Spaniard, Cardinal Albornoz. "Thus a great statesman and a gifted dreamer left Avignon for Italy to quell the tyrants."[1]

Appointed Senator of Rome by the cardinal, Cola's reception by the fickle Romans surpassed anything that had hitherto been seen. He was escorted to the Capitol through triumphal arches, through streets strewn with laurel leaves, and decorated with banners and brocaded stuffs. The silver trumpets sounded once again. Ambassadors hurried from all parts to greet him. "Oh," exclaims the Anonimo, "how well he replied to them all." Life again moved on the historic hill.

But now the truth must be told, and sadly the Anonimo refers to it. Rienzo, in his absence, had become prodigiously stout, and he who had once been temperate in his habits, now freely indulged in the choice wines of Monte Pulciano and Malvasia. Clearly, the atmosphere of romance which surrounded him in former days had departed. The defects of his character had only deepened with time, so the Romans soon found reason to criticise the actions of their former idol. A tax on salt and other articles of consumption to fill the impoverished treasury; the execution, without just cause,

[1] See Gregorovius. Albornoz succeeded in reducing the States of the Church to obedience, and it is said that he forwarded to Avignon a waggon-load of keys of submissive cities.

of a favourite Roman citizen; and the treacherous appropriation of Monreale's immense wealth, and his execution, hastened his fall. Fra Monreale, prior of S. John, was a Provençal knight who had gained his reputation as general of the Great Company. There was little doubt that, seeing Cola's days of power were numbered, Monreale came to Rome, designing to seize the helm himself, while he listened to the Colonna plans for working the Tribune's downfall. A treacherous invitation from Cola brought him to the Senate House, where imprisonment, torture, and finally death at the foot of the Capitol, by the lion, was his fate. The friars of Ara Cœli buried him in their cloister.

On a September morning in 1354, Rienzo was still lying abed, when the warning cry from many voices reached him of 'Viva 'l popolo.' The call was responded to from the different Regions, and the cry changed to 'Death to the traitor, Cola di Rienzo, let him die.' Rushing to the Capitol with a great company of men, women, and young girls, the citizens threw stones, making a tumult, and shouting, "Death to the traitor who has levied taxes upon us; let him die." Their wrath was terrible. The Tribune, seeing that he himself was abandoned by his people, judges, notaries, and servants having fled to save their skins, donned the armour of a cavalier, took the gonfalon of the people, and, alone, appeared at the balcony of the upper hall. He stretched out his hand as if he would speak to them, but the Romans, 'behaving like swine,' threw stones and shot arrows at him, and tried to burn down the doors. A dart pierced his hand; then, unfurling the gonfalon, he pointed to the motto embroidered in letters of gold, 'Senatus populusque Romanus.' But the people, unmoved by these things, continued to call out 'Death to the traitor, let him die.' The Tribune knew not what to do. First he wished to die honourably, sword in hand, then he thought of flight, but the desire to live conquered all else. The doors were in flames, bit by bit the ceiling was falling, and the tumult

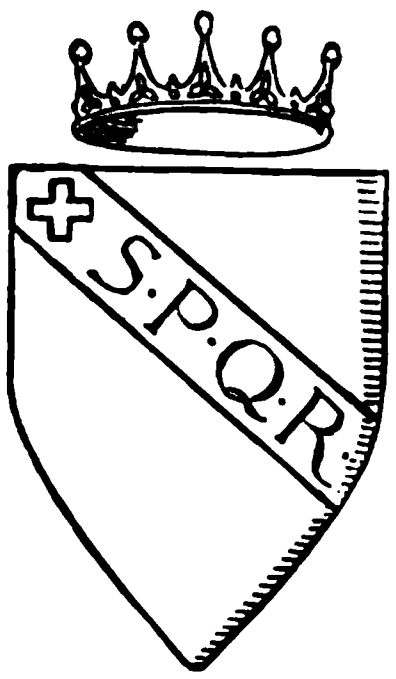
deafening. The Tribune laid aside his armour, hastily disguised himself as a charcoal-burner, blackened his face, cast a tattered cloak around him which he found in the porter's lodge, and, placing a sack upon his head, hurried out through the crowd (you may see such a figure any day in Rome), calling in a feigned voice, 'Viva 'l popolo, down with the traitor.' But in the crush his disguise was revealed, and his gold bracelets betrayed him to the people. He was dragged to the place by the lion at the foot of the Capitol, and where the Tribune had sentenced others to death he now stood, and a great silence fell on all; no man dared to touch him.[1] The tattered cloak had fallen off and left him with a face 'black like an oven,' clad in green silk, and wearing the purple stockings of a baron. For nearly an hour he remained with arms folded, when in the silence he turned his head and looked around him; then Cecco del Vecchio clutching a long sword, plunged it into his body. Many a sword cut followed, and then there came one with ropes to drag him to San Marcello where they hanged him by his feet. The body swung for two days and nights; the lads threw stones at it. On the third day by order of Jugurtha and Sciarra Colonna, the people dragged the body of their Tribune to the mausoleum of Augustus, where in derision they placed it on a heap of thistles; he was fat and burnt quickly; while the Jews, crowding round, busily fanned the flame until the body was reduced to ashes, and not an atom remained. This was the end of Cola di Rienzo, who called himself Augustus, and wished to be the champion of the Romans. His house was pillaged, they found in a room, among his cherished possessions, a mirror of shining steel, with figures and char-

[1] In the Court of the Palazzo dei Conservatori is the group of a lion and a horse which at this time stood on the staircase of the Capitol, and was known as the 'Loco del Lione,' where sentence of death was pronounced. Low-classed criminals were made to sit astride the lion, with a mitre on their head, their faces smeared with honey. In 1488, the place of execution was moved from the Rupes Tarpeia to the Piazza by S. Angelo.

acters engraved upon it, wherein, so rumour had it, was imprisoned the spirit of Fiorone;[1] then were also found certain waxen tablets whereon he had inscribed the names of citizens to be taxed.

A whole world of mediæval life and thought is gathered together in the brief space of this man's career. It is thus that Gregorovius expresses the significance of Rienzo's failure. "For his delusions were cleared up in the truth; namely, that only those ideas are eternal which intellectually educate mankind, and that the historic form, once shattered, has forever fallen. The musty parchments of the ancients on which Homer, Plato, and Cicero had left the impress of their brains, revived under a moral process; but from the colossal monuments, on which Romans had chiselled their names and deeds, reissued neither Brutus nor Fabius, neither Cæsar nor Trajan."

[1] Possibly an Etruscan mirror. Sometimes the word *Phleres* was engraved upon them.




THE MUNICIPAL ARMS OF ROME

## CHAPTER IX

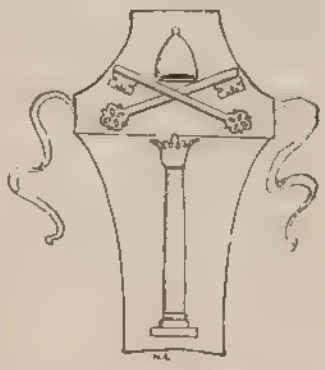
*End of the Babylonian Captivity – Martin V.* (1417-1431) – *Masolino—Eugenius IV.* (1431-1447) – *The Campo dei Fiori – Palazzo Capranica – Bronze Doors of S. Peter's – Nicholas V.* (1447-1455) – *Designs for the Vatican— Beato Angelico – Pius II.* (1458-1464) — *Relic of S. Andrew – Paolo Romano – Paul II.* (1464-1471)—*The Carnival – The Humanists – Palazzo Venezia—Church of S. Marco*

A BRIGHTER day was dawning for Rome when Urban V. returned to his See in 1367. A veritable panic seized upon the cardinals at the thought of leaving the luxuries and the peace of Avignon for a city in ruins, which was ever the prey of a fickle populace. The decision had been forced upon the Pope through fear of losing his Italian possessions; but after enduring a residence of only three years in his capital he resolved to leave his 'dear children' and return to Avignon. S. Bridget of Sweden, who at this time was living in a small house in Piazza Farnese, appeared before him at Montefiascone in the light of a prophetess. She predicted his death if he should dare to desert his See; but, heedless of duty or warnings, Urban embarked for France, and died soon after reaching Avignon. His successor, Gregory XI., was braver. He listened to the inspired words of S. Catherine of Siena, who came to Avignon on her high mission to try and heal the wounds of the Church; and in 1376 he made a triumphal entry into Rome,[1] dwelling there

[1] This event is recorded in a marble bas-relief over the pope's tomb in Sta. Francesca Romana, which the grateful Senate erected to his memory in the sixteenth century.

until his death. Petrarch and S. Bridget, who had both fought nobly in bringing about the end of the Babylonian captivity, had lately died, but the Maid of Siena stood by the popes in their feuds with the anti-popes of Avignon, and she appears as the guardian angel of Rome. To this day her feast is celebrated with great pomp in the church of Sta. Maria Sopra Minerva, where her body rests beneath the high altar. When Gregory XI. died in 1378, the Romans determined to have an Italian pope, and they obtained the desired election by their usual methods of browbeating the cardinals. A Neapolitan, Urban VI., became pope, and though he was a man of coarse and brutal character, the Romans sided with him, and S. Catherine encouraged him in the struggle for freedom. Through the Italian troops under the condottiére Alberigo da Barbiano, the anti-pope's Gascon troops were defeated at Marino, and the French garrison of S. Angelo, who had tyrannised over the city for a year, were forced to surrender in 1379. The Romans showed their joy at a return to liberty in a strange way. They rushed upon Hadrian's mausoleum, which was so intimately connected with every period of their history, and pulled it down "to the central part which encloses the vault"; and for many years great blocks of its marble lay in heaps on the Tiber bank. Cimabue, having visited Rome in 1272, depicted it on the walls of S. Francesco d'Assisi, where we can trace its crown of battlements erected by the Orsini, the square mediæval tower surmounting the massive round building, and the great outer walls joining it to the river. For its appearance after the Renaissance popes had rebuilt it, and made it still more of a fortress, we must look at Carpaccio's picture of the 'Marriage of S. Ursula' in the Venetian Academy, and the drawings by San Gallo in the Vatican library. After the capture of S. Angelo, Urban VI. and his successors could feel secure from their enemies, but troubles within the Church had not ended. The French cardinals at Avignon still formed a strong party, and ignoring the Roman pontiff,

proceeded to elect a French pope. It was only in 1420, on the entrance of Martin V. into the city, that a new era opened for the papacy and for Rome. Three anti-popes had been deposed by the Council of Constance, and Otho, a member of the great Colonna family, ascended the papal throne amid general rejoicings. After more than a hundred years a Roman ruled as pope. But the excited populace, as it paraded the streets with torches, singing his praises, did not realise that its new-born aspirations after liberty, which had formerly been fostered by Rienzo, were to be crushed for ever beneath the rule of the Renaissance popes.[1] It is not surprising that French cardinals had shuddered at the thought of their new abode, and hurried back to Avignon at the first opportunity. Poggio Bracciolini, the secretary of Martin V., describes Rome at this period as half emptied of her inhabitants, the houses in ruins, vineyards and fields in the midst of the city, much as we may see to-day between the baths of Caracalla and Porta S. Sebastiano. He looked upon the tragic ruin of the classical buildings, whose names, he says, are now only found in books, and composed his treatise on 'The Changes of Fortune.' The melancholy picture is also recorded by the English chronicler, Adam de Usk: "O God, how pitiable is Rome!" he exclaims; "once was she filled with great nobles and palaces, now with huts, thieves, wolves, and vermin, and with waste places; and the Romans themselves tear each other to pieces." From his windows at night this traveller had watched the fights of city dogs and hungry wolves around



ARMS OF MARTIN V (COLONNA)

[1] Gregorovius tells us that one of Martin's first acts was to establish in the Vatican a guard of seventy men under a captain. This may have been the origin of the Swiss guard.

the steps of S. Peter's. While there was little security within the city-walls, none dared approach Rome because of the bandits lying in wait in the country round. Martin V., dwelling like a noble in the great palace which he built by the SS. Apostoli, brought the Romans under an iron rule, with the help of his soldier kindred. His measures against lawless brigands proved so effectual that Infessura declares people could walk anywhere with gold in their hands. Peace now reigned in the city and, without, the papal arms triumphed, and Martin began to rebuild and adorn the ruined churches. Since the days of Boniface VIII. no famous artist had painted in Rome. Pope Martin now called thither Gentile da Fabriano and Pisanello to decorate the walls of the Lateran, in which he had placed the beautiful pavement we see there to the present day: Masaccio also came during this reign; but nothing remains to us of their work. Masolino, the Florentine, who outlived his pupil of genius by many years, was more fortunate. Coming to Rome to study, Vasari tells us, somewhere about the year 1421, before he painted his famous frescoes at Castiglione d'Olona for Cardinal Branda Castiglione, he was employed by the Orsini to decorate the hall of their palace on Monte Giordano. Roman nobles were beginning to cultivate a love of art. Masolino soon returned to Florence "because the air of Rome gave him headaches," but he left some of his finest work on the walls of a chapel in S. Clemente, which had been commissioned by Cardinal Branda Castiglione. The scene where S. Catherine of Alexandria disputes with the elders before Maximinus is one of the loveliest things in early art. With what sincerity and true feeling for beauty has he not drawn the saint standing up before these learned men, so full of youthful grace and entrancing persuasion! Then with what a graceful motion her body sways forward to receive the sword stroke in the scene of her martyrdom! And high up, on a rocky peak which rises far above a circle of opalescent hills, two angels are laying her to rest in a

marble sarcophagus. The picture in the Naples museum by Masolino, illustrating the legend of Sta. Maria Maggiore, belongs also to this period, and as Martin V. is represented as drawing out the plan of the church in the snow in lieu of Sixtus III., we may conclude it was painted at his orders. Martin, by restoring the city and once more enlisting artists in the service of the popes, laid the foundations of Renaissance Rome and earned the fine title placed upon his bronze tomb in the Lateran: "The happiness of his times." Less to the credit of Martin was his nepotism and his greed for money. By restoring power and wealth to the Colonnesi he caused trouble for his successor, Eugenius IV., a Venetian friar of blameless life but not possessed of the qualities to grapple with difficulties. With the aid of the Orsini, and after fierce feuds, he succeeded in crushing this ill-fated family, and Palestrina was again razed to the ground, twelve workmen from each quarter of Rome being sent to carry out the cruel task. But his victory earned him the hatred of the people who were half maddened by the pressure of the Pope's enemies about their walls. They rose in revolt, besieging the papal residence, adjoining Sta. Maria in Trastevere, with cries of "Liberty and down with the Church." Eugenius, disguised as a benedictine monk, made his escape in a rowing boat down the Tiber to Ostia, on his way to Florence. The infuriated people, recognising his tall figure, followed along the river banks, shooting arrows and pelting him with stones, so that they must have killed him had he not cowered at the bottom of the boat under the protection of a great shield. The popular government set up in Rome was a complete failure, and soon fell a prey to Sforza's troops, which were led by the terrible warrior-bishop, Giovanni Vitelleschi. Under his protection Eugenius returned to his See after an absence of seven years. The last years of his reign were peaceful, and he was able to carry on the work of Martin V. Under him started the impulse of transforming Rome into a sumptuous city of

palaces and airy *piazze*. His chief architect was a Venetian, Antonio Ricci; while Cardinal Scarampo, who succeeded Vitelleschi as the Pope's favourite and as tyrant of Rome, entered heart and soul into his plans, and superintended the work. This wealthy Maecenas commenced by paving with travertine the Campo dei Fiori, which soon became a great centre of traffic. The Orsini had long dwelt in palaces built above the ruins of Pompey's theatre, where, in 1864, the celebrated Torso of the Belvedere and the bronze Hercules were discovered. At one corner of the piazza now arose a large palace adorned with frescoes where to-day stands the Palazzo Pio. This also became the travellers' quarter of those days. The stranger could alight at the Albergo del Sole, still in existence, and might on almost any day witness an execution from his windows. In 1489 Otto, Duke of Brunswick, arrived with his retinue of twenty-nine horses at the Campana near by. Later, Vanozza Borgia owned the Osteria della Vacca on the Campo dei Fiori. The romance and life of Rome has never departed from here, and it is not only the name that recalls the time when cattle pastured among the flowers. Many days in the spring time, but especially upon Wednesdays, the people set up their stalls, and beneath white tent-awnings or large umbrellas, many coloured masses of flowers are spread; red roses catch a stray gleam of brilliant sunshine, lilies are laid in the shade, foxgloves, pinks, Canterbury bells, and boughs of mimosa fill the piazza with bewildering colour and delicious scent. Everything is offered to you in the Campo dei Fiori, from fine linen embroidered with coronets and flowers which comes out of the trousseau of some lady fallen on evil days, down to the paper carnations, onions and garlic which little boys thrust out to you for sale. Fish can even be fried at a moment's notice at the picturesque fish-shop by Pompey's theatre, and who does not know the temptations of the rag-market, just across the way, by the Cancelleria? In early summer life moves briskly in the market-place, and

Piazza Navona

THE PUBLIC SCRIBES

close to the dark arch which connects Sta. Maria in Grotta Pinta with the Palazzo Pio, the public scribes erect their tents, and all day long, until the autumn sets in, are writing letters by the hundreds for peasants, market-women and lovers.

The fever for building spread among the cardinals, and an interesting memorial of this first period of the Renaissance is the Palazzo Capranica with its French Gothic windows, which stands by Sta. Maria in Aquiro. Its builder, Domenico Pontugoli, a native of the Colonna rock-fortress of Capranica, was a great scholar and had destined part of it for a school. The cardinal's brother completed the palace in 1460, inserting windows with marble casings in the neo-Latin style, in imitation of the Palazzo di S. Marco which Cardinal Barbo was then building.

During his enforced residence at Florence, Eugenius IV. had seen and admired Ghiberti's bronze gates, and here he conceived the idea of ornamenting in like manner the basilica of S. Peter. Vasari, lamenting how little princes understood of Art, blames him for allowing the work to be given to Antonio Filarete, who was a better architect than sculptor, when he might have had the services of Brunellesco or Donatello. During some twelve years, Filarete and his pupils were employed in Rome upon various tombs for popes and cardinals, and in casting the bronze doors of S. Peter's, which were set up in the June of 1445. Their main interest lies in their historical association, revealing as they do the new spirit of the age, when a pope could record the event of his own reign upon the doors of the holiest shrine in Europe, and surround them with a decorative scroll border with scenes taken from the Metamorphoses of Ovid, such as Leda and the Swan, and Æsop's fable of the fox and the blackbird. One of the panels commemorates the coming to Rome of Sigismund to receive the imperial crown; in others, the Emperor John Paleologus VI. with his brother Demetrius, tyrant of the Morea, arrives in Italy and appears before Eugenius, who is seen presiding at the "robber synod of Florence," which united the Greek and Latin Churches. In the crucifixion of S. Peter, Filarete has used three Roman mausoleums to aid him in the somewhat difficult composition. There is the pyramid of Caius Cestius, the Castle of S. Angelo before it was given the appearance of a fortress, and the so-called Tomb of Romulus, then in the Borgo.

In the early part of the reign of Eugenius IV., the Colonna family erected the bronze slab in the Lateran with the figure of Martin V. in low relief. It is probably the work of the Florentine Simone di Giovanni Ghini (1407-1491), who, in the graceful garlands upheld by cherubs, betrays his trade of goldsmith. "The figure," says Burckhardt, "shows individuality, and is well executed." After the death of Eugenius IV., the canons of S. Giorgio in Alga

at Venice employed Ysaias of Pisa to execute his monument in S. Peter's as a mark of gratitude to their founder. Later it was removed to S. Salvatore in Lauro, where it is still seen in the old refectory. Here we find the first example of the figure lying in a niche or tabernacle above the tomb, guarded by Madonna and angels, which became the favourite type of sepulchral monument during the later Renaissance. The work is stiff and archaic for its date : doubtless the Tuscan sculptor, endeavouring to evolve something new in art, was not great enough to triumph.

From the efforts of Martin V. and Eugenius IV. to adorn and remodel Rome, we pass directly to the vast and ambitious enterprises of Nicholas V. Though but a few of his projects were realised, and the mightiest of these only long after his death, they make us conceive something of the vigour and aspirations of the Renaissance mind and of the energetic life that throbbed in the veins of these aged pontiffs. Nicholas had no desire to enrich his family : Rome became his pride, and a thirst for fame united with a craze for building, were the motives which inspired his work.

Tommaso Parentucelli, born of an obscure family from Tuscan Sarzana, rose in the Church and gained for himself such patrons as Cosimo de' Medici and Palla Strozzi, entirely through his remarkable learning and his passion for books. His election to the papacy proved a surprise to all and a keen disappointment to the ambitious Prospero Colonna. "Whoso enters the Conclave as Pope, returns as Cardinal," says the old proverb. Two startling political events broke like thunderstorms upon the peaceful reign of Nicholas V.

In 1453 a shout of Liberty resounded once more upon the Capitol, and one, Stefano Porcaro, conspired to blow up the Pope and the Sacred College in the Vatican. The corruption and the luxury of the clergy had once more sickened the people ; yet there seems to have been little life in them for a revolt, and their leader Porcaro certainly lacked the

magnetic genius of Rienzo. We hear more about the elaborate speech he was to deliver at the banquet of the conspirators, and of his dress of gold brocade and jewelled ornaments, than of the blow he was to strike. Nicholas felt bitterly what seemed to him the ingratitude of the popular movement against him, and even after the last of the demagogues had been beheaded, he remained suspicious of those around him, and committed acts of cruelty quite foreign to his former nature. The Humanists sided with their patron; but Infessura, the old Repubican Diarist, wrote in despair, after witnessing the death of Porcaro: "Thus died a man of honour, the friend of the weal and liberty of Rome." The words of the long dead heroes of freedom travelled like the wandering voice through Rome, causing an uneasy tension in the air, which every pope felt might mean the end of his temporal kingdom. Gregorovius tells us that Porcaro's memory was revived in Rome in 1866, when a pamphlet appeared expounding his political views and signed with his name. The secularisation of Italy, the restoration of the Senate and union of Rome with Italy were the things demanded, and it was dated: "Roma—il giorno dei morti." Another more terrible catastrophe disturbed the last years of the Pope's reign. The fall of Constantinople (May 29, 1453) was deplored by many as a terrible calamity in eloquent discourses, but none had stirred in answer to the appeals for help made by the last of the Greek emperors. In the general gloom and dismay, the Pope and the Humanists characteristically sought consolation by securing for Italy some of the treasured manuscripts of Greece.

Nicholas drew aside from the world of politics; and it was to the inner life of Rome that he turned all his energy and interest, bringing to her a fresh intellectual current, for from henecforth the popes, besides showing themselves patrons of artists and architects, now encouraged the new intellectual movement started in Florence by the Humanists. The Pope's wide-minded sympathies were shown when he invited to

the papal court Lorenzo Valla, who had written scathing attacks upon the temporal power, such as under Hildebrand would have caused him to be cast into the deepest dungeon of S. Angelo. The chief delights of Nicholas V. were derived from eloquent discourses or contests of words, whereby he was wont to keep his keen Tuscan wits ever on the alert. Fine oratory proved an unfailing passport to his favour, as golden florins had done at the court of Martin V. He always gave his audiences in open consistory when the different emissaries were expected to go through their parts with pomp and a strict observance of the minutest formality. Noted scholars were often employed as ambassadors, and brought honour to their cities by the rhetoric with which they clothed the message they had been given to deliver. "His public audiences were crowded with critics," says Creighton, "and reputations were made and unmade in a morning." Writers of the day suggest to us a picture of Nicholas, short, thin, with no outward attractions, on a raised chair at the end of the hall, watching the audience with dark, quick-searching eyes, which look almost black, set in the small, pale face. Gianozzo Manetti, the Florentine envoy, afterwards the Pope's biographer, delivers a speech lasting for over an hour, an ornate maze of rhetoric, intricate reasonings, and sounding phrases. The Pope, with a hand across his face, appears to have fallen asleep, and an attendant, stepping forward, touches him on the arm as Manetti ceases to speak. But Nicholas, without a moment's pause, begins his reply, a rapid succession of trenchant and witty phrases, as he takes up every point of the argument in turn. His audieuce, who had thought he slept, are spell-bound.

His memory was so marvellous that he could quote whole books of poetry and philosophy, and it was to him that Aeneas Sylvius (Pius II.) referred when he said, "what he knew not was not knowledge."[1] Nicholas, who had assisted Cosimo de' Medici in forming the library at San Marco, now

[1] It is to Nicholas V. that Glasgow owes her University.

indulged his own passion for books, and during his pontificate collected some five thousand volumes of manuscript, thus founding the Vatican library, with which his fame is especially associated. In Vespasiano da Bistecci, the old Florentine bookseller, he found an enthusiastic helper. Aeneas Sylvius describes in his humorous way how Nicholas, fleeing into Umbria from the plague, was accompanied by a whole army of transcribers. "You were the slave of Nicholas," he tells a friend, "and had no fixed time for eating or sleeping; you could not converse with your friends or go into the light of day, but were hidden in murky air, in dust, in heat, and in unpleasant smells." Each man had his own task at translating the Greek classics and transcribing, and not the least industrious was Nicholas himself, who sat up late into the night, copying ancient manuscripts in the small, neat handwriting, for which he became celebrated.

In the year 1450 took place a great jubilee pilgrimage in honour of the peace of the Church. Such throngs of people from every nation arrived that they appeared to the Romans like a vast migration of starlings. With them came the famous painter, Roger van der Weyden of Brüges. The crush was one day so great at the bridge of S. Angelo, that more than two hundred persons were killed. "The scene was a hell," says a chronicler, "and all night long unfortunate pilgrims went among the dead with torches, in search of those dear to them." The Pope fell ill in consequence of the horrible catastrophe, and ordered a space to be cleared both near S. Celso and S. Angelo, by demolishing the Arch of Gratianus and Valentinian, so as to avoid a repetition of these disasters; and two white marble chapels were built at the head of the bridge, where every day priests celebrated masses for the souls of the deceased pilgrims. These were destroyed by Clement VII., who set up statues of the apostles in their stead.

The Jubilee, bringing large sums into the papal treasury,

enabled Nicholas to begin his truly imperial scheme of bringing the whole of Rome into an architectural unity. Without directing his energy towards any particular monument, he drew up plans for the embellishment of the entire city. Bridges were rebuilt, streets widened, *piazze* laid out, churches repaired; and throughout the city *loggie* were constructed for shelter from sun, wind and rain. He offered sites, free of taxes, on the deserted Esquiline, to encourage people to build. Moreover, the Tuscan Pope was practical; while he cast the mantle of the Renaissance about the city, and adorned her altars with pearls, precious stones and golden vessels, he also provided for her safety without. The ancient walls were repaired, and acting upon the idea that, had Rome but been protected by a chain of fortresses, Eugenius IV. need never have left his territories, he laid the foundations of strongholds at Narni, Orvieto, Assisi and other Umbrian towns. "Scarcely any pope built so many fortresses as this fortunate bookworm," remarks Gregorovius. His architect was the Tuscan Leon Battista Alberti, who rebuilt the ruined aqueduct of the Virgine, and made the fountain on the Piazza di Trevi, with marble ornamentations, containing the arms of that Pontiff and of the Roman people. Alberti, 'the humanist artist,' and Nicholas, the humanist builder, found a bond of sympathy in their great ideas. As the Pope read the books which Alberti had written, it seemed as though a whole new world rose up before his imagination. Seeing now the possibility of realising his ambition to make such a papal city within the walls of Rome, as would have no equal upon the earth, he would set to work with feverish haste. Rome became a 'vast workshop'; an army of men quarried great blocks of travertine at Tivoli, which were sent down the Anio and brought into the city by a procession of oxen, while the Coliseum, the Circus, and the Temples of Venus and Rome served as quarries nearer at hand. The scheme of this Titanic enterprise has been left us by Manetti, and reads

like the dream of an Arabian prince endowed with all the wealth of Solomon and the years of Methuselah. Starting from a great *piazza* by the Castle of S. Angelo, three broad streets were to incorporate the whole city of the popes with the rest of Rome, one leading to the basilica of S. Peter's, one to the Vatican, and the third to the buildings below the Janiculum. These streets were to be flanked by porticoes, enclosing covered markets, workshops for artists, and banks of exchange; in short, it was to be a Papal Forum Romanum. Within the leonine city were to be included magnificent dwelling-houses for the Curia, a basilica to guard the Church treasures, *atria* leading into spacious banqueting halls, a theatre adorned with marble columns, and a spacious hall for conclaves and consistories, pontifical coronations and the reception of distinguished guests, furnished with an *atrium* and two *triclinia*. At the extreme end of the great piazza a broad flight of steps, flanked on the right and on the left by bell-towers, decorated with rich marbles, were to lead up to a vestibule with five porticoes, the three central ones corresponding to the chief road leading straight from S. Angelo, those on either side terminating the roads which were to lead to the Vatican palace and the dwellings of the cardinals. Behind this portico, rising above the square like so many triumphal arches, was planned a columnar vestibule with fountains, on to which the Apostolic Basilica would open. The ancient church, said to show signs of decay, Nicholas ordered to be pulled down, and a five-aisled basilica, not unlike the old one in form, but far richer and more sumptuous, built in its place. Rising from amidst this walled city, fortified with battlements and towers, Nicholas contemplated in his vast plan an Imperial palace, where the popes should dwell, as in an earthly paradise, ruling for ever the whole Christian world, as the Cæsars had ruled the Pagan. The full strength and spell of the Renaissance, when it worked upon Italy with all the freshness and the vigour of youth, is shown in the

ST. STEPHEN PREACHING.

BEATO ANGELICO. CHAPEL OF NICHOLAS, VATICAN.

dreams of Nicholas.[1] All that was accomplished of this great scheme at the time of the Pope's death was part of the tribune of the new basilica, raised behind the apse of the old one, a tower just outside the leonine wall, which is now the Caserma dei Svizzeri, the suite of rooms afterwards decorated by Raphael, and the Chapel of S. Lorenzo. In reading of vast designs and the small amount accomplished, we feel the failures of these Renaissance popes, whose minds were so young and vigorous, their conceptions so grand, but their pontificates usually so short.[2] What fascination lies in the records of the monuments which have been swept away; of the frescoes by great masters which once adorned the Vatican, and are no more; of the pictures never painted, only conceived of; and of those mighty basilicas and palaces which were never built! The magical fairy-like atmosphere of a story from the Arabian Nights fills the pages of Vasari and Manetti.

The painter of Pope Nicholas V. was Beato Angelico (1387-1455), the saintly monk of Fiesole, who, while dwelling in the Dominican convent of S. Maria sopra Minerva, worked for him during the last five years of his life. A strong friendship united the scholar-pope, all fire and energy, and the gentle artist with a soul full of peace. Sitting by the Pope's side at table one day, dreaming of the saints and angels he designed to paint in S. Lorenzo's chapel, he excused himself from eating meat without his prior's permission. Nicholas, glancing at the humble friar, smiled that he should have forgotten the papal authority to loose and to bind. He commissioned Angelico to decorate with the legends of SS. Stephen and Lawrence a chapel which originally had been built as a study for Nicholas, and adorned with *intarsia* seats

[1] Gregorovius calls the Orsini Pope, Nicholas III., the earliest founder of the Vatican palace in its historic form. He laid out a park, surrounding it by a wall, and one of its gates was called the Porta Viridaria.

[2] The arms of Nicholas V. are found in many parts of Rome. They are two keys saltire on a field gules.

and stained windows, the work of Fra Giovanni da Roma.[1] Passing from the 'Stanze of Raphael,' we suddenly step into a world of poet's fancy, bathed in rainbow colours and limpid light, where men and women, possessed, it is true, of well-defined forms full of dignified strength, seem to have reached a knowledge of life which brings them perfect peace and serenity. What a noble group of Roman women are seated on the ground, listening to the earnest preaching of S. Stephen; a child, with all the naturalness of a Giotto and the geniality of Angelico's feeling for youth, turns towards the preacher, clasping the while his mother's hand. Beato Angelico, on his way from the Dominican monastery of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva to this chapel, passed by many a mediæval fortress palace, and a few fine remains of the classical period, which he has represented in a broad manner as a background to these frescoes.

"Perfect certainty of purpose," says Mr Berenson of Beato Angelico, "utter devotion to his task, a sacramental earnestness in performing it, are what the quantity and quality of his work proclaim."

The successor of Nicholas V. was Calixtus III., the first of the Borgia family to attain the supreme power. He did little for Rome, but much to enrich his family, whose influence now began to be felt in the world. The Spanish Pope cared nothing for art, and thought only of raising all Europe in arms against the Turk. After a short, uneventful reign, Calixtus died, and was succeeded by Æneas Sylvius, of the poor but noble Sienese family of Piccolomini. He also was determined to stand forth as the champion of Christendom, and even aspired to convert the Sultan, to whom he wrote a long letter full of ingenious reasons to induce him to embrace Christianity. Just at this time a relic arrived in Rome, which served the Pope's purpose with the people. Thomas, the last of the Paleologi, driven from Morea by the Turks,

[1] Intarsia work made great progress in the time of Nicholas V. We now see the stalls once belonging to this chapel in the Appartamento Borgia.

escaped to Italy, bringing with him the head of S. Andrew. All were eager to bid for the 'fabulous head of the apostle,' but Thomas intended it as a gift to the Pope, and in return was given the Golden Rose and an asylum in the hospital of S. Spirito. Here in 1465 died "the last successor of that Constantine, who in former days had presented Rome and the entire West to the Pope Sylvester." In 1462 took place the translation of the head of S. Andrew, which gave rise to a curious religious ceremony. Three cardinals received the relic at Narni, where it had been guarded in the fortress; and on Palm Sunday, the Pope, with all his court, the priests, ambassadors and nobles of Rome went out in procession to meet it at the Ponte Molle. Cardinal Bessarion, looking like a venerable apostle himself with his white flowing beard, wept as he laid the casket upon the open-air altar by the Tiber, while Pope Pius, pale from emotion, welcomed the head of S. Andrew to Rome in a Latin address. Singing the Te Deum, the great concourse of priests and people moved slowly along the Flaminian way to Sta. Maria del Popolo, where the Pope spent the night in prayer before the high altar. Next day the relic was carried to S. Peter's, followed by a still more imposing procession. Sweet herbs and flowers were strewn in the streets, incense burned, mingling with the sunshine, at innumerable altars, while relics were exposed in every church, and from palace windows were hung priceless brocades, tapestries, and oriental carpets. The Roman ladies in their richest attire watched the scene from the balconies. A thousand white-robed priests, all the cardinals, bishops, and magnates of the city on foot, carrying palms and some thirty thousand tapers, followed the Pope, who was borne along on his golden chair carrying his priceless burden by the Tiber banks past the Pantheon, and down the Via Papalis to S. Peter's. Music and hymns resounded on every side. "The relics," says Gregorovius, "were finally carried into the brilliantly lighted cathedral, where the statue of S. Peter still sat in the

vestibule. The Pope burst into tears as he passed, as if the statue could feel the meeting with his brother." Both Pius and Bessarion represented the relic as a token of Turkish cruelty, whose fury had driven it from its abode of peace to seek, like an exile, an asylum in Rome. The people were moved to the core, their imagination inflamed by the sight of the relic, until it seemed as if, in the very heart of the Renaissance, the days of the Crusades were about to revive. A month later, when the alum mines of Jolfa were discovered, bringing riches to the papal treasury, Pius felt that heaven aided him, and, fired with mediæval enthusiasm, he determined to head the Crusade in person. The cardinals were amazed. Were they expected to leave their luxurious dwellings and follow an old man, tortured by gout and general ill-health, who had but two galleys for a fleet? "We ourselves," Pius said to them, "are too weak to combat sword in hand, and we are priests. But we shall emulate Moses, who prayed on a mountain while Israel fought with the Amalekites." The practical side of the expedition depended on the Doge of Venice, Borso of Modena, and others, who were to meet the Pope with his army of cardinals and poor volunteers at Ancona. Pius, in his farewell to the Roman people, told them they would never see him alive again; and departed for Ancona. Two days after the twelve Venetian galleys, so anxiously expected, had sailed into the harbour, the Pope passed quietly away. Thus the great enterprise fell at a stroke. The aged Pope died as he was about to set out on this youthful enterprise: the Doge, Cristoforo Moro, returned to Venice, carrying with him the two papal galleys, while the cardinals hurried back to Rome to elect a new pope. In Æneas Sylvius, a man reflecting all the characteristics of his changeful age, we see united the last of the mediævalists and the first of the moderns. In his early years he had written love-letters for an illiterate prince, made love on his own account, received the poet's crown at the imperial court, and fought in the contest for the

SHRINE OF S. ANDREW, PONTE MOLLE

supremacy between Germany and the Holy See, first on one side and then on the other, throughout using the arts of an accomplished courtier. When youth had passed, he determined—as he tells us—"to abandon Venus for Bacchus," was ordained priest, and "loved nothing so much as the priesthood." He despised ostentatious display and luxury, saying that his books were his sapphires and chrysolites. Nothing delighted him more than to picnic by a fountain in a wood, when his cardinals would look on in unsympathetic

wonder while Pius contentedly drank water out of a horn cup, conversing the while with a passing shepherd His beautiful description of the Campagna of Rome might have been written by a wandering scholar of the last century, and his keen sense of humour and knowledge of men give his memoirs a place among the world's literary treasures. Especially entertaining is his account of a journey to Scotland, whose inhabitants appeared to him as being little better than barbarians.

This remarkable pope, although in sympathy with the building projects of Nicholas V., did little for Rome, and his chief monuments were built for him at Siena and Faenza by Rossellino. But he erected a small shrine close to the Ponte Molle on the Flaminian way, which still brings home to us the charm of this age of naive faith and wily diplomacy. The sculptor, Paolo Romano, now at the beginning of his career, was commissioned to make the statue of S. Andrew, and set it up, beneath a simple canopy supported on marble pillars, in the midst of the low-lying hills of the Tiber valley.

With the accession of Paul II. (Barbo), nephew of Eugenius IV., the Church entered into a different world of brilliant gaiety, outward display, and imperial magnificence. It was characteristic of the time that this Venetian pope, fully conscious of his handsome person, had wished to take the name of Formosus. In many ways he proved himself a benefactor to the people. Paul's desire was to enjoy the sunny things of the world, and to dazzle men by the outward splendour of his pontificate. His own person he decked out with fine stuffs and jewels, so that "when he appeared in public," says Platina, "it was like another Aaron with a form more august than man." He delighted to walk in procession, and at great ceremonies he wore the triple crown studded with priceless gems. He filled his pockets with jewels, which he took pleasure in handling as he walked about; in the palace he built on the Piazza San Marco, he collected all the beautiful antique bronzes, cameos, mosaics

and pictures which money could purchase. To enable him to satisfy his extravagant tastes, Paul often seized on the possessions of a rich cardinal as he lay on his death-bed. The proud Venetian must have felt the summit of power was reached when Frederick III., on a second visit to Rome, acted the part of subject to his king. The 'affability' of Paul to his imperial guest was recorded in the diaries of the day. "The throne," says Gregorovius, "on which the Emperor of the West was permitted to sit beside the Pope was, however, only the height of the papal footstool. The father of Maximilian humbly bowed before the Pontifex Maximus; in a Christmas procession he nimbly hurried forward to hold the stirrups. As they both rode together under a *baldacchino*, Rome for the last time saw the two heads of Christendom together traverse her streets. The sword was carried before the Emperor as in ancient times." It is said he followed the maxim of Juvenal, and gave "Panem et circenses" to the people when he brought back the days of ancient Rome, and ushered in Lent by "banquets with such a burning of torches that night assumed the brightness of day" From a balcony of San Marco, the Pope and cardinals watched the Carnival races, which in 1466 were run for the first time in the Via Lata, henceforth to be called *il Corso*. A day was set apart for the race of young men, for adults and the old; and young Jews, starting from the arch of Domitian, were forced to race after a heavy meal amidst the jeers and mud-throwing of the people, while the banner their winner received was even humbler than that reserved for the asses' races. The barbs started from the Piazza del Popolo, and were stopped by sheets spread across the small street until lately called *Ripresa dei Barberi*. Asses and buffaloes also had their race day. He organised a magnificent masquerade to pass in procession down the Corso, the like of which had never been seen out of France. First came a band of giants with cyclopean heads, surrounded by amorini discharging arrows of love among the crowd, followed by Diana riding with her nymphs

in diaphanous garments. Then came a whole army of white-robed youths, bearing silk and velvet banners, kings and queens, among them Cæsar Augustus, and Cleopatra reclining on a throne of purple and gold, accompanied by the gods of Olympus and the heroes of antiquity bearing their mythological symbols. A crowd of citizens carried aloft the banners of the Roman people, trumpeters blowing silver trumpets, while poets, borne along in a great car, sang the praises of Pope Paul, "true father of his country, best and greatest." After these spectacles, Paul entertained the cardinals and nobility at a banquet in the gardens of San Marco; the table, laden with every wine and delicacy, shone with gold and silver plate engraved with the Barbo arms, while here and there was placed a lovely bronze statuette of antique workmanship. Paul, hidden at a window after the feast, threw silver coins out into the street among the crowd.

When Borso d'Este, a favourite of Paul, whom he afterwards created Duke of Ferrara, came to Rome in 1471, the Carnival festivities were repeated, and the Pope also revived the mediæval bull fights at the Testaccio and tournaments in the Piazza Navona, which became the Circus Maximus of the Renaissance.

Three months later Paul II. suddenly died of apoplexy, without the last sacraments of the Church; and the people, dazzled by the pontificate of this strange man, wove the legend that an evil spirit, imprisoned in one of his priceless gems, had freed itself in the night and strangled the Pope. While Paul displayed these outward signs of the Renaissance, he lacked some of its spirit and refinement, and had shown that he was not a true son of the age by his treatment of the Humanists. At the time that the Germans Schweinheim and Pannartz had set up printing-presses in the Palazzo Massimo in Rome, there lived on the Quirinal a poor scholar from Calabria, called Pietro, who, with the quaint conceit of the time, had christened himself Pomponius Lætus. His house became the meeting-place of a number

Ponte Sisto

of enthusiastic students and friends, which developed into the Roman Academy, their object being to promote the Latin of classic times. Romulus they worshipped, and the birthday of Rome was celebrated with a banquet. Pomponius lived in the classical world. He hunted up old inscriptions with the passion of a modern archæologist; he would weep at the sight of an antique monument, and, always dreaming of the great Roman past, his reproof to an unruly pupil was always: "Ah! your ancestors would not have done thus." Picture this scholar of the Renaissance, a small, thick-set man, with short, curly hair, bright eyes beneath marked brows and an illuminating smile, as he digs in his garden on the Quirinal, ties up his vines with willow sprigs, and tends to his tame birds. Then before dawn he starts for the school, finding his way through the dark streets with a lantern, and is welcomed by a crowd of enthusiastic pupils.

The Humanists had no love for Paul II., abused the papacy, and scoffed somewhat stupidly at religion. They hold mock religious ceremonies in the Catacombs (which they were the first to explore) where, over a fresco of an *Agape*, can still be traced the signature of Pomponius Lætus, inscribed as 'Regnante Pontifex Maximus.' No one took either their scoffings or their doings seriously, except the Pope, who seems to have been singularly devoid of humour. Paul, believing that they had plotted against the government, dissolved the Academy, and declared all who ever mentioned its name guilty of high treason, while the Humanists were thrust into the dungeons of S. Angelo, and some believe that Platina underwent torture to extract a confession of various supposed crimes. Sixtus IV. revived the Academy, and it was only finally disbanded in 1527 at the sack of Rome. When Pomponius Lætus died in the reign of Alexander VI., forty bishops attended his funeral in Ara Cœli, and a crown of laurels was placed on his bier. Thus did the wheel of fortune go round for scholars and artists.

In the world of art Paul II. immortalised his name by

building while still a cardinal the Palazzo di San Marco, or di Venezia, as it is sometimes called. A dwelling on so large a scale had not been seen in Rome since the time of the Cæsars; and though it was never completed, it yet remains one of the bewildering magnificences of the early Renaissance. The architecture forms a curious link between the mediæval period and the age which saw the building of the Cancelleria. The battlements, tower, strong, plain wall and the lower row of arched windows, gave it the stern and rather heavy appearance belonging to mediæval days. But in the rectangular windows, cased in with plain white marble, of the upper floor, we find the artist's instinct for the Renaissance style of domestic architecture, so soon to reach its zenith. The doorway to the side shows the influence of the goldsmith's work; jewels are suggested in the decoration of the architrave, and the scrolls, which draw the small window cleverly into the design of the door, suggest, as Anderson remarks, "bands of beaten gold." Only a small portion of the courtyard, planned on an immense scale, was built, but it serves to show how much the architecture of the new classical period was influenced by the Coliseum. For the first time we here find a pillared arcade ornamented with half columns, Tuscan doric at their base and Corinthian above. Little is known of this remarkable building. Vasari says it is the work of Giuliano di Sangallo; some with more reason believe that Bernardo di Lorenzo of Florence, if not the architect, was the overseer to the building. The palace and the lower portico of San Marco were begun in 1455, while the upper portico and the Palazzetto were built ten years later by a different master. The Palazzetto is the part which, jutting out towards the Capitol forms with the

ARMS OF PAUL II (BARBO)

church, the Piazza di San Marco. Before the double story of the arched arcading was partly walled in, its cortile in contrast to the grander style of the big courtyard in the main building must have been full of charm. On the open side the pillars have finely cut capitals with the same jewel-like designs to be also seen on the pilasters of S. Agostino. The Palazzo of San Marco belonged to the popes until 1564, when it was exchanged for a palace in Venice, and inhabited by the Venetian Envoy, and later by the Austrian Ambassador. "Thus of the ancient rights of the Imperium which the German nation had possessed over Italy and Rome, since the time of Charles the Great, nothing remains but a single palace."

The church of San Marco, built in the ninth century, was incorporated in the south side of the palace, and became a papal chapel by Pope Gregory IV., who also ornamented the tribune with mosaics. There is no very distinctive feeling about the church; a pavement of opus Alexandrinum, columns of Sicilian jasper, poor mosaics, which yet charm by their colour, a richly decorated roof showing the Barbo arms, a candelabra of breccia corallina, and a very fine engraved sepulchral slab close to the high altar by an unknown artist, make up a medley of attractions so common to Roman churches. In the sacristy is an altar partly designed by Mino da Fiesole for Paul II., for whom he also erected a fine tomb, now in the Grotte Vaticane.

## CHAPTER X

*Sixtus IV.* (1471-1484)—*Ponte Sisto*—*Palaces and Cortili*—*Sta. Maria del Popolo*—*Melozzo da Forli*—*Sepulchral Monuments*—*Mino da Fiesole*—*Sistine Chapel*—*Botticelli*—*Pintoricchio*—*Perugino*

Sixtus IV., son of a poor fisherman of Savona, was a Franciscan friar, who owed both his name and armorial bearings to the Rovere family, whose tutor he had been in Piedmont. None then guessed that the ardent theologian and general of the Franciscan Order possessed all the characteristics of a born prince of the Renaissance, and would become the patron of Rome's second golden age. Sixtus followed the foreign policy of Pius II., and equipped a fleet against the Turks. Blessings were poured on banners and fleet, and Cardinal Caraffa was escorted to the harbour by a procession of clergy and people headed by the Pope. But the venerable cardinal did not make a good admiral, and next year returned with only a few prisoners as trophies of war. What would an ancient Roman have said to a triumphal entry of a Prince of the Church followed by a handful of Turkish prisoners riding on camels through the streets of Rome.

Machiavelli says that Sixtus IV. "was the first pope who began to show the extent of papal power, and how things that before were called errors could be hidden behind papal authority." In his efforts to transform the Church into a secular kingdom he schemed against Venice and treacherously plotted against the Medici. The outcome was to be the aggrandisement of his relations. Nepotism, which had begun under Innocent III., and developed under Martin V., now became the scandal of Italy. A fine picture by Melozzo

da Forli, now in the Vatican Gallery, shows Sixtus IV. surrounded by famous members of the Della Rovere and Riario families. It was painted in 1475 to commemorate the foundation of the Vatican library. Platina, one of the great scholars of the day, had been appointed prefect of the library, and he kneels at his patron's feet, pointing to the inscription which he composed in his honour. In the small features of Cardinal Giuliano della Rovere, who stands opposite his uncle, it is difficult to trace a resemblance to the portraits of the great pope, Julius II., whom Raphael immortalized. To the right and a little behind the Pope, is Raffaello Riario, the builder of the Cancelleria. Two years hence, at the age of eighteen, he received the cardinal's hat, and was present at the historic mass in the duomo of Florence of the year 1478, when the ruffians hired by the Pazzi, turned upon the Medici as the Host was being led up, stabbed Giuliano and wounded Lorenzo il Magnifico. The Florentines would have killed the nephew of Sixtus whom they knew had stirred up the plot, but his youth saved him. People say he never was seen to smile after the horror of that day and that his face remained permanently white. The young noble with the gold chain about his neck, standing behind Platina, is Girolamo Riario, a first cousin of Raffaello. He became the evil genius of Rome, and later married the famous Caterina Sforza of Forli. This was the nephew who, in the time of the Colonna feuds, took possession of the

ARMS OF SIXTUS IV. AND JULIUS II. (DELLA ROVERE)

Lateran, used the sacristy as a club-room where he and his companions played at dice upon the reliquaries. The man, next to Count Riario, also in secular dress, is Giovanni della Rovere, who was prefect of the city. By his marriage with the heiress of Montefeltro his son, Francesco Maria, became Duke of Urbino.[1]

The favourite nephew (some say son) of Sixtus IV. was Cardinal Pietro Riario, brother of Count Girolamo. He died young, worn out by an evil life, and Mino da Fiesole raised a monument to him, for the Pope, in the SS. Apostoli, where his white marble effigy lies beneath the guardianship of a lovely Madonna, and might be mistaken for that of the purest saint on earth. During his short life he filled Rome with gaiety, and the people looked on in wonder at a Franciscan cardinal who gave his mistress shoes embroidered with costly pearls. His palace adjoined the church of the SS. Apostoli, where he gave the most sumptuous banquets which have ever been recorded.[2] Infessura and Corio describe the 'Roman triumph of Eleonora d'Aragona' who came in the June of 1473 to meet her husband, Ercole di Ferrara, and how Cardinal Pietro had adorned his palace for her reception "as if S. Peter himself were about to descend upon earth." The whole piazza of the SS. Apostoli was covered with silk awnings, and decorated in the ancient style, with garlanded columns forming spacious colonnades, in which dramatic performances were to take place. The walls of apartments in the palace were all hung with brocades, and the beds covered by divers coloured silks, even to the mattresses; every article of toilette was either of solid gold or silver; the tables were of cypress wood, all of one piece, and at every corner shone the gilded oak leaves

[1] This last member of the family has generally been ignored by writers describing the picture. For the discovery of his identity I am indebted to Klaczko's 'Jules II.'

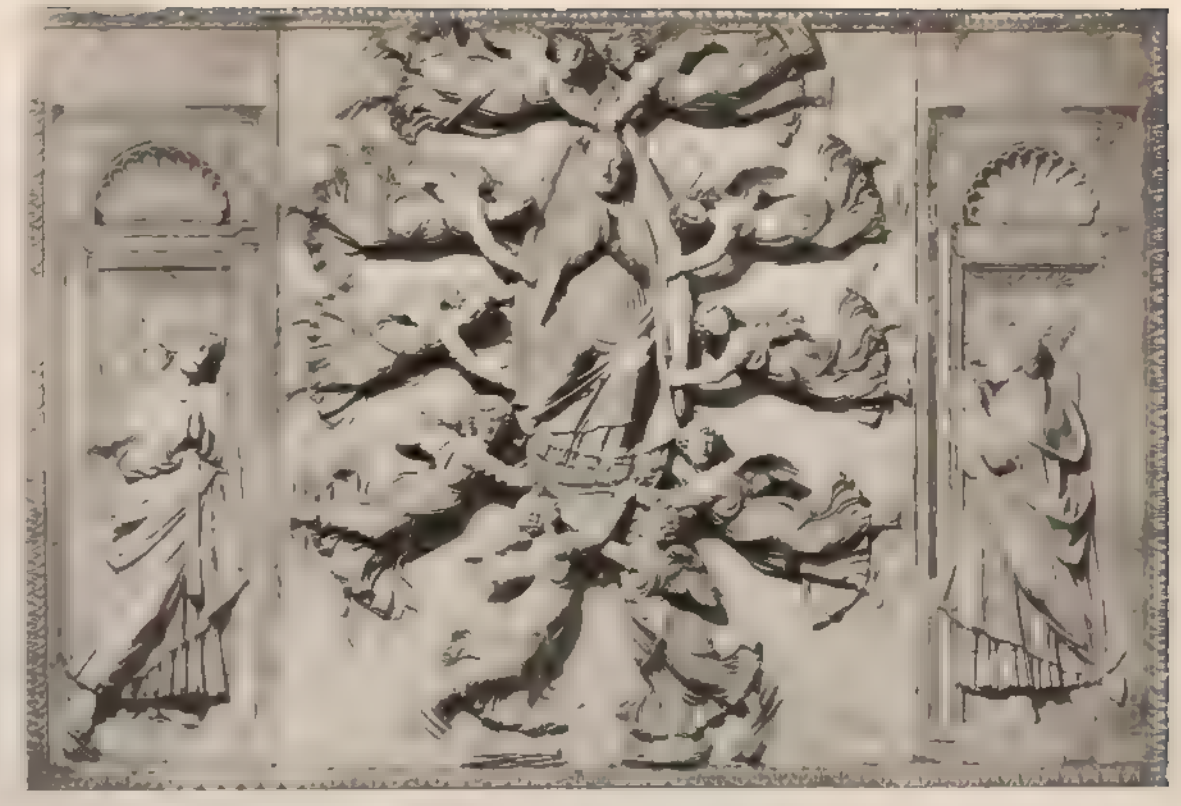
[2] His palace was on the opposite side of the church to where the Palazzo Colonna stands.

of Della Rovere or the roses of the Riario, embroidered upon a velvet ground. The young cardinal, compared by a chronicler to the son of a Cæsar, received more honour than the Pope himself. The gay cavalcade, led by Eleonora and the nephews of the Pope, went to attend mass at S. Peter's, visited the relics of the Lateran, and in the afternoon returned to the palace, where Susanna and the elders were played before them by Florentine actors. The banqueting-hall for the feast that night had been hung with the Flemish tapestries of Nicholas V., woven with scenes from the creation of the world. Punkahs cooled the air, and a boy, clothed only in gilded oak leaves, held a fountain which poured out scented water. Gold goblets, studded with gems, and every device of costly plate, decorated the banqueting-table, and it took four grooms of the chamber to carry in the dishes on a massive gold tray. The seneschal walked about the room in gorgeous raiment, which he changed four times during the feast, always returning with a fresh set of jewels and gold chains about his neck. Leonora wrote an account of the feast in a letter which is preserved in the Vatican archives. She describes first a breakfast of ten sweet dishes: imperial eagles fashioned in sugar, iced oranges, and goblets of malvoisie to drink. "Then came water for the hands, and each one rinsed them in a basin full of rose-water." The real feast, consisting of some eighty dishes, now commenced. There were capons, kids cooked whole, a soup of pumpkins, peasants and hares by the dozen, and while the gay company feasted, a young man sent from 'ethereal Olympus' sang to the viol the praises of Leonora and Ercole d'Este. Then followed, all in viands, the story of Atalanta, Venus and her doves, Orpheus followed by peacocks with their tails spread out, a bear with a stick in its mouth "which seemed alive," and in compliment to the bridegroom, the labours of Hercules. There came water for the hands perfumed with lemons, and the feast began again. Finally appeared a crowd of men and nymphs representing

the famous lovers of antiquity, who played and danced before the company to the sound of lutes and viols. Suddenly a number of centaurs rushed in among the nymphs and a great fight ensued; but Hercules delivered the dancers, and the merry-making continued "At this point," writes Eleonora, "the sun had surprised us at table," and a poet began improvising verses to Phœbe.

Pope Sixtus made a faint effort to restrain the luxury of the papal court by issuing sumptuary laws in which cardinals were forbidden to go abroad with more than thirty attendants; hunting was forbidden; they were not to dress in divers colours or have gold trappings for their horses. But these regulations were soon set aside.

The Romans spent their lives between feasting and fighting, and strange were the sights that met the pilgrims who flocked to the holy shrines and still looked up with reverence to the Pope. In 1484 war broke out between the Orsini, who were protected by Count Girolomo Riario, and the Colonnesi, the fated enemies of the papacy, who, from every disaster, yet emerged triumphant in the end. Francesco di Santa Croce, an adherent of the Orsini, had been wounded by one of the Valle family, and in revenge cut the tendon of his enemy's heel as they met one day on the Campo dei Fiori. The injured man succeeded, under a disguise, in entering the palace where Francesco di Santa Croce was feasting, and, going behind his chair, struck off his head, the blood gushing all over the guests. The Colonnesi rose in a tumult, for they were the friends of the murdered man, and the Orsini hastened to their fortress of Monte Giordano. "Never had I witnessed similar confusion," writes a chronicler; "all Rome was in arms, and people vowed that they would lay hands on the pro-notary [Lorenzo Colonna]; and each man sought for the best means to secure and guard his house. I had cart-loads of stones laid at my door which I barricaded, and I laid heavy stones close to the windows and on the *loggia*. The whole



MINO DA FIESOLE. THE ASSUMPTION. STA. MARIA MAGGIORE

night long in Rio Ponte was heard the cry of 'Orso, Orso,' and on Monte Giordano bonfires were lighted for beacons; there followed the noise of gunshots and the shrill ring of trumpets." The Orsini, spurred on by Count Girolamo, stormed the Colonna palace, took Lorenzo Colonna prisoner while they pierced the body of his friend, Filippo Savelli, with swords and cut off his hands. The contents of the palace, even to Cardinal Colonna's red hat, disappeared among a rapacious mob. Pomponius Lætus, the poor scholar on the Quirinal, lost his books. Lorenzo Colonna, "wrapped in a purple cloak, and mounted on a lean dappled nag," arrived at the Vatican in company with Virginio Orsini, who had difficulty in restraining Girolomo Riario from stabbing him even in presence of the Pope. Denounced as a traitor, he was thrust into the dungeons of S. Angelo, cruelly beaten with iron knives and weighed down with chains. The city magistrates implored the Pope to grant a truce, but Sixtus replied that he would have neither truce nor peace until the lands of the Colonna were in his possession, and he ordered their palace to be razed to the ground. He now prepared for an attack on Marino, where Fabrizio Colonna and the Savelli had entrenched themselves. He solemnly blessed the artillery provided for the siege, and publicly prayed for the downfall of his enemies. To save his brother's life, Fabrizio Colonna surrendered Marino and Rocca di Papa to the Pope; but Lorenzo Colonna was doomed, for no mercy could be found in the heart of a Rovere. While Rome was celebrating the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, Lorenzo heard his sentence of death in the lower court of S. Angelo. He sent his greetings to the Pope and next day knelt at the block without a murmur. In their family chapel at the SS. Apostoli his mother awaited his body, which they brought her dressed in rags like a common malefactor. She wept over the tortured limbs; then holding his head up before the people, she cried out: "See the head of my son and the faith of Pope Sixtus. He promised that if we surrendered

Marino, he would give me back my son. He has Marino, and I have my son's corpse; such is his faith."

Sixtus and his nephews failed to crush the powerful Colonna house, and on every side he saw his scheming come to naught. He had stirred up war against Venice in the hopes of gathering in a rich harvest for his family, but the Italian powers, without the Pope's knowledge, made peace with the excommunicated city. The treaty proved favourable for the republic, and Sixtus is said to have given way to such rage that he brought on a fever and died. Not even the Borgia Pope was painted with blacker colours by his contemporaries than this cruel and faithless Pope. Avarice drove him to traffic in sacred things, so that "everything, even God, was for sale," writes a contemporary. In consideration of the time in which he lived it might be fairer to judge Sixtus rather as a strong ruling despot than as head of the Church. The benefits he conferred upon Rome as a city are innumerable, and he must ever be remembered as patron of learning and of the arts. His first care was to make Rome habitable. Much had been done since Martin V. rode through a city of fields and ruined houses, but the streets were still unpaved, and blocked with *loggie*, wooden balconies, and porticoes, which made them too narrow for the increasing traffic. Cardinal Estouteville, and later Cardinal Raffaello Riario, undertook to superintend the work of widening streets and pulling down the armourers by the Ponte S. Angelo. If a citizen opposed the new schemes the Pope ordered his house to be razed to the ground. In preparation for the jubilee of 1475 Sixtus built the Ponte Sisto, which communicates with the Trastevere. The Pope laid the foundation-stone of the bridge from a boat, and, according to the ancient custom, dropt gold coins in. Rome began to assume a new aspect. The baronial dwelling, with its fortress-tower, now gave place to more sumptuous and less austere buildings. There was a general look about them as if their owners meant to enjoy life quietly and

surround themselves with beautiful things. It is interesting to note the change by visiting two palaces which belong to the first years of the Pope's reign. Cardinal Stefano Nardini in 1475 built a great palace, near the Piazza Navona, known as the Governo Vecchio as it became the residence of the Governor of Rome. Through a stone door-way, ornamented with heavy garlands of pears, a double courtyard is reached, out of which rises a massive brick tower. It shows how the Renaissance palace gradually emerged from the mediæval. Opposite, the Bramantesque house of 1500 presents a curious contrast. Further removed from the feudal character was the immense palace with a colonnaded courtyard of octagonal columns, which Domenico Riario built in the Piazza Scossacavalli. Half of it he bequeathed to the chapter of S. Peter (Casa dei Padri Penitenzieri) and the rest to the hospital of S. Spirito. Count Girolamo Riario built a house in the Campo Marzo, where the Palazzo Altemps now stands, and also owned a villa with gardens sloping up the Janiculum, where the Palazzo Corsini afterwards arose. Cardinal Giuliano Della Rovere (Julius II.) the builder of the beautiful castle at Ostia, finished the convent by SS. Apostoli, begun by Cardinal Pietro Riario, and also built the Palazzo Colonna, which he afterwards gave to his niece when she married Marcantonio Colonna. So that the family recovered their own again through the nephew of the Pope who had wronged them.

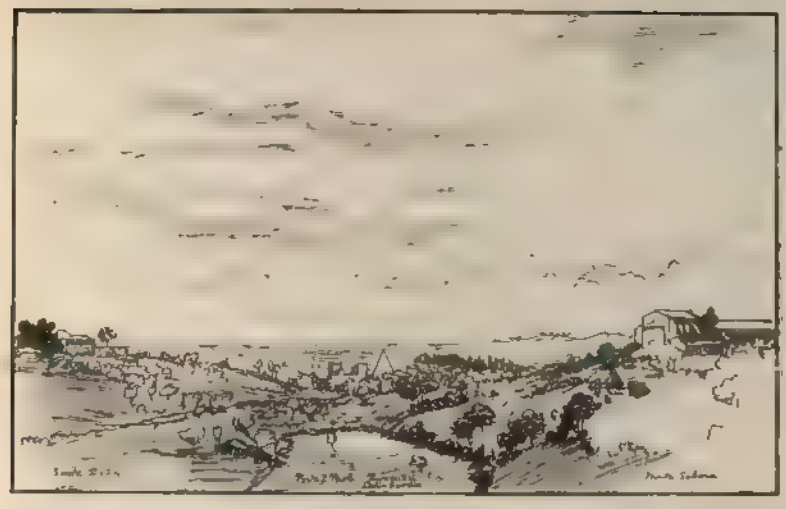
Two beautiful courtyards, surrounded by a portico of octagonal travertine pillars, were built at this time one at the hospital of S. Giovanni de' Genovesi, and another at S. Cosimato. They are a great contrast to the dainty white columned *cortile* of the tenth century, such as we see both at S. Cosimato and at Sta. Cecilia. The Church of S. Agostino, with a lovely marble doorway ornamented in low relief, was built by Cardinal Estouteville, who lived in the palace adjoining it. Sixtus IV. rebuilt Sta. Maria del Popolo, which became the favourite church of the Renaissance and a

veritable gallery of sculpture. Originally it had been built by Paschal II. (1099) on the site of a big nut tree, which the people declared was haunted by demons as it stood near Nero's grave. Part of the mediæval church is seen from outside the Porta del Popolo, forming a picturesque group with the Renaissance façade and the large convent behind. The Della Rovere arms are found in every part of Rome. Sixtus IV. commissioned a room in the hospital of S. Spirito, which he had entirely rebuilt, to be decorated with the events of his reign, and the artist represented him as the builder Pope upon whom the Almighty smiled, while angels scattered roses upon him as he entered the gates of Paradise. Especially connected with the family is the SS. Apostoli, which Melozzo da Forli, the court painter of Sixtus, was called in to decorate. Placed in the cupola of this beautifully proportioned church, the music-making angels of the Umbrian artist must have seemed to float out of the blue sky of heaven as they gazed down to earth over their instruments or looked upwards while they sang the song of eternal praise.[1] Melozzo's work irradiates with the warm sunshine of a typical painter of the Renaissance. His angels—no diaphanous or ascetic creations—possess grandly-formed bodies which palpitate with joyous life, and speed through the air with rhythmic and unconscious movement.

Sixtus, sharing the awakened love for ancient sculpture, was a great collector of antiquities, and as he placed in the Palazzo dei Conservatori, among other things, the bronze Hercules, the cinerary urn of Agrippina which had been used as a measure for corn in mediæval times, the bronze wolf and the statue of the Stadiodromo, he is regarded as the founder of the first museum in Rome.

It seems natural that, with the growing taste for magnifi-

[1] The frescoes of the angels were removed to the canon's sacristy of S. Peter's, while the great Christ is at the Quirinal. To realise them properly it is very necessary to remember the place which they were meant to decorate.



FROM THE PALATINE

cence, the Romans should have desired to perpetuate their fame in beautiful tombs. There is an unique monument of this time in the Church of Sta. Francesca Romana. It is a small equestrian figure in relief of the condottiére, Antonio Rido of Padua, who had brought about the fall of the tyrant Vitelleschi in the reign of Eugenius IV. The sculptor of Pope Sixtus was Mino da Fiesole, who filled Rome with his work. His first patron, Cardinal Barbo, had employed him to erect a monument to his uncle, Paul II. The beautiful Madonna, with Pope and donor kneeling at her feet, gazes out into the darkness of the Vatican crypt. Vasari gives the marble effigy of Francesco Tornabuoni in the Minerva as his first Roman work, which was so much admired that it brought him considerable gain, and "Mino returned to Fiesole and took to himself a wife." But the monument which had the greatest influence on the sculptors of the day was the one erected in 1474 to Cardinal Pietro Riario in the SS. Apostoli. The exquisite statuettes in the niches, the stately and graceful Madonna and the cardinal

with his brother, Count Girolamo, presented to her by the two apostles, are by Mino's own hand, while his design for the whole scheme of architecture was carried out by pupils. Quite as beautiful, and in much the same plan, is the monument to Cristoforo della Rovere in Sta. Maria del Popolo. The effigy of the dead lying in an architectural frame-work had gradually evolved from the time of the Pisani. We find it in its first Renaissance form on the tomb of Eugenius IV. at S. Salvatore in Lauro. In the Libretti tomb at Aracœli (1465, reign of Paul II.), the style becomes purer, and the decoration of flowers and leaves begin to have a classical beauty. Mino brought this particular type of tomb to perfection. Contemporary with his work in Rome, and perhaps executed by a Roman follower of his, is the monument in the cloister of S. Agostino (Ministero della Marina) which is wrongly called that of Costanza, mother of Sixtus IV.[1] She lies clasping a rosary in a narrow square niche, and above rises a tabernacle with two graceful angels guarding the door where the sacrament was kept. The name of Mino recalls many such tabernacles in Rome and Florence, and in the flowing scroll decoration and garlands of fruit adorning it, his influence is seen.

The strong hold which ancient sculpture kept on the artists of the Renaissance is especially felt in the accessory decorations to their work. Paolo Romano thought of the pagan genii he had seen on many a Roman sarcophagus when he designed the angel above the door of S. Giacomo degli Spagnuoli; Mino came with a still more awakened love for what was joyous and alive of the old world, and placed the angel opposite, so full of grace and youth. There are few things in Rome more full of charm and refined beauty than Mino's winged children on Cardinal Pietro Riario's tomb,

[1] There is nothing in the inscription to prove any relationship to Sixtus IV. Surely it was erected by a Cardinal Piccolomini in the reign of Pope Sixtus, to the memory of his mother Costanza, who, as his inscription says, "was dead to him and alive to God."

who carry the same sensation of delighted consciousness of throbbing life, as does the antique fragment, in the cloister of S. Paolo fuori le mura, of a boy blowing a long trumpet, as he steps out gaily with his garment floating out about him in the breeze. Spring is in the air and Rome lives again in the works of Mino and of Antonio Sansovino. Some interesting, though less inspiring examples of the influence of ancient Roman art are found in the monuments to the artists Antonio and Piero Pollaiuolo in S. Pietro in Vincoli, and the brothers Bonsi in the atrium of S. Gregorio, where the busts of the dead look out of their tombs from a circular window. The monument of the Satri at S. Omobono would not be out of place on the Appian Way, so reminiscent is it of a Roman patrician and his wife, their hands clasped together, with their son standing between, forming a dignified and impressive group.

In the work that Mino da Fiesole carried out in Sta. Maria Maggiore for Cardinal Estouteville, he showed far more originality than he had scope for in sepulchral monuments. The marble bas-reliefs which now are built into the walls of the apse and sacristy originally made up a great reredos behind the high altar. The finest are in the apse. The sense of movement conveyed by some of the figures is quite extraordinary. The Roman patrician who watches Pope Liberius tracing out the plan of the basilica in the snow literally appears to be walking towards him. Even more of a miracle than the fall of snow in May, is the manner in which Mino communicates the feeling of it in marble. The Adoration of the Magi he treats in the style of a Roman triumph. The most beautiful is the Assumption; the varied movements of the angels supporting the mandorla prevents any feeling of monotony in a somewhat difficult design. Cardinal Estouteville is introduced to one side of the bas-relief. His calm, white figure recalls a characteristic incident of the time. When his remains were being carried in the January of 1483 to S. Agostino, the church he had

built, the monks of Sta. Maria Maggiore found it necessary to protect his body from being plundered by the Augustinians. A fight took place, the friars hitting at each other with their funeral torches until the citizens interposed with drawn swords. The further details of the strange contest are unrecorded; we only know that the cardinal was finally buried without his gold brocaded mantle and robbed of all ornament.

The fame of Sixtus IV. rests especially upon the work he carried out at the Vatican. As a true scholar he entered into the schemes of Nicholas V., whose library he refounded and accommodated in a large suite of apartments on the ground floor of the papal palace. He collected manuscripts from all sides and threw the whole place open to the public. Platina, Matteo Palmieri, and many others helped in the work with enthusiasm. We have already spoken of Melozzo's picture recording the event. Immediately above the Sistine Library the Pope built the Sistine Chapel in the year 1473. Burkhardt suggests that Giovanni de' Dolci, the Florentine architect employed, was perhaps hampered in carrying out his task by being obliged to fit the papal chapel in a space enclosed by already existing buildings. Certainly this famous chapel is austerely simple, and is devoid of any religious feeling. But the artists who came to decorate it made it the most complete and wonderful shrine of art in the world. Such was the influx of artists into Rome that Sixtus founded the confraternity for painters under the patronage of S. Luke. In the year 1482, while the Pope reviewed his troops from the windows of the Vatican before they set out on a victorious campaign against Alfonso of Aragon, some of the foremost painters of Tuscany and Umbria were decorating the walls of his chapel with scenes taken from the Old and New Testament. Cosimo Rosselli, his more gifted pupil Pier di Cosimo, Domenico Ghirlandaio, Botticelli, Perugino, and Pintoricchio all painted there in the same year. Although they are

BOTTICELLI

'THE OUTCAST'

PRINCE PALLAVICINI

executed by men of such varying talent, judged as a whole the series produces a striking effect of unity. But when we study them singly the work of Botticelli and Perugino stand out as the masterpieces. Who can ever forget the figure of the woman in the 'Healing of the Leper,' who comes among the quiet spectators with springing steps, carrying a bundle of wood on her head for the sacrifice. Her drapery floats about her, and in their flutter we feel the movement of the body beneath. The light and shade is so delicate that chiefly by the delicate outline, the "singing line" of limb and drapery, do we realise the reality of her form. In front of her walks a little child, bringing the ripe fruit of earth, but he has stepped upon a snake, and turns back alarmed in the attitude of the maiden with the snake in the Capitoline Museum. And these graceful, strangely beautiful women and fine-featured men he has placed in a landscape of rocks, and through the trees (the Rovere oak is not forgotten) little towns, set on the water's edge, are sheltered by hills; now it is a Renaissance building which occupies the prominent place, sometimes a triumphal Roman arch through which we look out on the distant horizon of the sea. One other work of Botticelli remains in Rome—'The Outcast,' in Prince Pallavicini's private collection. The subject is treated with classical reserve, and shows great originality of vision. The intense sadness and solitude are not so much conveyed by the figure as by the bramantesque setting which, instead of being merely a background, realises a mental effect in an unusual degree. In looking on this picture we remember that Botticelli, whose soul in later life was swayed by the burning words of Savonarola, possessed the genius to illustrate with understanding the Divina Commedia of Dante. With the fresco of Perugino in the Sistine Chapel, "Christ giving the keys to Peter,' we emerge into a different world, and, while our eyes feast on beauty, our pulses no longer throb, nor are our heart strings pulled at, as by the work of the great Floren-

tine. Perugino painted this fresco while under the influence of Luca Signorelli, whose portrait he introduces. It is not in the portraiture of his friends or their artistic existence in which we find delight, but rather in the luminous colour pervading the picture, and the fine spacing of the composition. The people, if they do not stand very firmly on their feet, certainly walk on a real *piazza*, whose tesselated pavement is cunningly devised to add to the size and airiness of the surrounding. The feeling of space does not end with the lofty cupola of the church, but is carried beyond, where, through the side arches of the portico, stretch the Umbrian mountains, which gradully fade away into a limpid horizon. Pintoricchio, another Umbrian artist who possessed, though in a lesser degree, this art of conjuring up a vision of spacious buildings, set in a landscape or on a *piazza*, where we feel the air of a spring day about us, painted two frescoes in the Sistine Chapel: "The Journey of Moses" and "The Baptism," which take an honourable place in art after the works of Botticelli and Perugino.

ALTAR OF THE WANDERING VOICE

## CHAPTER XI

*Innocent VIII.* (1484-1493)—*Villa Belvedere—Villa la Magliana—Tombs by A. Pollaiuolo—Alexander VI.* (1493-1503) *Trinità de' Monti Castel S. Angelo — The Appartamento Borgia—Palaces of the Cancelleria and Giraud-Torlonia—The Pietà of Michael Angelo*

ANARCHY and confusion followed upon the death of Sixtus IV., but his family still owned the greater power in Rome, and Cardinal Giuliano Della Rovere obtained the election of Cardinal Cibo, a rich Genovese, who took the title of Innocent VIII. A gentle, genial man, entirely ruled by Cardinal Giuliano, his chief passion was for the happiness and prosperity of his numerous family, whom, without the least shame, he publicly acknowledged. There seemed little chance of any reforms being carried out by him, for the members of the papal court continued to live like the fighting barons of old, and Rome was filled with their feuds. Within the precincts of a cardinal's palace a criminal often found safety. A father, who had murdered his two daughters, escaped justice by the payment of a heavy fine; the Roman verdict being that not only did God not desire the death of a sinner, but the papal treasury found it well that he should live and pay. Innocent VIII. was too indolent to play an important part in politics, and the events of his reign assumed the character of public spectacles and *feste* for the citizens. In the year 1489 arrived the strangest cavalcade that had ever been seen in Rome. The sons of Mahomet II. had fought for the throne, and Djem, defeated by Bajazet, took refuge with the knights of S. John. His brother offered them a large sum

if they would keep him a prisoner, and, at news of the offer, every court in Europe put forward a claim for so remunerative a guest. But Innocent VIII., by the offer of his alliance and of a cardinal's hat to the Grand Master, obtained the custody of the Turkish prince. Before his arrival at the Vatican the etiquette of the papal court had been carefully explained to him, but he refused to kiss the Pope's foot, and stood, with his turban on his head, only making a slight inclination to Innocent, and would not even glance at the costly presents prepared for his acceptance. Mantegna, in an amusing letter to Francesco Gonzaga of Mantova, describes his mode of living in his apartments at the Vatican, how Djem ate and slept most of the day, occasionally distracting himself with a little hunting and music. Sometimes the Pope invited him to a banquet at the Villa Belvedere in the Vatican gardens, which Mantegna was decorating, and the artist remarks that "for a barbarian he conducts himself very well." . . . When the Sultan, to make sure that he was not paying for the keep of his brother's dead body, sent a special envoy, bringing gifts and three years' tribute, Djem would only receive him in the character of Sultan. So the approach to the Vatican was made gay with tapestries and flowers, and Djem awaited him seated on a throne, surrounded by prelates and his attendants. The Turkish ambassador had to submit to being rubbed down with a towel which they forced him to kiss, and he then was made to lick the letter he had brought, for an attempt had already been made to poison him. Infessura, who sees omens in every change of nature, tells us that, while Djem gave his banquet in the papal palace, the sky over Rome became

ARMS OF INNOCENT VIII. (CIBO)

black as night. Charles VIII. had refused an interview to the infidel prince, but a "Sultan and a Pope now held their courts side by side."

An event of more world-wide importance was the fall of Granada, which Rome celebrated with every festivity. Religious processions wended their way to the Spanish church in Piazza Navona, and a feigned battle took place in the square, in which the Moors defended a wooden castle against the Spaniards, who finally stormed it amidst the cheers of the crowd.

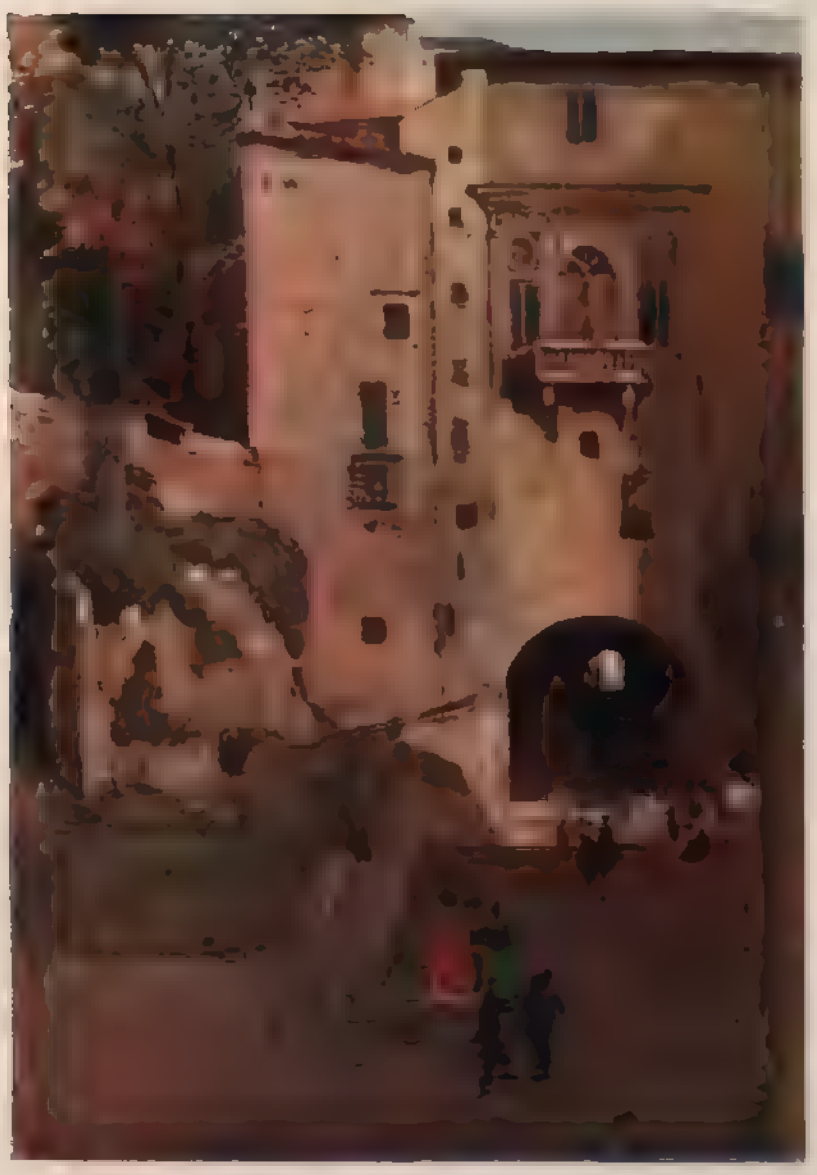
It is strange that, when everyone was awakening to the touch of the classical revival, a tomb should have been discovered on the Via Appia, by the Casale Rotondo, which revealed the body of a girl, whose beauty had survived through more than a thousand years. No one dreamed of her being a saint; her name even was unknown; people only thought of her loveliness, her hair golden, bound in its fillet woven of gold, and the marvel of her flesh, which seemed like that of a living person. A description of her is chronicled in every diary of the time. "The skin was white, soft, and perfumed," says a letter dated April 15, 1485. "Words cannot describe the excitement of the multitudes who rushed to admire this marvel. To make matters easy, the Conservatori have agreed to remove the beautiful body to the Capitol. One would think there is some great indulgence and remission of sins to be gained by climbing that hill, so great is the crowd, especially of women, attracted by the sight." Innocent VIII., fearful of so much devotion to beauty, and being unable to canonise the pagan lady, caused her body to be carried secretly away by night and buried outside the Porta Pinciana.

As a patron of art, although Innocent carried on the traditions of the Della Rovere, the work he undertook was of a more personal nature, and foreshadowed the tastes of the pleasure-loving Medici. The old maps of Rome all show a somewhat fanciful sketch of the villa Belvedere, built by

Innocent near the Vatican Palace, which became the sculpture museum of Julius II. A. Pollaiuolo is credited with the designs, but Pietrasanta probably carried them out, and the result was a miniature castle summer-house, with a tower rising up from the walls of a villa in a quaint conceit of architectural design. Mantegna was called in to decorate the chapel attached to the Belvedere. "He carried this out," says Vasari, "with great diligence and care; and so minutely that the vaulting and the walls seem to have been illuminated rather than painted." Over the altar was a fresco of the baptism of Christ with people undressing "as if they would be baptised. One among them wishes to remove a stocking which, owing to the sweat, clings to his leg, and he rolls over in the effort. This fancy excited great wonder in those who saw it at the time." Pintoricchio came to decorate some of the rooms and the *loggie* of the villa, and he painted in one loggia, at the Pope's desire, a series of landscapes "with views of Rome, Milan, Genoa, Florence, Venice and Naples, in the Flemish style." Vasari says that the feat was an unusual one and gave considerable satisfaction.

Innocent also built a large fortified villa on the banks of the Tiber, a few miles out of the Porta Portese on the road to Porto. La Magliana was the favourite hunting-box of the Cibo family and later of Leo X., who reached it by boat and landed within a field's distance. Peasants now dwell in the large, deserted rooms, children play on the broad flight of travertine steps, and women shell peas and feed the chickens round the fountain in the great courtyard. The banqueting-hall, facing the river, is locked, but the people about it still recall the old days and point to the name of Innocent VIII., inscribed above the windows.

Sculptors were employed all through the reign of Innocent VIII., but it would be an endless task to enumerate all their work, and through a somewhat confused vision of sepulchral monuments, only a few convey any real artistic pleasure. One of these, the monument of Marcantonio Albertoni in Sta.

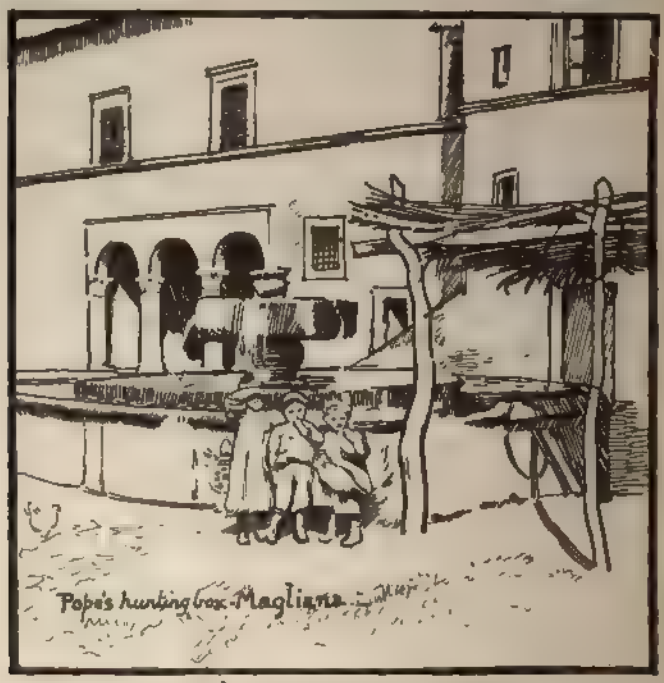


House of Vanozza.

Maria del Popolo, by an unknown sculptor, comes near to the work of Mino in its purity of outline. Youthfulness and perfect peace are expressed in the recumbent figure resting in the unadorned niche. It is the simplest of Roman tombs, and in this feeling of restraint lies its beauty. The well-known bronze tomb of Sixtus IV., by Antonio Pollaiuolo, was commissioned by Innocent VIII. This Florentine pupil of Donatello, delighted in depicting movement, men straining with one another in combat and enjoying the sensation of using their muscles with the keenness of animals. J. A. Symonds sees a certain fitness that he should have been chosen to cast a monument to the Della Rovere Pope, who would often urge men on to fight for his amusement. His work for the tomb, though full of individual beauty, as for instance the turn of head in the allegorical figure of Wisdom, does not possess enough repose, and is hampered by too much ornamentation. But the wonderful patina on the bronze, shining and smooth, betrays the skilled workman. Judged as a whole the monument he erected for Innocent VIII. is more successful, though it looks lost in the big aisle of S. Peter's. Below, the Pope is represented lying out in death; above he is enthroned, giving the papal benediction and holding the sacred lance which Bajazet had given him; behind him is a kind of tabernacle ornamented with graceful allegorical figures of the cardinal virtues in alto-relief, framed in small niches.

With the accession of the Spaniard, Rodrigo Borgia, we near the height of the Renaissance, the spirit of which was caught in all its essence by Alexander VI., Julius II., and Leo X. Directly Cardinal Borgia heard of his election he cried out joyfully: "I am pope and vicar of Christ"; and when it was suggested that he should take the name of his uncle Calixtus III., who had raised the family to wealth, he replied: "We desire the name of the invincible Alexander." The mask thrown off, the popes henceforth declared that the papacy was a prize to be enjoyed and to bring them worldly

power. At least there is something refreshing in the openness with which they proclaimed their policy. The Romans joined in his desire for a grand pontificate, and turned Rome into a fairy city of garlanded streets, brilliantly lit, to do him honour in his triumphal procession to the Lateran. Burkhard writes in his diary on this occasion: "I thought of the




THE POPE'S HUNTING-BOX, LA MAGLIANA

nocturnal sacrifices of the ancients, or the Bacchanals bearing torches in honour of their god." It is said that in a period of two months, between the death of Innocent VIII. and the election of Alexander VI., some two hundred murders had been committed in Rome. The new pope, determined to restore order at any cost, ordered that every criminal should be promptly hanged and his house pulled down. Abroad

the papal authority stood high, and when the stirring news came that Columbus had discovered another world, Spain and Portugal appealed to Alexander as arbiter in the dispute over the new territories. He "drew an audacious line from pole to pole, and endowed Spain with all the territory discovered, or still to be discovered, westward of Cape Verde and the Azores. . . . This stroke of the pen was the last reminiscence of the universal authority of the Roman papacy." Who knows but that Alexander might have proved a capable ruler if it had not been for his inordinate affection for his family, and his ambition for their welfare, which proved the bane of Italy. A contemporary writer describes him "as handsome, with a pleasant look and honeyed tongue; he attracts ladies to love him, and draws them to him in a wondrous way, more than a magnet draws iron." The first woman we hear of to fall beneath his spell was the Roman Vanozza dei Catanei, the mother of famous children, Juan, Cæsar and Lucrezia. Her life is pathetically expressed in the signature of her letters to Lucrezia: "la felice e infelice madre, Vanozza Borgia et de Cataneis." Tradition holds that her house stood by S. Pietro in Vincoli; we still see its grim tower rising above an arch through which a staircase passes; a window opens on to a graceful balcony, and great blocks of masonry loom out in the half-light of the arch. It was said that her children had supped with her here on the night of the Duke of Gandia's murder. Men hinted at the time that Cæsar, jealous of his elder brother, had followed him, stabbed him in a dark lane, and thrown his body into the Tiber. From this moment began his career; he left the Church, for which he was ill-fitted, and began to build up a principality, to the ruin of Italy. He travelled on an embassy to France in royal state, his robe "stiff with jewels," and amazed Louis XII. by his arrogance. When his genius as a soldier displayed itself in the capture of cities in the Romagna, the Romans gave him a magnificent reception; and in the Piazza Navona the triumph of Julius Cæsar was

represented in his honour. The Pope's son rode in the last car of the procession, in which were figured the victories of the great Roman. A few days later Cæsar Borgia organised a bull fight, according to the Spanish fashion, in the Piazza of S. Peter's, and himself killed six bulls, cutting off the head of one animal with a single stroke of his sword. By such feats as these he won the admiration of the citizens. It was an age when men, accounting simplicity of heart as naught, only looked up to those who could surprise them at every turn by some cunning or daringly unscrupulous act. Cæsar reached the zenith of his Machiavellian policy when he enticed his rebellious generals to Sinigaglia, and then ordered their death. The young and beautiful Lucrezia, both father and son used as a tool in advancing the family interests. First they married her to Giovanni Sforza of Pesaro, the ceremony being performed in the villa Belvedere. When the Sforza alliance became useless, the marriage was declared invalid, and Lucrezia became the wife of the Duke of Bisceglia, a bastard son of Alfonso of Aragon. Alexander made her regent of Spoleto, where she resided with her husband, to whom she was sincerely attached. But Cæsar soon picked a quarrel with Alfonso, accusing him of plotting with his bitter enemies the Colonnesi. The enmity between the two ended in a tragedy which Burkhard thus briefly records in his diary: "The illustrious Don Alfonso, Duke of Bisceglia and Prince of Salerno, was seriously wounded on the evening of July 15, but since he determined not to die of his wounds then received, he was strangled in his bed on August 18, about the first hour of midnight. His remains were carried to S. Peter's." We next hear of Lucrezia as ruling the Vatican in the absence of the Pope, and discussing with the cardinals on Church affairs. Alexander and Cæsar had succeeded in inspiring such a sense of power that a son of the proud house of Este was induced to marry a pope's bastard daughter. The marriage took place in the Aula Paolina amid the usual pomp,

Lucrezia, "that most seductive and gracious lady," wearing a cloak of gold brocade and a crimson gown lined with ermine, with sleeves reaching to the ground. Fifty maids of honour attended her. There were horse races afterwards, and jousts in the piazza of S. Peter, and balls given in the Vatican. The Pope sat among the gay company in the rooms which Pintoricchio had decorated with frescoes of saints and madonnas; beautiful women sat at his feet, and Madonna Lucrezia danced before him with becoming grace. The cardinals, some in their crimson robes, others in masquerade costume, sat with the ladies on benches, and some were seated on the floor. Comedies were performed for their amusement, followed by an allegorical spectacle setting forth the glory of the houses of Borgia and Este. Lucrezia and her husband enjoyed a royal progress through Italy. The bride brought as her dower Cento and Castel della Pieve, and three hundred thousand ducats, while each sleeve of her trousseau, says a chronicler, had cost thirty ducats, and a single hat was valued at ten thousand ducats. Lucrezia passes before the imagination like the unhappy souls driven hither and thither by the storm-winds in Dante's 'Inferno,' while the relentless face of Cæsar Borgia rises behind her as the evil genius of her early years. Henceforth she led a peaceful life at Ferrara, and her husband's subjects learnt to love her.

Roman society became still more corrupt under the Borgias than it had been under the Rovere, and now none troubled to hide their vices. Eighteen corpses might have been seen on a single day swinging from the gallows on the bridge of S. Angelo, but crime still flourished. We read of a doctor belonging to the Lateran hospital who was wont to shoot with a bow and arrow at the passers-by from his window and rob their dead bodies; he was also in league with the confessor of the hospital, who told him which were the rich patients. Every vice and evil deed was laid at the door of the Borgia, and panic seized upon Rome when Alexander VI.

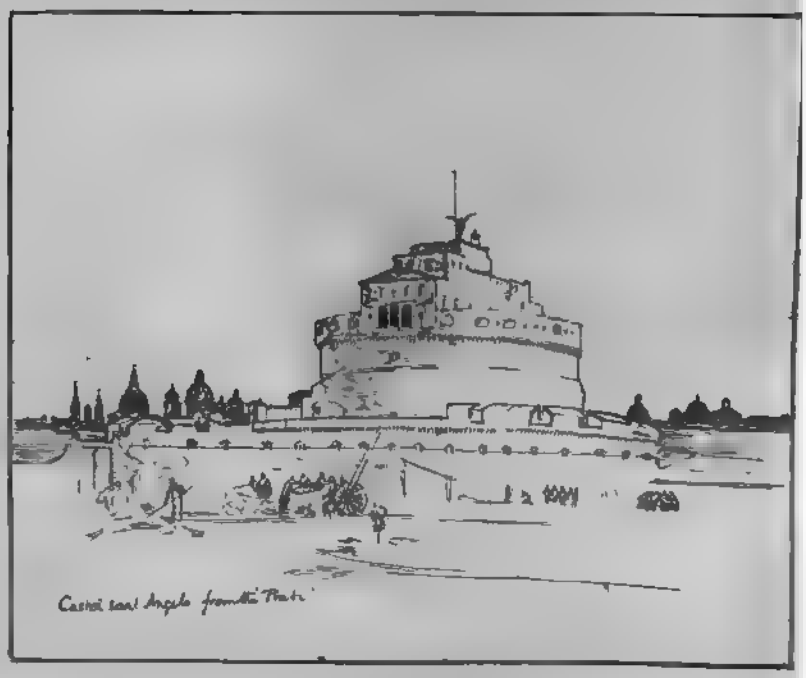
cast his enemies into the dungeons of S. Angelo and left them to starve. Once they were out of the way he would smile again, and tell the city magistrates that killing was now at an end, adding: 'See that you make fine shows this Carnival time. Let men enjoy themselves, and they will forget their suspicions.' "The Pope is seventy years of age," says the Venetian envoy. "Cares never weigh on him more than a night; he loves life, and has a joyous nature, and does what may turn out useful to himself."

Through all this dark time came the warning words of the prophet of Florence, who denounced the vices of the papal court in unmeasured terms. At first Alexander tried to silence him by offering to make him a cardinal. "Give me a hat, a red hat," answered Savonarola, "but red with blood, that is my desire." As Dante had looked to the Emperor Henry VII. as the deliverer of Italy, Savonarola now hailed Charles VIII. of France as a man sent from God, and urged him on to Rome. The King had been joined by Cardinals Giuliano Della Rovere, Colonna, and Savelli, all bitter enemies of the Pope. Not a blow was struck; the keys of Rome were brought to him at the Porta del Popolo, and the strange cavalcade of cardinals, French nobility, Gascon archers, and artillery of bronze cannons, filed down the Corso, headed by Charles VIII., clad in coat-of-mail It was nightfall before he reached the Palazzo of S. Marco, where he lodged. The terrified Romans watched the great army pass by them in the torch-light, while Alexander waited events in the Vatican, with horsemen guarding the Borgo. The atrocities committed by the French soldiers soon forced him to seek refuge in S. Angelo, where he also removed all his treasure. "If it is attacked," he said with a fine show of bravery, "I will take my stand on the walls of the fortress with the most sacred relics." The Pope lay in the King's power, and yet the only result was a treaty, which could easily be broken, as the Borgias knew. Charles, having respectfully kissed the Pope's foot, left for Naples,

RAPHAEL 'THE DISPUTA.' THE VATICAN.

taking Cæsar Borgia as hostage, and Djem, whose possession was one of the conditions of the contract. Cæsar made his escape in a very few days, and Djem died on the journey, some say from the effects of the famous white powder of the Borgias. There is a memorial of Charles VIII. in the city, the Church of S. Trinità dei Monti, which he founded, and had built of French marble, showing that "the quarries of valuable stone in Rome were exhausted, and that the accumulation of material hidden in the ancient emporium had not yet been discovered." The church owes its present form to Louis XVIII., who rebuilt it in 1817; the familiar scene also of the crowd of flower-vendors on the great flight of steps leading into the Piazza di Spagna, and the gaily dressed models, belongs entirely to modern Rome—Rome of the tourists.

The name of Alexander VI. is especially connected with S. Angelo, which he converted into a genuine fortress. He connected it with the bridge by a fortified gateway, and added battlements and a new gate to the covered gallery which joined on to S. Peter. He made a staircase through the mortuary chamber, leading to the new set of rooms he built, enclosed by a square tower; and added cisterns and pits for the storage of grain and subterranean prisons. All the changes in the history of Rome showed in the various uses the ancient mausoleum was put to. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it also felt the influence of the Renaissance, for while Alexander prepared it for a possible siege, he called in Pintoricchio to decorate one of the rooms in the upper story; and later popes added to its splendour. Certainly its interior presents one of the most striking contrasts in Rome. The inclined passage cuts through the mortuary chamber of emperors, across an *oubliette* of the Middle Ages, and, passing the prison of Cagliostro, leads to the storerooms of the Borgia and to the prisons of Benvenuto Cellini and the Cenci. Then higher up great banqueting and reception rooms open from a court where marble cannon balls, the spoils of ancient



CASTEL S. ANGELO

monuments, are heaped. Above this again a beautiful bramantesque loggia is set upon the ramparts facing the Janiculum, and forms a kind of portico entrance to a suite of large rooms decorated by Paul III. We see a pope's bedroom, having a coffered ceiling, and a frieze which represents the marriage of Pysche and Cupid; the council chamber where Beatrice Cenci is said to have been tried and condemned, and the 'Sala della piccola Tortura,' decorated with a stucco fringe of tritons and sea-nymphs. After the sack of Rome, when popes became cruel for the good of men's souls, this last room became the court of inquisition, where citizens were tried for heresy, and two Caraffa cardinals were strangled for their crimes. The mausoleum of Hadrian

shared, with the pyramidal tomb of C. Cestius and the one destroyed by Alexander VI. in the Borgo Vecchio, the admiration of artists from early days. In a big sketch-book preserved in the Vatican library, Giuliano di Sangallo has drawn S. Angelo as the Borgia fortress, and shows us how small houses with open *loggie* clustered against the walls and reached the Tiber by flights of steps. Large ships sail up the river, and the water ripples round their paddle wheels. The other great work of Alexander VI. was the building of the Torre and appartamento Borgia in the Vatican palace, which Pinturicchio decorated. The Umbrian artist had decorated many churches and palaces for the Rovere family, and now became the court painter of the Borgias, and executed commissions for Cæsar, by whom he was "always loved because of his talents and gifts." The whole of the Borgia appartment was painted under his guidance between 1492 and 1494, but only a few frescoes have been judged to be actually executed by him. The rooms, opening one into another, have each a large window looking into the double court of the Belvedere. The upper part of the walls are decorated with a series of subjects taken at random from the lives of Christ, the Virgin and saints, and the ceilings shine with the embossed gold of the stucco work. The Borgia arms suggested the decorations, introducing the myths of Isis and Osiris, and the bull of Apis, and the narrow marble frieze of bulls divided by cupids, episcopal mitres, centaurs, and cornucopiæ. Each room recalls some enchanted Umbrian valley, bathed in a luscious, sunlit atmosphere, and at the same time, tempered by the restful blue harmonies of colours which steal over the land as evening approaches. Pintoricchio, in compliment to the Roman pontiff, sets the Coliseum behind S. Sebastian, and a triumphal arch in the landscape, where S. Catharine disputes before Maximian. Harmonising perfectly with the surroundings, his saints do not oppress one with their sanctity, or his martyrs with their sufferings; and his hermits, sitting among the spring flowers, are followed by

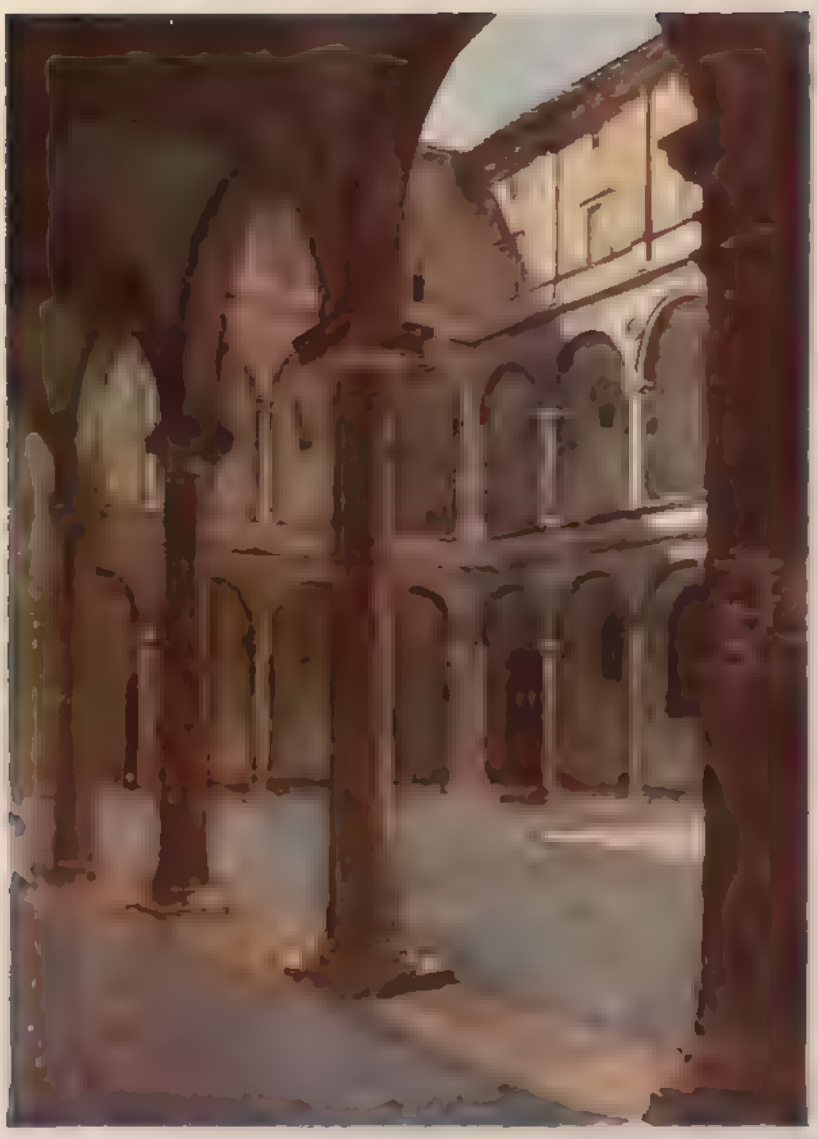
devils such as the Borgia Pope might admire. In the first room is a portrait by Pintoricchio's own hand, of Pope Alexander kneeling in a great cope at the tomb of the risen Christ; over the door of the next room is a Madonna with the child, which Vasari says was a portrait of Donna Giulia Farnese, and in his day evidently had the figure of the Pope kneeling in adoration.[1] The gay court of Alexander VI. flocked through these rooms, fair women, rich cardinals, Cæsar and Lucrezia, and a host of nobles; and we feel that Pintoricchio clothed his saints in unusually fine raiment, gave them pretty faces, and used all the gold and ultramarine to be found in Rome for his "luxurious half-barbarian" patron.

ARMS OF ALEXANDER VI. (BORGIA)

When Cardinal Raffaele Riario, at the beginning of Pope Alexander's reign, called in Bramante to design him a palace near the Campo dei Fiori, a new era in architecture commenced for the city. Bramante[2] was close upon sixty when he began his first work in Rome; his intellectual vigour was keen as ever, and his capacity for originating new *motifs* in his art were shown when he abandoned the style which had made him famous in Lombardy, and sought out inspiration among the classic buildings of antiquity. "Going alone and wrapped in thought," as Vasari tells us, he visited every ancient monument both in Rome, at Tivoli, and at the Villa

[1] The beautiful Giulia Farnese was all powerful with the Pope, and through her influence her brother (afterwards Paul III.) received the red hat, and was called the "petticoat cardinal."

[2] Bramante of Urbino worked for the Sforza family at Milan, and after their fall came to settle definitely at Rome in 1499. The Cancelleria he designed in 1493 while still at Milan. The façade, as the inscription says, was built in 1495, and the palace was finished by him at a later date. Cardinal Riario had begun to build a palace here in the reign of Innocent VIII., but it had not gone very far when he called in Bramante.



COURT OF THE CANCILLERIA.

of Hadrian, which was then being excavated, taking careful measurements of everything. He not only felt the magic of that age, but possessed the genius to revive the simplicity of classical architecture, the restraint of its ornamentation, and the perfection of its proportions in buildings for modern requirements. Compared with the many baroque palaces and churches in Rome, where projecting cornices, heavy windows and mouldings cast varied shadows upon the walls, the Palazzo della Cancelleria may to some people appear of too severe and simple a type of building. As with all beautiful things, we require to be intimate with it before the secret of its charm is revealed. Bramante's scheme for obtaining strength, grace and variety is so woven in with the general plan that no particular part of it at first attracts the eye, but rather are the senses satisfied by the impression of fine proportion and completeness. The ground floor, devoid of ornament, looks strong to bear the weight of two stories; the upper floors are given grace and lightness by the use of two flat pilasters, such as we see in the Coliseum, placed between each window, and the effect is further accentuated by the different sizes of the windows and the variety in the wall spacing. Pilasters and cornices had until now been treated as the framework and adornment of a building, but Bramante perfected their use by using them as part and support of the general construction. Without approaching the fortress type of palace, he made the angle of the palace, on the side which gives on the street, project some three metres, and varied the large expanse of wall by using brick in the upper stories and placing only one pilaster between the windows. The corners towards the Campo dei Fiori he shaped like a bow, and placed there a beautiful balcony adorned with the cardinal's arms, heraldic roses, and a cluster of dog roses with delicately-veined leaves. Bramante incorporated into the palace the Church of S. Lorenzo in Damaso. Stepping straight from the street into what might prove a hall in the palace, a spacious church

is entered, which is surrounded on three sides by a nobly-planned portico of pillars, and giving a feeling of amplitude by the magnificent sweep of the large apsidal tribune. Unfortunately Pius IX. disfigured one of Bramante's *chef d'œuvres* with costly and garish decorations. Standing back in the double portico at the end of the nave when the sun is setting, it is still possible to realise the broad effects of light and shade which the architect sought after when he placed the semi-circular window in the cupola of the church. About A.D. 366, Damasus I. had here founded a public library, as he recorded in the inscription: "I have erected this building for the archives of the Roman Church; I have surrounded it with porticoes on either side; and I have given it my name, which I hope will be remembered for centuries." Bramante is said to have taken the columns of the porticoes for the courtyard of the palace, which is the last of the great Roman courts supported by antique columns. It is one of the pleasantest duties of the traveller to wander into this silent and deserted *cortile*, and in the shadow of its lofty arcades to study how Bramante created an atmosphere to suit the classical pillars, adorning their capitals with small Medusa heads, and roses, roses everywhere, and each one different.

Cardinal Raffaele Riario had some twenty years' enjoyment out of his palace, and then through his share in the conspiracy against Leo X., notwithstanding his pardon, was forced to seek safety in Naples. Agostino Chigi had paid an enormous sum to obtain his release from a dungeon in S. Angelo, and as the cardinal knelt at the feet of Leo X., professing an insincere repentance, the promise was rung from him that at his death the Cancelleria should pass into possession of the Holy See. He died at Naples in 1521, and in order "to silence malicious rumour," the Medici erected a tomb to his memory in the SS. Apostoli, a poor example of sixteenth century art to face

Michael Angelo's Pieta. Head of Madonna. St. Peter's

the tomb of his uncle Cardinal Pietro Riario, by Mino da Fiesole.

Bramante's next patron was Adriano Castelli of Corneto, who as nuncio in England under Innocent VIII., had won the esteem of Henry VII. and received the bishopric of Bath and Wells. For him Bramante built the Palazzo Scossacavalli in Pope Alexander's new street, the Borgo Nuovo, where he reproduced the motif of the Cancelleria, but designed a courtyard of greater simplicity. It was while dining in the vineyard of this palace that the Pope and Cæsar Borgia by mistake drank of the poisoned wine which rumour said they had prepared for the rich cardinal. Alexander died either from its effects or of a fever caught on that summer's night, and Cæsar lost his power in the city through being ill at the critical time of the new election. The owners of Bramante's palaces were doomed. Cardinal Adrian, feeling his position insecure after the Pope's suspicious end, gave over his palace in 1504 to Henry VII., "for the use of the English in Rome, or else as a dwelling for their envoys." It remained the residence of the English Ambassador up to the time of the Reformation, and after changing hands many times, is now the property of Prince Torlonia. Later, the cardinal was implicated with Cardinal Riario in the conspiracy against Leo X., fled from Rome, and sought protection at Venice, while Cardinal Wolsey seized his English benefices, and "even threatened Venice with war if she any longer protected the 'poisoner of Alexander VI.'"; on the death of Leo X. he hurried back to Rome to attend the conclave, because a soothsayer in the Ghetto had predicted that a man of humble birth called Adrian should be elected Pope. But the cardinal never reached Rome, and no trace of him was ever found; some say that his servants murdered and robbed him on the road. And another Adrian, Dedel of Utrecht, fulfilled the prophecy. In 1502 Bramante built the Tempietto in the cloisters of S. Pietro in Montorio. It was a commission of Ferdinand

and Isabella of Spain, who held the common belief that S. Peter had received martyrdom on the Janiculum (see p. 115). We cannot realise the full beauty of this little building until we know how Bramante has meant it to be seen. He designed it with the intention that it should stand in the centre of an arched portico the angles of which should terminate in chapels. Thus the Tempietto, seen framed between the tall columns and beneath the arches, was to have the appearance of a model, and the eye would fully appreciate the motif repeated throughout, in the circular form of the temple, in its niche, the circular gallery, the cupola, the arched portico and the domed chapels. Unfortunately his design was not carried out, and the cupola of the Tempietto has, at some period, been tampered with. When Bramante had completed the chapel, artists flocked to see it, and they took measurements of every detail, and studied them, as if it had been a classical building of imperial date.

THE TEMPIETTO

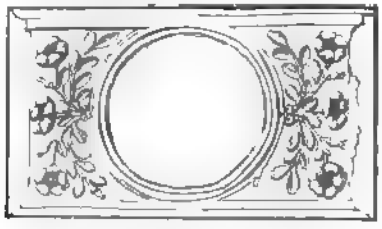
Cardinal Raffaele Riario was the means of bringing another and the greatest master of the golden age to Rome. The story is told in Condivi, his faithful friend and biographer. Michelangelo had carved a marble statue of a sleeping Cupid, which was greatly admired by Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco di Medici, a distant

From the Loggia of S. Angelo

cousin of the reigning family, who at that time were in exile. "If you can manage to make it look as if it had been buried under the earth," said his patron, "'I will forward it to Rome, it will be taken for an antique, and you will sell it much better.' Michelangelo, hearing this, immediately prepared it as one from whom no craft was hidden, so that it looked as if it had been made many years ago." Cardinal Riario bought it as an antique, but, discovering later the deception, he returned it to the dealer, and sent to Florence to discover the sculptor. The Cupid afterwards came into the possession of Cæsar Borgia, who ultimately gave it to the Marchioness of Mantua. She speaks of it as being "without a peer among the works of modern times." Cardinal Riario, though he showed small judgment in this matter, invited Michelangelo to stay with him in Rome. In a letter to his Medici patron, Michelangelo records that on "Sunday the cardinal came into the new house"; he writes on the 2nd July 1496, and evidently refers to the Cancelleria, where he had been invited to look at the collection of statues: "We have bought a piece of marble for a life-size statue," he continues, "and on Monday I shall begin to work." But nothing further is recorded of this statue, and though he stayed a year in the Riario household, he is said only to have made a drawing of S. Francis receiving the Stigmata, which was coloured "with great diligence" by a barber in the cardinal's service! It was the Frenchman, Grostaye de Villiers François, Abbot of S. Denis, an ambassador of Charles VIII., who in 1498 commissioned the statue of the *Pietà*. It formerly stood in the circular chapel of S. Petronilla in old S. Peter's. "The Madonna," says Condivi, "is seated on the stone upon which the cross was erected, with her dead son on her lap. He is of so great and so rare a beauty that no one beholds it but is moved to pity. A figure truly worthy of the humanity which belonged to the Son of God, and to such a mother; nevertheless some there be who complain that the mother is too young com-

pared to the son. One day as I was talking to Michelangelo of this objection, 'Do you not know,' he said, 'that chaste women retain their fresh looks much longer than those who are not chaste? How much more, therefore, a virgin in whom not even the least unchaste desire ever arose?' . . . Michelangelo may have been twenty-four or twenty-five years old when he finished this work." The beautiful small head of the Virgin, the refined outlines of her form, which shows both strong and supple beneath the folds of the gown, the tragic repose expressed by the relaxed limbs of the dead Saviour, the exquisite finish of the hands and feet, and the smooth and shining whiteness of the marble, all combine to make it one of the wonders of Renaissance art.

On an August night of the year 1503 the body of Alexander VI. was brought into the Chapel of Sta. Petronilla and laid by the altar of the *Pietà*. The man who brought it had made the coffin too narrow and too short. Giustiniani, the Venetian envoy, writes: "Joking and jeering, they stripped the tiara and the robes of office from the body, wrapped it up in an old carpet, and then, with force of fists and feet, rammed it down into the box, without torches, without a ministering priest, without a single person to attend and bear a consecrated candle." The white Virgin of the *Pietà* alone watched over the corpse of the Borgia Pope, "black as a piece of cloth or the blackest mulberry."



DETAIL FROM THE CANCELLERIA

Detail from monument of Cardinal Sanchez

## CHAPTER XII

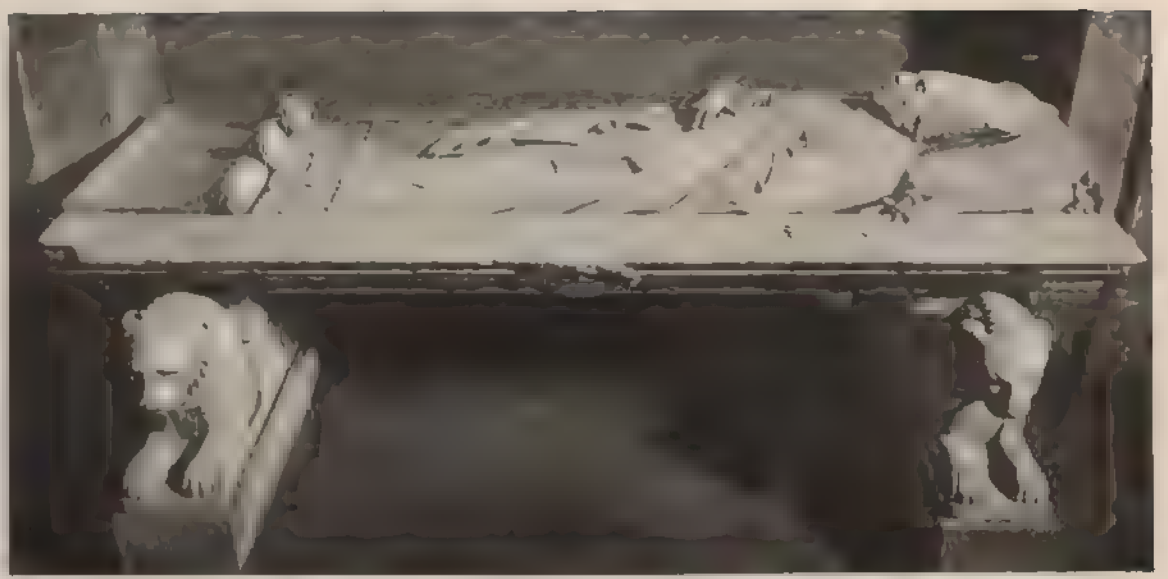
*Julius II.* (1503-1513)—*His Bronze Statue by Michelangelo —The Cortile Belvedere by Bramante—Building of S. Peter's Tomb of Cardinal Bainbridge Andrea and Jacopo Sansovino The Stanze of Raphael Michelangelo and the Sistine Chapel—The Tomb of Julius II.*

When Cardinal Giuliano Della succeeded to the papal See after the short reign of Pius III. the fortunes of the Borgia family were doomed. Julius II. forced Cæsar to give up his possessions, and he who had aimed at the sovereignty of Italy found himself treacherously sent as a prisoner to the Spanish Court. The relations of Alfonso of Bisceglia, Lucrezia's husband and the widow of his murdered brother, the Duke of Gandia, who dwelt here, begged the King of Spain to avenge them After two years he escaped from prison, and a few months later fell, fighting in the service of the King of Navarre against a rebellious vassal. Thus at least the end of Macchiavelli's hero was a noble one.

Julius II. began his reign by conciliating the Roman families, and restored them to their possessions. His daughter Felice he married to the head of the Orsini of Bracciano, and the marriage took place in the palace of the Vice-Chancellor (Palazzo Sforza-Cesarini), which had been built by Alexander VI. when a cardinal. A niece he gave in marriage to Marcantonio Colonna, a celebrated soldier, and presented them with the Palazzo Colonna.

Peace being established in Rome, Julius started on his wonderful career as the warrior-pontiff. Determined to work alone and free Italy from foreign potentates, his passion was for the temporal advancement of the Church, and individual ambition did not enter into his scheme. His first blows were dealt against Perugia and Bologna. At sunrise one August morning in 1506, Julius, accompanied by over twenty cardinals, and proceeded by a bishop carrying the Host, rode out of the Piazza del Popolo at the head of his cavalry. Gian Paolo Baglioni, the tyrant of Perugia, received him with honour, and the citizens of Bologna drove out the Bentivogli and opened their gates to a pope who carried the ensign of liberty. After ordering a great fortress to be built to keep the citizens in subjection, like a triumphant Cæsar, Julius summoned Michelangelo to make a bronze portrait statue of himself to be placed in front of S. Petronio. Before leaving Bologna he came to see the clay model of the figure, and Michelangelo asked him if he should place a book in his left hand. "What! a book?" he replied, "a sword! As for me I am no scholar." And jesting about the right hand, which was in vigorous action, he said, smiling the while to Michelangelo: "Does this statue of yours give a blessing or a curse?" Michelangelo replied to him: "It threatens the people, Holy Father, lest they be foolish."

For the time being he swept all before him, and on his return to Rome on Palm Sunday the citizens received him like a conqueror of old. The streets were filled with triumphal arches, decorated with statues and pictures, and near S. Angelo, a chariot drawn by four white horses, and full of winged genii, met the Pope, while from their midst an angel stept out of a globe, who recited verses, and in allusion to the feast-day, offered Julius the palm of Victory. By Sta. Maria in Traspontina, he passed a gilded oak tree, whose branches rose up to the church tower. His efforts were now turned towards crushing the proud Venetian republic, in whom he saw the chief obstacle to his scheme of



XVI CENTURY

MONUMENT TO CARDINAL BOURCHIER, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

ENGLISH COLLEGE

an ecclesiastical kingdom. When some one ventured to point out the evil of such a policy, he replied: "Let the world perish, provided I obtain my wish." To the Venetian ambassador he vaunted that he would make Venice a little fishing village again; "And unless you are reasonable, Holy Father," replied the envoy, "we will make you a little parish priest." The result of his enmity was the league of Cambray in 1508, the Powers joining him in crushing Venice. It was only the jealousy of the allies and lack of prompt action on the Emperor's part that ultimately saved Venice, but she only obtained her release from the Pope's interdict by giving up to him some cities of the Romagna and undergoing a public act of humiliation. Her chief nobles knelt at the feet of Julius in the vestibule of S. Peter's, and at each verse of the Miserere he touched their shoulders with a golden rod, the cardinals standing round, each holding this symbol of humiliation. The bronze doors of the basilica were then swung open for the strange procession to enter. "The Pope is very shrewd and a great statesman," was the verdict carried by the Venetian envoy to the Doge; "he is sixty-five years old, and has the gout, . . . nevertheless he is full of vigour and activity; he is determined to be lord and master of the World's game." People were amazed at the martial spirit he showed. Generals trembled before him when he turned upon them for their incapacity, and called them thieves and villains. Once when news was brought of a Venetian victory, Julius threw his cap on the ground and cursed S. Peter in a transport of rage. A thrill of admiration passed along the ranks of the soldiers when they saw him at the siege of Mirandola, the fortress key of Ferrara, carried in a litter through the frozen trenches to direct the military operations. Finally the fortress fell, and Julius, too impatient to wait until the gates were opened, had himself pulled through a breach in the wall and hauled up in a wooden box. A pope was no longer judged as a priest but as ruler of a temporal kingdom. In the midst of his triumph

came reverse. Bologna rebelled against the unscrupulous despotism of the papal legate, and showed their contempt for Julius by destroying his colossal bronze statue and making a cannon of it. Mirandola also fell into the hands of the Bentivogli. But the Pope was less dismayed by these losses than by the trouble within the Church. A strong party of cardinals ranged against him, and cited him to appear at the Pisan Council to reform the Church. Of all things Julius most dreaded a council. To save the situation and disconcert his enemies, he was forced to summon one at the Lateran, but the Pope had forgotten to prepare his speech, and the Council was postponed! Suddenly the Pope fell ill, and news of his death spread rapidly through Rome. His enemies became bold as lions. Citizens, priests and nobles, assembling on the Capitol, listened to a speech by Pompeo Colonna, a man with a passion for the field, upon whom a bishopric had been forced. He appeared as the demagogue of freedom, reminded them of their rights as Romans, urged them to throw off the priestly yoke, and denounced the whole system of the temporal power of the Church. That day when men were so brave and Colonna so eloquent, Julius awoke from his long swoon, and the cardinals who had rejoiced at his death now "remained as if dead at his recovery." The Pope called for wine; the doctor refused it, whereupon he summoned the captain of his guard, who was forced to choose between obeying his command or a dungeon in S. Angelo. Julius, having drunk the wine and eaten a peach, arose imbued with new life to face his rebellious subjects. Another meeting was held on the Capitol between the citizens and the barons, who solemnly swore to strive for the maintenance of peace, the welfare of the city of Rome, and the preservation of the spiritual rule to the honour of Pope Julius." And the Pope commemorated the event by having a coin struck with the inscription *Pax Romana*. The next year news reached the Vatican that on Easter Day "one of the bloodiest of battles" had been

Piazza of S. Peter

fought at Ravenna. Under Gaston de Foix fought some of the most famous generals of the age, La Palisse, Bayard, and the Duke of Ferrara, who were accompanied by the schismatic cardinal, Sanseverino, clad in steel armour. With the papal troops were the Marquis of Pescara, husband of Vittoria Colonna, and many Roman, Spanish and Sicilian nobles, while their cardinal-legate was the future Leo X. who, robed in scarlet vestments, rode on a white charger. Giulio de' Medici, afterwards Clement VII., fought that day as a Knight of Rhodes. After magnificent fighting the French won the day, but Gaston de Foix, the flower of chivalry, was killed, and with him vanished all hope of any permanent result from the victory. Though news spread that Palisse had been ordered to march against Rome, Julius refused to seek safety in flight, and he continued to say to those around him: "I will stake my tiara and a hundred thousand ducats on my attempt to drive the French out of Italy." A month after the great battle Julius opened the Lateran council with regal pomp. The Knights of Rhodes formed his guard of honour, and various dignitaries of the Church followed in a procession which was closed by an escort of heavy cavalry and nine cannons. Pious men spoke of reform, all bewailed the condition of the Church, but Julius only thought how to regain his lost provinces, and, after condemning the schismatic cardinals, he concluded a new league with the Powers against France. "Within but three months of his victory at Ravenna," says Gregorovius, "Louis XII. saw his rule in Italy shattered as it were by a stroke of magic. Only a few fortresses in Lombardy and the Romagna remained to him." The Pope had again come forth victorious, this time through a strong force of Swiss having enlisted in his service. In the year 1512 he could pronounce his career as a soldier to have been successful. Bologna and the Romagna were his, a Rovere nephew ruled as Duke of Urbino, and "he had made the papacy the centre of gravity of Italy." In a decade of years Julius lived a whole life-

time, and showed the world a character of genuine individuality, which Raphael causes us to realise in two immortal portraits.

It was fitting that such a pope should have the greatest architects and artists of the time to work for him, and that during his reign Rome should become the centre of the Renaissance on a scale that was truly Roman. Julius II. proved the right man to carry out the mighty schemes of Nicholas V. The Vatican, rebuilt and added to by innumerable pontiffs, had always proved an insurmountable difficulty with architects who sought to bring its endless apartments, chapels, corridors, and outlying buildings within a scheme of unity. Bramante was now called in to continue the difficult task. His plan was to connect together the buildings of Nicholas V., Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., and Alexander VI. He designed an immense double court uniting the side of the Vatican where the Appartamento Borgia had been built with the Villa Belvedere of Innocent VIII. The upper part he laid out as a garden, ornamented, at the end near the Belvedere, by a fountain set in front of a colossal niche surmounted by a dainty colonnade, terminating at each end with a façade like a miniature temple. The lower portion, adjoining the Vatican palace and reached from the giardino by a flight of steps, was intended for tournaments, and terminated in semi-circular tiers of seats for the spectators. Two great galleries flanked the immense piazza. "Bramante," says Vasari, "divided the bottom part into two lofty stories, the first a fine doric loggia like the Coliseum of the Savelli (Teatro Marcello), but instead of half columns he put pilasters, building the whole of travertine. The second stage was of the Ionic order, with windows." Above this, both on the side towards Rome and looking towards the Vatican woods on the slope of the hill, a loggia was to be built. The villa of Innocent VIII. became a great museum, where Julius placed the lately discovered Laocoon, the Apollo Belvedere and the Torso of Hercules, with many

La Madonna del Parto.

Jacopo Sansovino — S. Agostino.

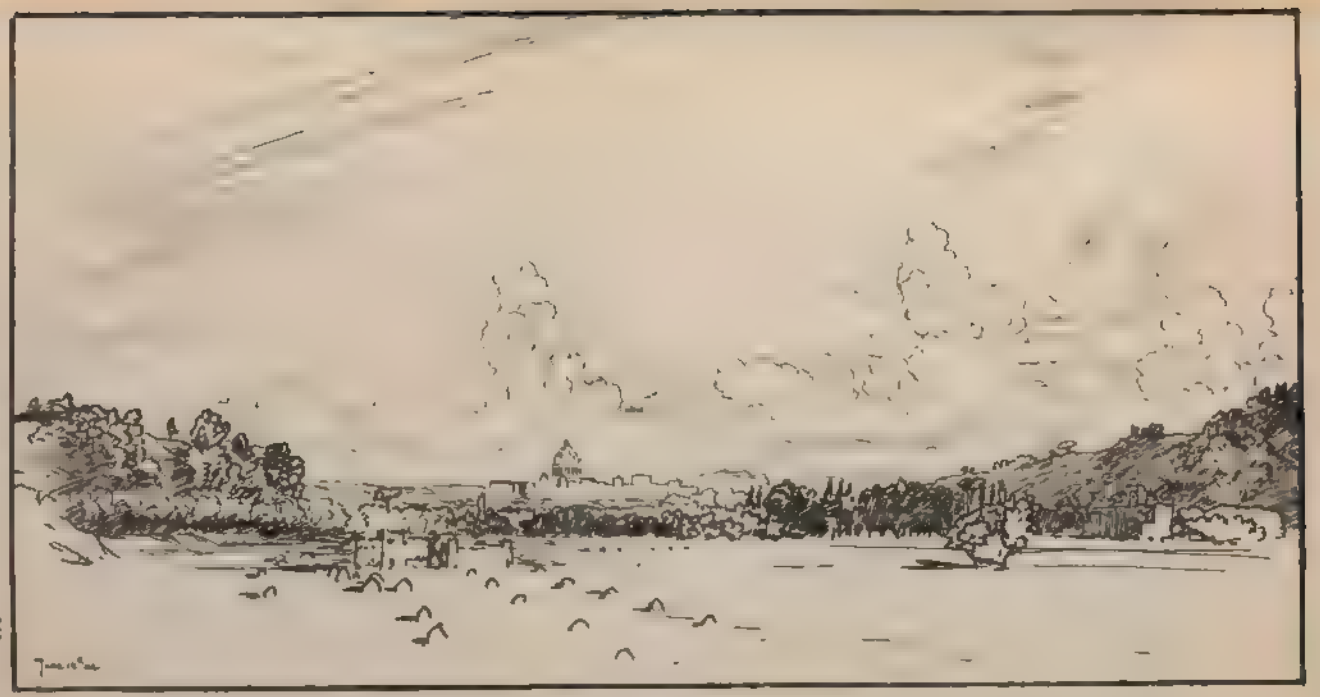
other statues, and leading up to the square court of the Belvedere Bramante built "a spiral staircase on rising columns which a horse may go up." To realise Bramante's plan we must remember that the Biblioteca and the Braccio Nuovo, which divide the great courtyard into two portions, were built later, the first by Sixtus V. in 1588, the second by Pius VII. in 1821. Before these alterations, from the windows of the Appartamento Borgia we should have looked down into the theatre for tournaments with its tiers of seats, up the flight of stairs leading to the garden and fountain of the Pigna, at the back of which rose the great niche, like a triumphal arch. The impatience of Julius to see these buildings completed was so great that he expected them to rise up by magic, and the workmen, to meet his whims, had to carry away by night the sand and earth excavated by day. This fevered haste accounts for the unstable quality of some of Bramante's work. The only part he completed was the corridor on the side of the city, while of that towards the wood he only laid the foundations. Bramante continued his difficult task of bringing together this rabbit warren of buildings by designing the fine Cortile di S. Damaso at right angles to the Appartamento Borgia. His classical arcading is surmounted by columned loggie which Raphael completed on his plans, and decorated in fresco.

The Pope startled everyone when he ordered the venerable basilica of S. Peter's to be destroyed and rebuilt in the classic style. The church no doubt showed signs of decay, but the motive which decided Julius to take the final step was truly worthy of the Renaissance: he had commissioned Michelangelo to erect a colossal tomb for himself, composed of some forty figures, which would have been too big to stand in the tribune of S. Peter's. Sangallo first suggested that a chapel should be built for it, but after much discussion the idea of Nicholas V. was revived, and the old basilica doomed. On April 18, 1506, Julius laid the foundation stone by the Chapel of Sta. Petronilla, and the "fortress of

catholicism arose upon the ruins of Constantine's basilica." The ambitious designs of Julius and Bramante for the new S. Peter's had an unforeseen influence on the history of the Church. While hitherto the popes had granted an indulgence (or remission of the penalties still attaching to sin after its guilt has been forgiven in the Sacrament of Penance) on condition of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land or to the shrines of Rome, Julius began a taxation on Christendom for the building of the new basilica, which under Leo X. became a scandalous traffic in indulgences. In the person of Luther arose the prophet of the Reformation, who denounced the abuse in scathing words. Bramante designed S. Peter's in the form of a Greek cross flanked by two towers and surmounted by a dome; he declared he would raise the Pantheon in the air. According to Michelangelo his plan was "clear, simple, and full of light"; he had realised the truth of Alberti's definition of architectural charm as being "the melody and music of a graceful edifice." A drawing of Bramante's still exists, showing a low dome, like the Pantheon, "supported on a complete peristyle without and a semblance of one within." It is possible that Sir Christopher Wren had Bramante's drawing in mind, when he designed the dome of S. Paul's,[1] only he greatly improved it. For eight years Bramante superintended the carrying out of his plans, but at his death in 1514 he had only built the piers intended to support his dome, and begun the tribune and right transept. A slur rests upon his name. Michelangelo witnessed how in pulling down the old basilica, he destroyed many mediæval monuments, and "threw to earth those marvellous columns that were therein, not respecting them or caring whether they were broken or not." A drawing in the Sloane museum shows his colossal piers rising high above the ancient columns of the now roofless basilica, and the small doric temple he built over the altar of S. Peter so that the Pope could say

[1] See Anderson's Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy, p. 92.

S. Peter's from the Villa Pamphili Doria



FROM ACQUA CETOSA

MICHAEL ANGELO. CREATION OF ADAM. SISTINE CHAPEL.

mass under shelter, standing there "with all his court and the ambassadors of the Christian princes." After Bramante's death, Raphael, adopting the Latin Cross, made a beautiful design for S. Peter's, but by far the finest was supplied by Peruzzi, who combined the best of both his predecessors' plans. The dome was still to be the chief feature; the church, entered by four doors, was to have four equal arms with the high altar in the centre, and at the corners four sacristies to be surmounted by clock towers. Had the author been suffered to carry out his model, says Anderson (page 93), there can be little doubt that it would have been not only the most magnificent temple the world had seen, but one of the purest in taste. Peruzzi's death was an irreparable loss to Sangallo, who succeeded him. When Michelangelo, in 1546, became architect of S. Peter's, he condemned Sangallo's designs as too confused. He kept the Greek Cross, designed the magnificent dome, built the apses and the great pilasters, and proposed to build a great portico to stand free of the church facing the Piazza. Modern critics are generally agreed that the simplicity of form he gave to so vast a church was a great blunder. Under the reign of Paul V. (1605-1621) the church took the form of a Latin Cross, and Carlo Maderna added a base caricature of the portico designed by Michelangelo, and joined it on to the wall of the church.

When on November 18th, 1626, Urban VIII. consecrated the completed basilica, fourteen architects had been employed upon the work throughout the reigns of twenty popes. In 1667, when an old man, Bernini designed the celebrated colonnade with great simplicity, and gave S. Peter's "a nobler approach than any building in Europe possesses."

While the men of the Renaissance had small respect for the monuments of mediæval art, they looked upon the discovery of classical works of art as national events. Early in the reign of Julius II. (1506) news spread that an antique statue had been discovered in the baths of Titus. The

young Francesco, son of Giuliano da Sangallo, describes how Michelangelo accompanied them to the spot: "We set off, all three together; I on my father's shoulders. When we descended into the place where the statue lay, my father exclaimed at once, 'That is the Laocoon of which Pliny speaks.' The opening was enlarged so that it could be taken out; and after we had sufficiently admired it we went home to breakfast." The reappearance of so many famous statues at the time when both artists and men of literature looked back with passionate devotion to Greece for inspiration, produced great influence on the sculpture of the sixteenth century. Michelangelo is said to have often, in his blindness, passed his hands over the magnificently modelled torso of the Belvedere, which he called his master. Both Andrea Sansovino and an unknown sculptor gave expression to their enthusiasm for classical art in the ornamentations of youths holding a flowering scroll on the tomb of Cardinal Sforza in Sta. Maria del Popolo, and the winged children on that of Cardinal Savelli in the Ara Coeli, both exquisite details of Renaissance sculpture. The finest portrait tomb in Rome is that of Christopher Bainbridge,[1] Archbishop of York, in the church of the English College. In vain we have searched through books of authority to find some mention of it. The college has a vague tradition that it is the work of Andrea Sansovino, who certainly is the only sculptor of the day, besides Michelangelo, capable of producing this remarkable work. But it is unlike his Roman tombs, and the treatment more nearly resembles the Savelli monument in

[1] Archbishop Bainbridge, warden of the English Hospital in Rome, was made a cardinal by Julius II., in recognition of his services in inducing Henry VIII. to prepare a fleet against the King of France. As ambassador to the papal see he was given a charge in the papal army. He died of poison in 1514, given him by Rinaldo of Modena, a priest in his service, instigated by his enemy, De Gigli, Bishop of Worcester. Rinaldo probably had his own grudge to avenge, for Cardinal Bainbridge was a hot-tempered man, who is said to have often chastised his servants with whips. The flat tomb of De Gigli is close by.

SANSOVINO, DETAIL FROM TOMB OF CARDINAL SFORZA, STA. MARIA DEL POPOLO

the choir of Ara Coeli. His best known work in Rome is the beautiful group in S. Agostino of the Madonna and S. Anne, which is reminiscent of Leonardo's picture in the Louvre (see p. 356). Andrea was the son of a shepherd, born at Monte San Savino, and, like Giotto, found a patron while tracing sheep upon a stone, who placed him in the Florentine workshop of Pollajuolo. His scholar, Jacopo Tatti, took the name of his master, and much of his work, both sculpture and architecture, is found at Venice. How he imitated the work of his master without attaining the more living quality of his art is seen at S. Agostino, where his great marble figure of the Madonna del Parto sits enthroned receiving the homage paid her by the Romans. Both she and the Infant Christ are ablaze with jewels, and the walls on either side are covered with ex-votos. It is strange to look upon this smiling figure of the Virgin adorned as an idol, and surrounded by worshippers who press their foreheads to her gilded foot, and kneel with upturned faces in the flood of light around her. Then we think of mediæval Romans, who stole the pilgrims' offerings at the very shrine of S. Peter, and stoned the French leaders as they knelt in prayer. They would jeer at an honest friar preaching repentance on the Capitol and criticise the Latin of his discourse. Romans had no mystic enthusiasm for religion; but their pagan instincts were

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the unlettered showed them in devotion to a

Madonna, while the learned turned to the culture of the ancient world with equally passionate devotion.

The two greatest exponents of the Renaissance were Michelangelo and Raphael, who each in their different ways expressed in their work the conceptions of the age of thought, of struggle towards the intellectual light, and of passionate love of beauty. To Raphael, Julius assigned the task of decorating the apartment of Nicholas V., which he determined to inhabit instead of that of the hated Borgia, and for this purpose many works of Pier della Francesca and other masters were destroyed. Raphael began to decorate the Stanza della Segnatura in 1509, the year that Michelangelo uncovered part of ceiling of the Sistine chapel; but he carried out these designs in a far more individual manner than he displayed in other Roman work. Where the Tuscan master leaves one brooding in a bewildered maze of ideas suggested by the new world he opens, Raphael touches with a light hand on the great subjects he was given to illustrate. We lazily enjoy his world, and realise the temper of his Renaissance patrons who wished to be surrounded by beings full of the joyous consciousness of life, untroubled by human suffering or the problems of existence. He seized upon the spirit of the antique world, of the Hebrew and the Christian, with simple directness. With what beauty of form and composition has he not conveyed to us the dream of poets in the "Parnassus"; where can we find in the whole range of art a more stately goddess than the figure of Urania, who walks away over the brow of the mountain, her yellow garment falling in folds about her splendid form. Raphael is a great master of space-composition. On one side of the room the wall appears to open upon the mountain of the gods, where fresh breezes play among the laurels; while on another, the philosophers of Greece and the masters of the Renaissance are gathered together in a great basilica, and through its immense arches we look away into the blue sky beyond. Opposite, round the altar of S. Peter's, behind

MICHAEL ANGELO — THE BRAZEN SERPENT — SISTINE CHAPEL.

which the walls of the new basilica are being built by Bramante's hurrying workmen, are ranged the Fathers of the Church; the lines of the whole composition rise from either side in a rhythmic sweep of movement towards the Host, and carries out still further the delusion of boundless space. Raphael, anxious to please everyone, and eager for fame, soon found himself overburdened with orders, and forced to rely upon the help of pupils, whose inferior work often passes for his. When we get figures painted by Raphael's own hand we realise how much has been lost by the fevered haste of the Renaissance. In the "Miracle of Bolsena" Raphael shows the versatility of his powers[1] as a portrait painter, a decorator, and a colourist. As Vasari would have expressed it, the group of men kneeling to the right appear almost alive; what skill is shown in the arrangement of their garments, and how finely seen is the upturned head of one of them in the extreme corner. In the fresco of "Heliodorus, driven from the Temple," Raphael only executed with his own hand the figure of Julius II. and the men carrying him. It is as fine a portrait of the great pope as one could wish for: he paints a man who broods how he may drive the French from Italy, the priest who has vowed his beard shall not be shaved until the deed is accomplished. It would have needed the brush rather of a Michelangelo to depict Julius II., when full of fire and energy, in the very height of his triumphs. His great bronze statue of Julius is lost to us, but we have something of his conception of the great pope in the colossal Moses. It was characteristic of Julius to employ the greatest artist of the age to construct his tomb, and that the scheme grew to such proportions that it needed a new S. Peter's to receive it. Michelangelo set out to select his marble in the Carrara mountains, and on the way "the fancy took him to convert a promontory over-hanging the sea-shore, into a Colossus, visible by mariners afar."

[1] Only the group of women to the left, according to Mr Berenson, are not by him.

The marbles were landed at the Ripa, opposite the Marmorata which was the landing stage in the time of the Ancient Romans. He had them carried to the Piazza of S. Peter's, behind Sta. Caterina, where he lodged. The enormous mass of stone "stirred amazement in the minds of most folk but joy in the Pope's." Julius heaped favours upon him, and often came to converse about the tomb, and "in order to arrive more conveniently at Michelangelo's lodgings, he had a drawbridge thrown across from the corridor, by which he might gain privy access." This colossal sepulchre was designed to include some forty statues, says Condivi, "not counting the histories in half-reliefs, made of bronze, all of them pertinent to the general scheme and representative of the mighty Pontiff's actions." It has been called the Tragedy of the Tomb, and embittered some thirty-five years of the master's life. The sordid details of life crowded about him. He wanted money to pay the workmen, and the Pope, plunged in political intrigue, had lost interest in the tomb, and caused Michelangelo to be denied the Vatican by a groom, when he came to seek an audience. Michelangelo, in spite of papal couriers sent to intercept him, made good his escape to Florence. The Pope repeatedly commanded his return, and the Gonfaloniere at last persuaded him to consent: "You have braved the Pope," he said, "as the King of France would not have done. . . . We do not wish to go to war with him on your account and risk the State, so prepare yourself to return." At Bologna he was reconciled to Julius, and made the bronze statue for S. Petronio. This was in the year 1506. Michelangelo hoped that on their return to Rome he would be allowed to carry out the tomb, but the Pope had already conceived a new scheme, the decoration of the ceiling and vaults of the Sistine Chapel. In vain Michelangelo pleaded with his Medusa, as he called the Pope, that he knew naught of painting, and that Raphael would accomplish the work far better. Julius remained obdurate to all excuses, and the

work begun in 1508 was finally completed in 1512. When we are told that in this space of time designs for the whole vault, measuring more than 10,000 square feet, were conceived and painted in, we say only Michelangelo could have done it. When we further remember that three hundred and forty-three figures, in every variety of action, fill its curved ceiling, the lunettes, spandrels, and pendentives, that some are twelve feet in height and others eighteen, we realise that the artist belonged to a race not of men but of Titans. The actual painting commenced in the autumn of 1508, Michelangelo having engaged a group of Florentine artists to aid him, but by the New Year he had dismissed them all, destroyed their work, and, according to Vasari, shut himself up alone with his work.[1] In the solitude of the mighty world he was creating, his brain teeming with countless ideas for the tomb he longed to complete, he in the end produced "a work unequalled in perfection since Phidias worked in Athens."[2] Julius often came to see him, and with the artist's help would ascend to the highest platform. Seeing the grandeur of the work and impatient of delay, he ordered that it should be uncovered, though only the flat part of the vaulted roof was complete. On November 1st, 1509, the whole of Rome came to the chapel, "where the Pope also hastened, before even the dust, raised by the removal of the scaffolding, had settled down. Raphael, when he beheld the new and marvellous style of Michelangelo's work, being extraordinarily apt at imitation, sought by Bramante's means to obtain a commission for the rest." Only the Pope knew of Michelangelo's further design for the lower portion of the vault, and on September 7th, 1510, the scaffolding was re-erected, and the artist was once more

[1] In the main Vasari was correct, for his only companions were the men who ground the colours, prepared the *intonaco*, pricked his designs on the ceiling, and painted-in some of the architectural details.

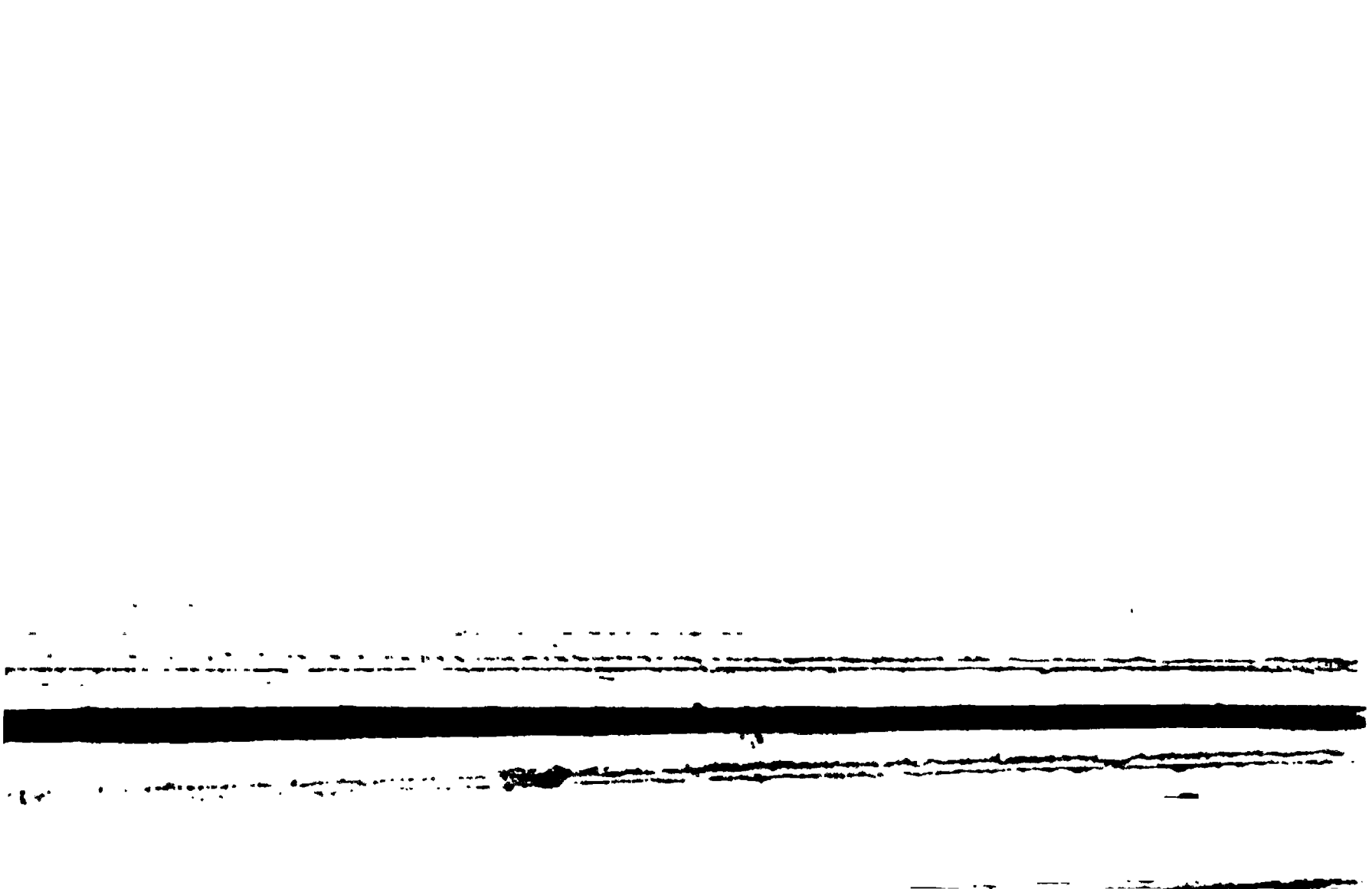
[2] See Sir Charles Holroyd's translation of Condivi, and his own excellent account of Michelangelo's work (Duckworth & Co., 1903).

at his solitary task. Again the impatient Pope asked when the chapel would be finished. "When I can," he answered. Then Julius exclaimed, "Do you want me to have you thrown down off the scaffolding?" Michelangelo, hearing this, said to himself: "Nay, you shall not have me thrown down," and as soon as the Pope had gone away, he had the scaffolding taken down, and uncovered the frescoes upon All Souls' Day in 1512. The Romans once more crowded in to see the sculptor's paintings, the Pope celebrated mass in the chapel, and Michelangelo briefly relates in a letter that his patron was well pleased with the work. Julius afterwards wished the frescoes to be enriched with gold, but Michelangelo, weary of building up scaffolding, told him in jest that those he had painted here were poor men and did not wear gold.[1] The glorious colour of the whole was indeed sufficient.

It seems, indeed, providential that while Michelangelo had to continue the decoration begun by Tuscan and Umbrian artists some twenty-four years previously, the space left for him should have been quite separate, so that his work crowned the whole as the complete expression of a great theme. The central idea was the Coming of the Redeemer, which Michelangelo makes us feel in the varied emotions he invokes throughout the development of his scheme. On the first part of the roof he tells, in nine frescoes, the story of the Creation of the World, of man and of woman; the Fall of Adam and Eve; the second entry of sin through Noah and his sons; and the Flood. The sense of coming disaster is felt by every figure, and conveyed by them to us. But through it all comes the message of hope foretold by the Prophets and the Sibyls; and in the spandrils at the corners of the ceiling, while the brazen serpent symbolises the fall

[1] Condivi tells how the artist, after lying on his back, painting the vault, could not see to read a letter for instance without holding it above his head; and Michelangelo has left us, in a sonnet, a grotesque and comic picture of himself while at work in this uncomfortable attitude. See J. A. Symonds, vol. i. p. 234, "Life of Michelangelo."

MICHAEL ANGELO. JEREMIAH SISTINE CHAPEL



of God's chosen people into sin, the deaths of Haman, Goliath, and Jael each typify their final triumph. In the lunettes and arches above the windows are the Ancestors of Christ, who represent the life of man on earth. There is the woman in the throes of childbirth, another rocking her babes to sleep, and a third spins; we see the student, his book set up in front of him, while behind, as if to mark a contrast, a woman stands gazing into a mirror. There is the young parent with his child, the grandfather dancing a boy on his knee, the philosopher, the musician, the man worn out with toil, and the "slippered pantaloon," rising painfully on his staff; a glorious company of familiar and yet unfamiliar men and women. Adam awakens in languor to life, but the finely modelled limbs reclining upon a mountain slope, suggest the dawning power of the grand humanity, which will awake at the touch of the finger of God. God, with the face of an old man and the vigour of eternal youth, is borne towards him on a rushing, mighty wind; within the shelter of His mantle and clustering about Him, come the children of the earth, and from amongst them Eve looks out in wonder upon the face of Adam. While transporting us to a wondrous new region inhabited by a race of Titans who are destined to emerge victorious in the end, Michelangelo brings the beauty of everyday life very vividly before us. As he passed down the Roman streets, he looked at the men and women posed in the dark setting of a doorway, the faces of children peering from behind or grouped around them, and all that was noble and dignified in their bearing remained as a vision to guide him as he painted the Ancestors of Christ in the dark arches and lunettes between the prophets and sibyls: the peasant woman with her stays worn outside, shawls and kerchiefs which form their head-gear, the baker passing by in long linen drawers, and the woman in the market-place lifting a great basket on to her head.

More than twenty years later, between 1534 and 1541, Michelangelo painted the Last Judgment on the W. wall of

the Sistine Chapel. The reason of this splendid failure cannot be better expressed than in the words of Mr Berenson: "And terror the giant nudes of the last judgment do feel, but it is not terror of the Judge, who, being in no wise different from the others, in spite of his omnipotent gesture, seems to be *announcing* rather than *willing* what the bystanders, his fellows, could not *unwill*. As the representation of the moment before the universe disappears in chaos—God's huddling together for the *Götterdammerung*—the 'Last Judgment' is as grandly conceived as possible: but when the crash comes, none will survive it, no, not even God."[1]

Michelangelo, after painting the Last Judgment for Paul III. (Farnese), was commissioned by him to decorate the Capella Paolina, just built by Antonio da Sangallo. They were the works of his old age, and neither the Crucifixion of S. Peter or the Conversion of S. Paul were subjects suited to his genius. New tasks, preventing him from continuing his work on the tomb of Julius, caused the Tragedy of the Tomb to follow him to the end. After four contracts, each cutting down still more the original scheme, Paul III., anxious not to lose Michelangelo's services, obtained the consent of the Della Rovere, Duke of Urbino in 1542, that the Moses and the figures of Rachel and Leah should suffice for the tomb, and the remaining statues be given over to scholars. Even so the "Active and Contemplative Life" show the feeble handling of pupils. To such small proportions had the colossal monument fallen which was to have been decorated with forty-two statues of saints, the liberal arts, bound captives, and allegorical figures of conquered provinces prostrate at the feet of winged Victories. But, as a cardinal said at the time, the statue of Moses alone was a sufficient memorial for Julius. Condivi calls it "that most marvellous Moses, leader and captain of the Hebrews . . his face is full of life and thought, and capable of inspiring love and terror, which, perhaps was the truth."

[1] P. 91, "Florentine Painters of the Renaissance."

## CHAPTER XIII

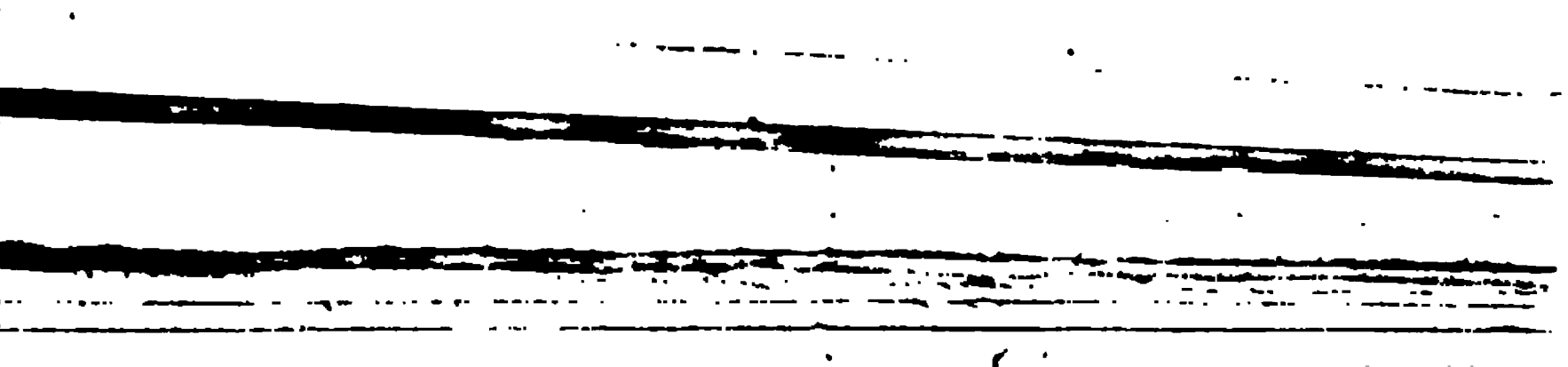
*Leo X.* (1513-1522)—*Agostino Chigi—Feasts—The Coryciana —Pasquino—The Drama—Raphael—The Farnesina—Giulio Romano—Adrian VI.* (1522-1523)—*Clement VII.* (1523-1534)—*The Sack of Rome*

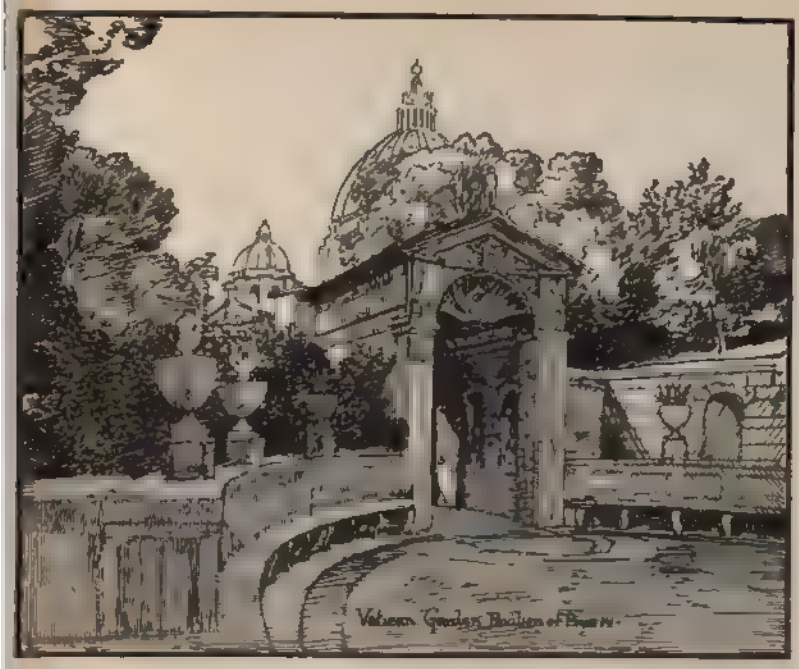
All Rome rejoiced when Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, son of Lorenzo il Magnifico, was elected to succeed Julius II., and he rejoiced with them saying, "Since God has given us the papacy, let us enjoy it." The procession of Leo X. to the Lateran was the most glorious ever witnessed in papal Rome, and showed the strange, pagan atmosphere in which people were moving. Citizens and nobles had decked the streets with tapestries, brocades, and altars; paintings of the sibyls were placed by those of the apostles, and amidst the blaze of colour shone out the white statues of the gods. Agostino Chigi, the papal banker, had erected an arch in front of his palace by the Tiber, which bore "a living nymph attended by moorish pages," with an inscription alluding to the pontificates of the Borgia, Rovere and Medici: "Once Venus reigned, then Mars, now comes the reign of Pallas." A witty goldsmith set up a statue of Venus close by and, with greater truth, wrote beneath it: "Mars reigned, Pallas reigns, I, Venus, will always reign." The cavalcade was rendered unusually magnificent by the number of Florentine nobility, the foreign envoys, and the two hundred noblemen, vassals of the Church, who took part in it. The Rovere duke of Urbino was there, little dreaming that Leo X., in a few years, would usurp his dominions for Lorenzo de' Medici, who that day rode at his side. Another part of the procession was headed by the Duke of Ferrara, clad in a mantle of gold brocade, "the

husband of Lucrezia Borgia, and the celebrated hero of Ravenna." Among the cardinals was the young Alfonzo Petrucci of Siena, who four years later conspired to murder Leo X., was strangled in S. Angelo, and died cursing the Pope. The last to appear in the long procession was Leo, riding the white horse which had borne him on the battle-field of Ravenna, exactly twelve months before.

Life in Rome passed in a series of pageants and feasts occasionally disturbed by the ominous report of a French victory on Italian soil. When finally Leo heard that Francis I. had lost Milan, he exclaimed that the news was worth his papacy, for his temporal possessions were more to him than the peace of the Church. In this reign, writes a contemporary, "from the remote part of Germany began to be heard the abominable and execrable name of Luther"; and in 1520 the Pope, who sold indulgences and innumerable cardinal's hats, and spent his life in pleasure, excommunicated the great reformer. Prophets arose in Italy predicting the wrath of God, but Leo only ordered the jousts, banquets, and spectacles to continue with renewed splendour, and the whirl of Roman gaieties continued. Leo lived in a dream-like enjoyment of life and threw open the Vatican doors to a motley court. Pietro Aretino flung his friar's frock into the nettles when he heard of the election of Cardinal de' Medici, and hurried to Rome, quickly followed by a crowd of poets, scholars, and Florentines. This Tuscan colony settled on the banks of the Tiber, near the fine church of S. Giovanni de' Fiorentini, which the Pope began to build for them. The literary fever seized also upon the Romans, and such was their desire to serve the Muses that hardly a prose writer remained in the city. "An impudent swarm of poets" followed the Pope wherever he went; into his lemon gardens, loggie, and even to his bedroom, so that his ministers complained they could get no business attended to. A poet who found favour received large sums of money and a title in return for a few verses, and a Hebrew, who had pleased him with his lute

Palazzo Spada.





VATICAN GARDEN, PAVILION OF PIUS IV.

playing, was given a fortress. At night the Vatican resounded with music. Half the revenues of the marches and Romagna were squandered on entertainments throughout the year.

Leo delighted in practical jokes, and would often give his guests monkeys and crows to eat, watching their eyes glisten at the daintily disguised dishes, and laughing heartily at their discomfiture when the truth was told. Poets were rewarded with cups of wine mixed with water in proportion to the number of slips in versification which they made. The Pope was also a keen sportsman; he went hawking round Viterbo, where quails and partridges abounded, fished on the lake of Bolsena, gave chase to the deer and wild boar near Cività Vecchia, and hunted the stag at Magliana. "Suitors

[redacted]

PROPHET JONAH.

MICHAEL ANGELO. SISTINE CHAPEL.

poets who formed this literary court. The votive offerings at last became so numerous that Goritz closed the chapel, and instead, these admirers nailed their verses to the olive trees in his gardens by Trajan's Forum. In 1524 the "intolerable flow of poetry" was collected into a volume known as the Coryciana. A very different collection of verses had arisen in the reign of Alexander VI. and on the feast of S. Mark were affixed to the Greek Torso, on which the name of Pasquino was bestowed after the death of a witty tailor whose shop stood close by.[1] Pasquino knew all that went on in Rome even to the most secret doings of the Papal Court, and in humorous and often scathing satire, expressed public opinion. The river god Marforio, on the slope of the Capitol, carried on a lively conversation with him upon the doings of the popes, and a whole literature of Pasquinades arose. Most of the pontiffs smiled at the raillery or ignored it, but Adrian VI. (successor of Leo X.), less attuned to the times, threatened to have the hateful statue cast into the Tiber; but he was saved by a nobleman, who reminded him that Pasquino would turn into frogs and only croak the louder. The statue was often dressed up to represent different gods, which gave rise to one of the wittiest sayings in the reign of Innocent X., who had just heaped riches and favours on his sister-in-law, Donna Olympia Maldacchini. Marforio asked Pasquino why his clothes were so dirty. 'Because,' he replied, 'my washer-woman has just become a princess.'[2] Marforio was ultimately incarcerated in the Capitoline Museum, but Pasquino escaped a similar fate through his owner Duke Braschi.

Under Leo X. a new epoch opened for the drama. In mediæval days Passion Plays had taken place by the Tiber,

[1] Pasquino now stands outside the Palazzo Braschi by the Piazza Navona. During the Renaissance he held his court in the Stadium of Domitian on the Palatine.

[2] Another good one Pasquino levied against the French in Rome. 'I Francesi son tutti ladri—Non tutti ma, Buona Parte.'

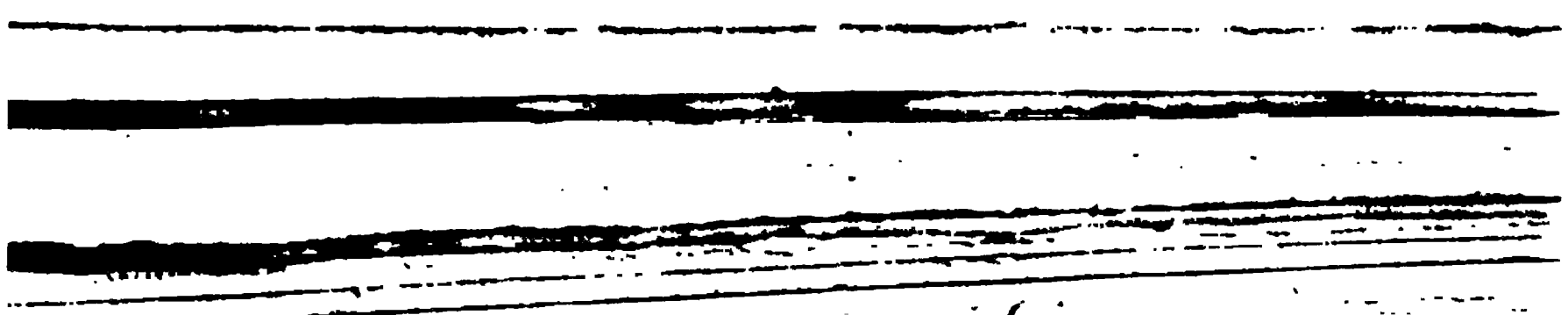
the Casa di Crescenzio serving as a background for Pilate's house. During the early Renaissance provisional stages were erected in the courtyards of palaces, the spectators seated beneath awnings, and only envoys or couriers appeared, who, in long Latin speeches, told the company of the action taking place behind the scenes. Biblical and mythological scenes were often acted alternately on the same stage.[1] In 1513 a wooden theatre, decorated with historical paintings showing the connection from earliest times between Florence and Rome, was erected on the Capitol "at incredible expense," in honour of Giuliano de' Medici being made a Roman baron. The comedy, in which Leo X. received praise and Julius II. abuse, was so diverting that "everyone died of laughing."[2] Then followed a procession: a lady, who personified Rome, was carried on the shoulders of a man of great stature representing the Tarpeian Mount, who thanked Giuliano for the honour done to Rome; then followed a car drawn by nymphs, in which sat Justice, Strength and Fortitude, followed by a car drawn by lions; "in it sat Cibele with a globe in her lap; the globe opened and let loose all manner of birds." This day on the Capitol had opened with a mass, then the freedom of the city was given to Giuliano, a banquet lasting six hours followed, and the evening closed with the comedy and pageant. Next day was given the Penulus of Plautus. Cardinal Bibbiena,[3] the Pope's tutor and Raphael's friend, had composed a favourite prose comedy in the manner of Plautus, and had it performed at the Vatican, for which

[1] Episodes out of the history of Constantine given in the Vatican before Sixtus IV., and the triumph of Julius Cæsar, already mentioned, took more the character of pageants, though in them the seeds of drama were developing.

[2] In 1518 a statue of Leo was placed in the Capitol by the Senate and people who looked upon him as a great benefactor. He had revived the University, and lowered the salt tax.

[3] Raphael designed decorations for a bathroom of Cardinal Bibbiena in the Vatican. The theme was the fable of Venus, and a statue of the goddess was to occupy a prominent place. It is now a chapel, and an altar stands in place of the Cardinal's bath.

Villa Medici and Dome of S. Peter's



Peruzzi designed some wonderful scenery. The plot turned on the mistaken identity of a brother and sister, and the morality of the play was questionable, but the Pope, with the spectators, laughed heartily. Later the 'Suppositi' of Ariosto was given before two thousand people in the Vatican. "There was much music, and the Pope through his spectacles admired the scenery, which was very beautiful, and done by the hand of Raphael." In the evening another comedy took place, but as the actor did not amuse the company, Leo, instead of having the 'Mauresque' danced, ordered him to be tossed in a blanket.

In this art and pleasure loving court of the Medici Pope, Raphael found more work than he could carry out with his own hand. For Leo X. he designed the further decorations for the 'Stanze,' and represented him as Leo the great driving away the barbarians, in whom men saw allusion to the French.[1] He also designed for the loggie of Bramante the series of classical subjects taken from the Bible. The scenes, some painted by Pierin del Vaga, are placed in a setting of graceful arabesques inspired by classical art, and carried out by Giovanni da Udine. They give an example, as Mr Berenson says, of how Raphael invested the Hebrew classics with Hellenic spirit. "What a power he has been in modern culture, Hellenising the only force that could have thwarted it!" While S. Peter's was being built the great ceremonies took place in the Sistine Chapel, and the Pope, wishing to adorn it still further, commissioned Raphael to design ten cartoons, to be copied by Flemish tapestry weavers, and hung beneath the lower series of frescoes. Seven of these magnificent cartoons are now at South Kensington; the tapesteries hang in glass cases in the Vatican Museum.[2] The

[1] Only the heads of Leo and his cardinals are believed to be painted by Raphael.

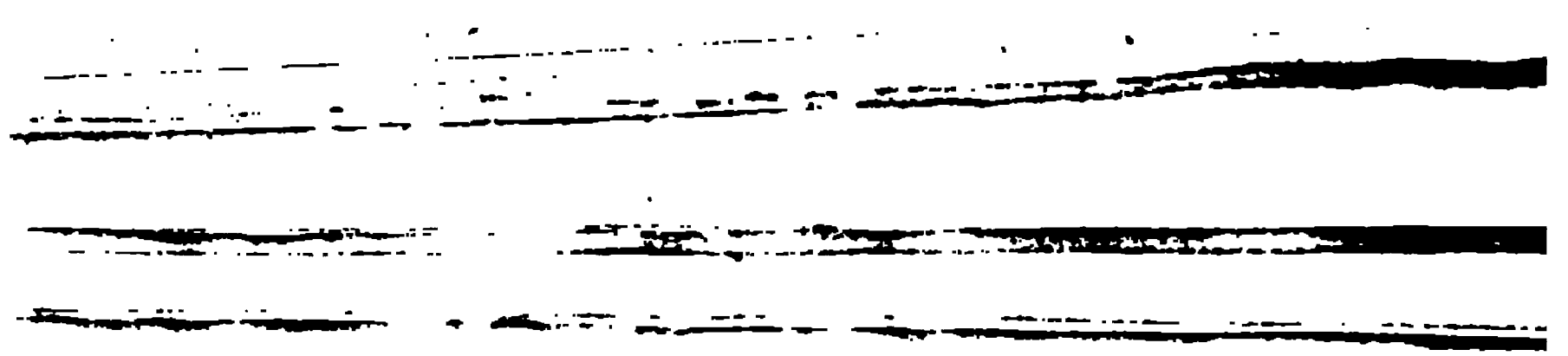
[2] The cartoons for some time remained in Flanders, and were purchased later by Charles I., and at the sale of his things were bought by Cromwell for the nation.

scenes are taken from the Acts of the Apostles. Very splendid is the 'Miraculous draught of fish,' where the light strikes on the water, and the bending fishermen and a beautiful landscape fills the background of the scene.

Goritz was also a patron of Raphael, for whom he painted the Prophet Isaiah in S. Agostino. For Chigi he designed, and in great part painted, the Sibyls and Angels in Sta. Maria della Pace, which to many people is their favourite work in Rome. Chigi had built himself the villa-palace on the Tiber in the reign of Julius II., which Raphael in 151[illegible] was commissioned to decorate. Some would have us believe that he also had designed the building, but it was more probably an early work of Peruzzi the Sienese. The frieze of cupids holding festoons gave inspiration to J. Sansovino for his library at Venice, and many other features of the beautiful little building influenced the architects of the day. As a source for inspiration in the decoration of the villa Chigi chose Poliziano's 'Giostra,' which had been composed in honour of Giuliano de' Medici having carried off the prize at a great tournament in Florence. It describes the palace of Venus, tells the fables of the gods, and the unhappy love of Polyphemus for the nymph Galatea. In order to imbibe still further the vigour, freshness, and grace of classic art, Raphael is said to have studied the reliefs of Aphrodite now in the Capitol. His Galatea, driving her dolphins into the sea, surrounded by Tritons, and accompanied by a playful cupid, who glides along the sands holding on to a dolphin's head, belongs to the Greek world of art, "where the bird of morning never ceased to sing." This is the only painting at the Farnesina by Raphael, and parts of it have been sadly restored. But he designed scenes from the fable of Psyche and Cupid to decorate the ceiling of the banqueting hall, which Giulio Romano executed in 1517. Gods and goddesses appear at the marriage feast in an arbour of fruit and flowers; Venus looks down upon her deserted altars; Mercury rises in noble scorn to arrest

ATHLETE.

MICHAEL ANGELO. SISTINE CHAPEL.



Psyche; Jupiter clasps his thunderbolts, and in the last scene toasts Cupid and Psyche, while Venus, her ire appeased, dances before him, and the Hours sprinkle flowers.[1]

Is it to be wondered at that, living in this atmosphere of thought, the Romans revived pagan times? Cardinals were

ARMS OF LEO X. (MEDICI)

called senators; saints Die and Deæ, and courtiers spoke of Leo's 'dazzling splendour,' and called him the 'Divine man.' The Conservators inscribed upon a cistern on the Capitol an invocation to Jupiter that he should fill it with rain. After the death of Leo X., when pestilence had broken out, a bull, which a Greek pretended to have tamed with spells, was

[1] Before passing too hard a judgment on G. Romano's crude colouring, we must remember that Maratta "restored" the ceiling and repainted the blue sky.

sacrificed in the Coliseum in order 'to appease the hostile demons.' The clergy, alarmed, organised a procession, and the Misericordia once more rang through the streets of Rome.

Adrian VI. of Utrecht found it a hard task to reign after Leo X. Not realising the great factor the papacy had become in politics, he resolved to be neutral and use every means to reform the Church. But what could one good man do in Rome? At his death the following year, a wreath was hung on his physician's door offered 'to the deliverer of his country'; and the cardinals breathed freely at being rid of a severe and holy pope. After an interminable conclave Clement VII. was elected, and the reign of another Medici hailed with delight.[1] But he never gained the goodwill of the Romans, for he possessed the, to them, unpardonable vice of avarice, and any hope of a brilliant period was quickly ended when Clement plunged into the difficult world of politics. Leo, a past master in the art of diplomacy, had staved off many difficulties, and "he did not live long enough to reap what he had sown." All the evils of past reigns burst upon Rome under Clement, and one period of her history ends in a terrific din and scene of carnage. Had the Pope sided from the first with the Emperor, Charles V., peace for the universal Church might have been secured, but spiritual supremacy meant the dependence of Italy on the empire, and he preferred to keep his temporal power unimpaired and work for the aggrandisement of the Medici. In order to pursue this policy his only course lay in gaining the help of France and England. But when the Emperor won the battle of Pavia, and Francis I. was taken prisoner, Clement found an imperial alliance necessary. It was proclaimed in the May 1st of 1525 and celebrated by a great banquet given by the Colonnesi, who were strong imperialists. On this day a great crowd always assembled in the Church of the SS. Apostoli, and

[1] He was son of the murdered Giuliano and first cousin of Leo X.

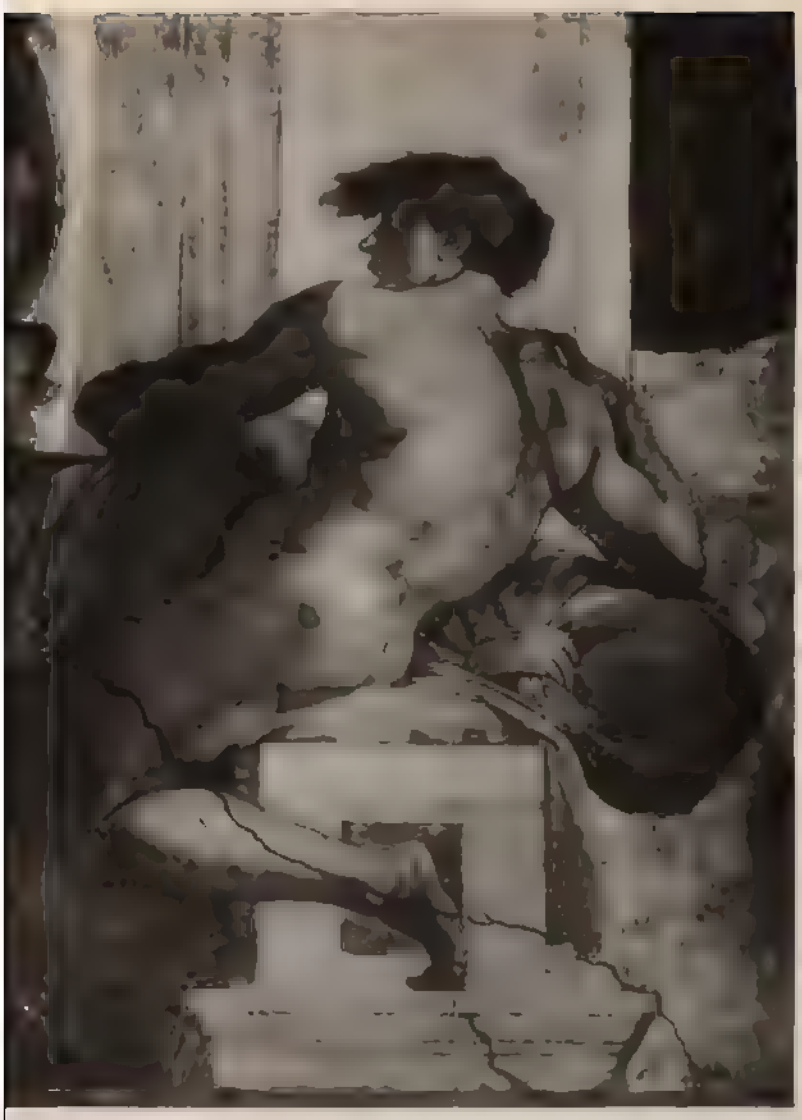
. Garden of Palazzo Colonna .

from a window in the Colonna Palace Clement witnessed a strange scene. Birds were thrown into the church for the people to catch, and a pig was set on a pole, which fell as a prize to whoever climbed to the top.

While Luther freed the conscience of man from the spiritual dominion of the Church, Charles V. continued his scheme of conquest, "which, if successful, would reduce the Pope to the position of imperial chaplain." And while Pope and Emperor contended for supremacy the Turks were marching on Vienna. Directly Francis I. recovered his freedom, Clement, ever treacherous and vacillating in his dealings, joined the 'Holy League of Cognac' against the Emperor. The Colonnesi took up the imperial cause and marched upon Rome with Moncada the Neapolitan Viceroy. The city militia had disappeared under the peace-loving Leo

X., and no one opposed the Colonnesi who swept down upon the Borgo and pillaged the Vatican while Clement took refuge in S. Angelo. Moncada having taught the Pope a lesson withdrew from Rome. When the League was successful before Cremona, Clement took the opportunity of revenging himself on the Colonnesi, and sent his troops to lay waste their territories. "The Turks had not acted more cruelly to the Hungarians than had this pope to Christians living in the dominions of the Church." In the meantime the Constable of Bourbon, who had espoused the imperial cause, was quickly advancing south. The allies marched to the defence of Florence and the imperialists turned towards Rome. With this fear before him, Clement made a truce with Lannoy, Charles' viceroy, but Bourbon's troops, who were half-starved and demanding money at every stage of the march, mutinied and forced their leaders to refuse to ratify the truce, and to push on. The army of the League was behind them and they hurried south, a motley gathering of Germans, Neapolitans and Spaniards. On May 6, 1527 the attack was made on the wall between the gates of S. Spirito and S. Pancranzio just as the sun rose in a thick white fog. The Constable de Bourbon led the assault, and almost immediately was struck down by a musket ball. Benvenuto Cellini, who fought on the ramparts in the defence of Rome, claims in his immortal biography to have caused the death of the great general. Cellini relates how he fled with his companions towards S. Angelo as the enemy gained the Borgo. He tells us: "I ascended the keep, and at the same moment Pope Clement came in through the corridors into the castle; he had refused to leave the palace of S. Peter earlier, being unable to believe that his enemies would effect their entrance into Rome. Having got into the castle in this way, I attached myself to certain pieces of artillery, which were under the command of a bombardier called Giuliano Fiorentino. Leaning there against the

[1] He was taken to the Sistine Chapel and there laid on a bier of state.



ISAIAH

MICHAEL ANGELO — SISTINE CHAPEL

battlements, the unhappy man could see his poor house being sacked, and his wife and children outraged; fearing to strike his own folk, he dared not discharge the cannon, and flinging the burning fuse upon the ground, he wept as though his heart would break, and tore his cheeks with both his hands. . . . I aimed several swivels and falconets . . . and killed with them a good number of the enemy. . . . I went on firing under the eyes of several cardinals and lords, who kept blessing me and gave me the heartiest encouragement." Indeed, Cellini claims to have saved S. Angelo. By nightfall the enemy held Rome and encamped on the Piazza Navona and the Campo dei Fiori. The citizens, by deserting the Pope, hoped to save themselves; they found instead that they were at the mercy, not of a conquering army but of a host of demons. For three days the sack raged unchecked, and "the people were numb with fear" at the savage cruelty of the Spaniards and Neapolitans, and bewildered by the profane and ribald humour of the Lutheran soldiers. They even slaughtered the patients in the hospital of S. Spirito, and neither were the German or Spanish monks spared on the Piazza Navona. Cardinals and nuns were dragged naked through the streets, and noble women were carried to the camps of the drunken soldiers. To escape torture or dishonour many committed suicide. Nothing was sacred to them. S. Veronica's handkerchief they carried on the point of a lance to every tavern in Rome, and, in the company of prostitutes, drank wine out of the chalices. Dressed up as prelates, a pope in the midst, they paraded the streets in mockery of a papal procession. In vain they tried to force a priest to give the Sacrament to an ass which they had dressed in sacerdotal vestments, but each time the unfortunate man swallowed the Host until they tortured him to death. Like gruesome comedians the German soldiers covered themselves with jewels from the sacked palaces and shrines, and twined ropes of pearls in their long beards. They sat in the halls of Roman nobles, who were

forced to serve them on their gold and silver dishes. Th sins of past years were now visited upon the unhapp Romans, and a shudder ran through Europe at their fat Like Hildebrand, Clement looked down from the battl ments of S. Angelo upon a ruinous and doomed city, and o Monte Mario he saw the flames rising from the beautiful vil he had built, the act of Cardinal Pompeo Colonna wh thus revenged his territories devastated by the Pope. Th evil day at last passed away; the Emperor, who wishe rather to use the Pope as a tool than to crush him, conclude a peace, and allowed him to escape into Umbria. But, whe in 1530 Clement returned to Rome, the great power of th papacy had crumbled away, and an emperor no longer knel at the feet of a pope.

"Yea, to how many was not Rome dearer, sweeter more beneficent than their own fatherland? . . . The fal in truth, was not that of the city, but of the world!" (Lamen of Erasmus on the Sack of Rome.)